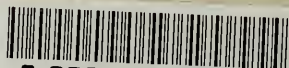


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The NORTHERN CROWN



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ANNA MORRISON REED,

Editor and Proprietor

Issued By The Northern Crown Pub. Co.

UKIAH

MENDOCINO COUNTY

CALIFORNIA

THE NORTHERN CROWN

ANNA MORRISON REED, PROPRIETOR

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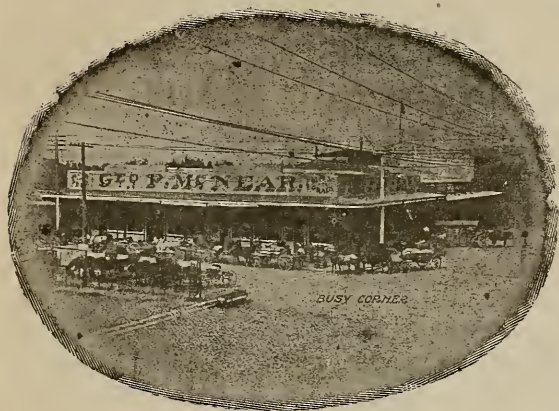


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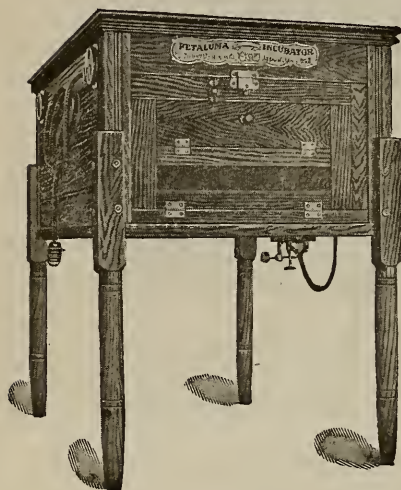
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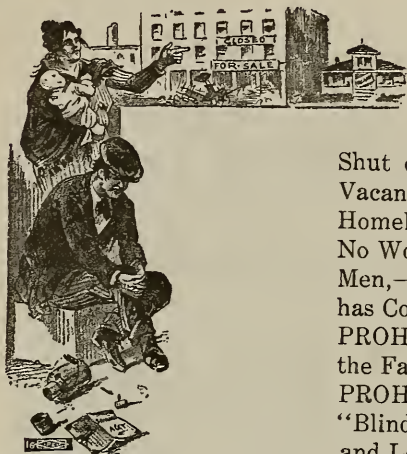
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California



"INDIAN CHARLIE"
Last of the Wyamis

The Northern Crown

"Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness."

VOL. VII.

UKIAH, CAL., FEBRUARY 1917

NO. 1

A Pioneer Mother Who Built Her Own Monument

By Anna M. Reed



IX miles north of Oroville, near the old mining settlement of Oregon City, may be found the most unique monument ever built by the hand of a woman, and left for all time to her memory.

It was the work of a Pioneer Mother, accomplished with the aid of a young Indian boy, and a horse and a cart of the old French pattern, once so commonly in use by the early French settlers of Wisconsin and Illinois.

Had this woman been of the type that is depicted in the monument to the Pioneer Mothers of California, unveiled at the late Exposition, with the face of an Amazon, the build of a giantess and a paw like a grizzly bear, the fact of her achievement would not seem so marvelous.

But Mary E. Morrison, the subject of this sketch, was a woman of education and refinement, not the most robust, tenderly born and gently bred, and of great personal beauty. Her weight never exceed-

ed 120 pounds. Her height was about 5 feet 4 inches, and she was of slight and slender build. She had come to California in the Spring of 1854—by the way of the Isthmus of Panama, following her husband to the mines, where he had located, after his trip across the plains in 1850.

The monument—for such it has become—is a stone fence inclosing a tract of land from 5 to 7 acres in extent.

Built of heavy boulders, and slabs of the volcanic stone, peculiar to that section of the state, everyone of which she helped to lift and place with her own hands.

The construction of the fence is shown by the illustrations of this article. The height is between three and four feet, and is of a corresponding thickness. In places it has fallen down, but much of it is intact, after these 60 years.

Her daughter is now taking steps to secure the land, endeared to her by many memories of her heroic mother, in order to restore to it's

original perfection, this unique feature of pioneer days.

At the time of the building of the fence, Mrs. Morrison was the mother of three living children, the youngest an infant in arms.

The women of today will never realize the labor, the self denial, and heroic endeavors of those mothers of the early days.

It would probably be a wholesome experience if some of our Native Daughters could step back across the portals of progress and live a day in the environments of the early pioneers. When there was no telephone or electric lights—no schools—no wagon roads, no railroads, let alone automobiles. No sewing or washing machines, and few wash boards.

When the sick and the dead were watched by the light of a candle, or at best a camphene lamp, to use which was to take your life in your hand. Little furniture, except that home made. No motion picture shows. No periodicals except Goddey's Lady's book, Harper's Magazine and Harper's weekly. No daily mail, no letters from the east, except by pony express, at long intervals.

Just one day back there would give them a healthy relish, and a true appreciation of the luxurious privileges of the present.

Every Pioneer Mother was her own cook, dress maker and laundress. Her only reward for her unceasing labor, hardship and endurance, the love of her children, and her husband—when she had it, and the wonderful scenery and climate of California—that in such regions as that of Butte County, was made

by the fragrance of acres of wild flowers and earthly Paradise. And, notwithstanding the opinion of some skeptical reader, THERE WERE ANGELS THERE.

Angels of kindness who nursed not only their own, but their neighbors sick, who taught their own children—and administered to every need of their household, with uncomplaining lips, even when their eyes were dim with unshed tears, and their hearts were heavy with homesickness, and anxiety for those near and dear, who were so far away in other, earlier homes, in the distant east.

Yes, I would like to send a few of our modern, vain and self-sufficient minxes back into the pioneer days for a lesson in womanhood, at the feet of the women who built the foundation of all that is worth while in California, upon their own long suffering heroic, loyal hearts.

Of such was Mary Morrison—of refined taste, and artistic dreams, that materialized only in this cold and concrete thing—a STONE FENCE, built around sufficient land to shelter and confine the family horse and cow, while her husband toiled in the surface mines, by the early primitive methods, to secure a livelihood for his family. Life had not dealt too kindly with either.

Guy B. Morrison, the son of Jesse Morrison, of Galena, Illinois, had ever been of an adventurous spirit. When only 18 years of age he was a successful trader and merchant on Blue River, Wisconsin. He was afterwards Post Master at Dubuque, when Iowa, Illinois and Wisconsin were all Wisconsin Territory. Subsequently he was Treasurer of Du-



Showing Construction of the Stone Fence

buque County, and a successful merchant there. Having lost a fortune through the failure of the Wild Cat Banks, well known saving Institutions, that were the financial ruin of many, he gathered up the remnant of his resources, and joined the train of gold seekers, crossing the plains to California, early in 1850.

He invested in river mines, on the west branch of Feather River, when the only method of mining such was to "Wing-Dam" the river, and trust to providence for late rains, as a freshet was fatal to the plans of the river miner. In the fall of '50 rains came early, and all the preparation for the fall run was swept away—investment, summer's work, and the hope of quick returns, and an early trip home, to the wife that he had left behind him.

The chance of the miner in early days, was much like a gambler's chance, and with nothing more sure about it, and this man, who had never performed a day's manual labor, in his life, prior to his California experience, struggled on through many months of prospecting in his search for gold. Agriculture and Horticulture had not been heard of—there were few business openings, especially to one without capital, and a stranger in a strange land.

A serious injury was added to his misfortunes, and the writer is very sure, that he would never have returned to his eastern home, unless circumstances had materially changed.

But after four years of waiting his wife, with the constancy, that is now often wanting, or considered

obsolete, came seeking him in his humble miner's cabin, near the banks of Dixon Ravine. And there in an improved habitation, they dwelt, at the time of the building of the stone fence.

"Indian Charlie" was made an orphan, by the massacre of his parents, and the most of his tribe, at Beatson Hollow, a shallow canyon in the tableland of Butte County, a few miles from the present town of Oroville, which was then called Opher.

The massacre took place in 1853, and was the result of a night attack upon the "Wyamis" by the "Picas," a warlike mountain tribe, that in the earlier days, made many raids on the more peaceful tribes of the valleys. So fierce were they that the miners named them the "Tigers," in recognition of their murderous attacks upon surrounding tribes.

"Charlie" having no surviving relative except a young sister, was taken by Mr. Morrison to rear and instruct, as general help, and was still farther taught by Mrs. Morrison and became an efficient and devoted servant to the family. His life has been an unusual one, touched by both romance and tragedy, and through the long years, he has preserved a personal pride of character and the respect of all who have known him. Although he is only a poor Indian.

He has always had all the employment he needed, and with his second wife, his son and grand children, was living near Cherokee Flat, in the spring of 1915, where the writer saw him and secured the picture which appears with this.

He is the last surviving "Wyami" as his wife is a "Chino" and his son consequently not a "full blood" of his tribe.

The "Wyamis" were a superior race of Northern California Indians, with traits not possessed by the "Totos," the "Chinos," the "Alolopas," "Unos," "Chesses" or "Con-cows." And resembling in no way the warlike "Picas." It is a historical fact, though but little known, that Freemont the "Pathfinder" once made a trip to the Hawaiian Islands, and brought back a number of Hawaiians who settled in the region near where the Feather river flows into the Sacramento.

The "Wyami" Indians showed unmistakable signs of Kanaka origin. Their complexion was much fairer than other California Indians. Their language was similar to that of the Hawaiians, and their native songs resembled the Hawaiian music.

As a little girl, the writer heard these Indians use the Hawaiian words of greeting: "Aloha Oie" and "Aloha Nui."

They could learn and sing the White Man's music, and one in particular, "nick named" by the miners, "Stovepipe Charlie," could whistle and sing all the popular tunes of the day. It is to be regretted that so much of interest has been disregarded by those who could have preserved the actual history of the California Indians, and that writers of a later day have tried, and are trying to write of things of which they could not possibly have any personal knowledge. It is not fair, this mixing of facts and fiction, and confusing and misleading to the honest student of

our early history.

Sometime in the late fifties or early sixties, agents of the government gathered up the Indians of Northern California, and took them to the Round Valley Reservation, in Mendocino county.

There was much injustice mixed with this move for the "good" of the Indians.

"Charlie," and his family—a wife and two little children, were taken almost by force, away from the Morrisons who had cared for them so long, and dragged unwillingly to the Reservation.

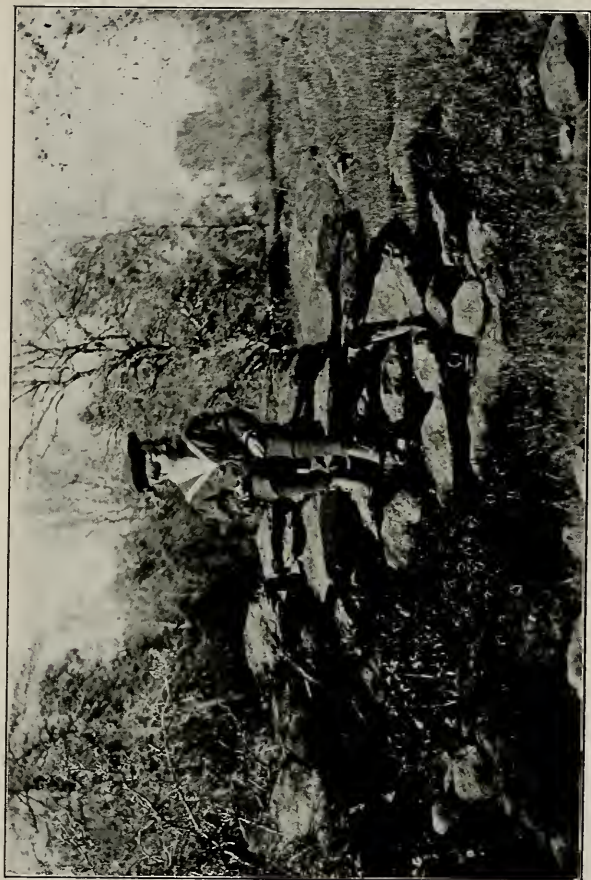
There, shortly after their arrival the two little children died, and "Charlie" and his wife ran away from the reservation, and travelling only by night, made their way back to the home of the Morrisons, where they arrived half starved, exhausted and foot sore, and for days hovering between life and death, but finally revived under the kind ministrations of Mrs. Morrison.

The wife never fully recovered from the grief and hardship incident upon this experience, and finally died from its effects.

"Charlie" remained with the Morrisons, their faithful servitor, until the 12th day of May 1864, when circumstances over which none concerned had control, separated them.

But the faithful Indian has been remembered, and the family that were his benefactors, have never been forgotten by him.

Several times during the lifetime of Mr. Morrison, "Charlie" made long journeys to visit the family, and one, at least, of the Morrisons has ever kept in touch, with the



JOHN EDWARD KELLER
Great Grandson of Mary Morrison

knowledge, of the whereabouts and wellbeing of "Indian Charlie."

Death and time make many changes—for years the winds of autumn have swept the falling leaves over the grave of Mary Morrison.

After her long struggle to make tolerable the life of her dear ones, and make a HOME in the wilderness, she has found "sleep after toyle—Porte after stormie seas."

"Indian Charlie"—the only material help she ever had, in her unusual labor, and her long endeavor,

stands at the threshold of the other land, that must ever seem a place of shadows to those of his race. And to enter which all must pass through "the valley of the shadow of death." All that was best has perished—or is perishing.

While mute and cold, yet eloquent; under shine and shower, and the endless round of the marching stars, stands for all time this most unique memorial of a Pioneer Mother---the stone fence built by Mary Morrison.



Sonnet

Upon Leaving Sonoma County

By M. Robbins Lampson

When from the comradeship of those I love,
And from the scenes that time has made so dear,
The hour to part has come, there is one cheer
That memory a comforter will prove,
And bid me fondly often times to view
The old familiar faces in my dreams,
To roam upon the hills, or by the streams,
And so to live my childhood hours anew.

The newer haunts may bring me newer friends,
Perchance as true; but e'er the first shall be
The last forgot. And if old friends to me
Accord that honor, it will make amends
For loss. Ah, always shall my fancy rove
To sweet Sonoma's vales and those I love!

Anti-Judaism UnAmerican

By George R. Wendling

There is not a drop of Jewish blood in my veins; I am not connected with the Jews by the marriage of any near or distant kinsman; I owe no Jew a dollar and no Jew owes me. I speak from the vantage ground of absolute independence. It is a splendid race, splendid in their love for one another, in their indurance, in their sagacity and temperate habits, and splendid in their inflexible adherence to their Mosaic ideals.

Do you want an aristocracy of blood and birth? The Jews are the purest blooded people and have the best established descent in the world. Not Mirabeau in the French Convention, nor Patrick Henry in the House of Burgesses, nor "Sam" Adams in old Colonial days ever said a more thrilling thing than Disraeli said in the English Commons in reply to the charge that he was a Jew: "Yes, I am a Jew! When the ancestors of the honorable gentlemen were brutal savages in an unknown island mine were priests in the Temple!"

Do you seek an aristocracy of talent? The great church historian Neander was a Jew; Napoleon's Marshals, Slout, and Massena, were Jews, the brilliant and cynical Heine was a Jew, and—but the world's roll of great soldiers, authors, musicians, painters, poets, philosophers and financiers contain more Hebrew names than I could recite in many hours.

Are you looking for an aristocracy

of wealth? The combined financial power of the Jews in Europe can prevent the floating of almost any national loan which may be put upon the markets of the world!

It is a spurious false Christianity that hates Jews. The mystery of the incarnation found expression in the flesh and blood of a Jew, and, therefore, in a sense we worship a Jew. We get our ten commandments—the very foundation of our civilization—through the Jews. We sing Jewish psalms, are uplifted by the passion and poetry of Jewish prophets, and rely on Jewish biographies for the only history we have of Christ. We get our Pauline theology from a Jew, and we catch our clearest glimpses of the next world through the sublime apocalyptic vision of a Jew. Then forsooth, we Christians turn about and sneer at Jews!

I have conversed with teachers of philosophy who spoke slightly of the Jews, and yet were teaching with enthusiasm ideas which they had absorbed from Maimonides and Spinoza, the two greatest philosophers, omitting Kant, since Plato's day—both of them Jews.

I have heard musicians denounce Jews and then spend days and nights trying to interpret the beauties of Rossini, Meyerbeer and Mendelssohn—all Jews.

I talked the other day with a gifted actress, and heard both her and her husband sweepingly condemn,

confidentially, of course, the whole race of Jews, and yet that woman would give half her remaining life if she could only reach the heights which the great queen of tragedy, Rachel, trod with such majesty and power—and Rachel was a Jew.

Here in Washington I have heard aspiring politicians, when beyond the reach of the reporter's pencil, sneer at Jews, and yet it was a Jew who made England's Queen Empress of India, and it was a Jew who was for years the adroit and sagacious chairman of the national committee of one of our great political parties. The brainiest man in the Southern Confederacy was Judah P. Benjamin, a Jew, and Chase, when managing our national finances in a perilous time, owed much of his success to the constant advice of a New York Jew.

That you never see a Jew tramp or a Jew drunkard is a proverb, that you never meet a Jew beggar is a commonplace, and it is a statistical fact that there are relatively fewer inmates of our hospitals, jails and workhouses furnished by the Jew than any other race contributes.

Convert the Jews! Let us first convert our modern Christians to genuine Christianity. Suppress the Jews! A score of Russian Czars cannot do it. Every people on earth has tried it and failed. They have outlived the Tudors and the Plantagenets, the Romanoffs, the tyranny of Spain, the dynasties of France, Charlemagne, Constantine, the Caesars, Babylonian kings and

the Egyptian Pharaohs. It was God's own race four thousand years and the awful persecution it has survived for two thousand more stamps it as a race still bearing some mysterious relation to the plans of the Eternal. The beauty and fidelity of Jewish women command my homage, and among wealthy and educated Jews the exquisite refinement of Jewesses, their culture and high breeding, blended with a sort of Oriental grace and dignity put them among the most charming women in the world.

But the Jew is tricky! Is he? Were you ever taken in by a Methodist class leader on a real estate trade? Did you ever get into close quarters with a Presbyterian speculator? Did you ever buy mining stock on the representation of an Episcopalian broker? Did you ever take a man's word any quicker because he was a Baptist or a Roman Catholic? Did you never see a stone weighing 20 pounds concealed in a bale of cotton grown by a Southerner? Did you never find lard in the butter sold by a New England Puritan?

The belief that the Jew is more dishonest than the Gentile is one-half nonsense and the other half prejudice and falsehood. The anti-Jewish feeling which now seems to be rising again is unchristian, inhuman and unAmerican. No man can share it who believes in the universal fatherhood of God and the universal brotherhood of man. It is born of the devil and is detestable.



A CHRISTMAS PRAYER

By D. W. Ravenscroft

Christmas time! And across the years
The faintest echo of peace appears.

'Tis only an echo, subdued and dim—
Drowned in the thunder of guns—from Him,
The marching millions move on to death
And hells of cannon belch forth their breath.

“Good will to men” we carol forth
To tribes of the east, west, south and north
And the wrinkled sea is broken and torn
By rack, and ruin, and woe forlorn—
Christian and infidel, Turk and Hun
And red the rivers of Europe run.

“Tidings of great joy we bring”
Angels in heaven softly sing.

But the ruffled drum rolls on amain
The call of gloom on field and plain—
And martialled thousands in strife go down
To battle together in trench and town.

Lo! To us is given a Son
Listen: The Kingdom of heaven won.

War strides through Christian land and clime.
And the reaper Death is the king sublime
Mid maimed and bleeding, enslaved and dead,
Widowed and orphaned; pale and red.

“Behold to us is born a Child
Holy and righteous, meek and mild.

Flame and banner through vale and mart
Torch and the spear through home and heart,
And rivers of tears, and seas of blood
Ebb and flow ever in stream and flood.

“Glory to God” our prayer we raise
To Him we give our earnest praise.

But a hostile camp is on every hill
And the blare of trumpets is loud and shrill,
And over the world goes the word again;
“I bring not peace, but a sword!” Amen.

have given us, this pledge of their faith in the future of our city and county, when the affairs of finance, elsewhere, are in almost a state of panic, and a condition that tries the very souls of men.

The men who by their confidence have sustained our civic and business pride, by this creditable and costly structure and institution, are: J. M. Mannon, president; J. L. McCracken, vice-president; Arthur L. Tracy, cashier; William Bromley, assistant cashier, Dr. G. W. Stout, secretary, and Otis Redemeyer, member board of directors.

Judge Mannon's familiarity with, and mastery of the law, is common knowledge. His counsel is reliable and invaluable to this organization.

The unfailing business courtesy of Arthur Tracy is of wide report, and every man connected with the management of this bank, is identified with efficient and humane citizenship.

Every modern structure of success must be built upon a financial foundation. But none build so wisely and so well, as those who realize that material wealth, necessary as it is, is not as valuable as the honesty, integrity and well being of the people. The people create all values, and without them, the world would be valueless.

So may all engaged in the activities of this financial institution, inspired by the higher ideals, go on to material success. May it justify the faith of its founders, and patrons, while no shadow of wrong, or the injustice of unfair dealings, falls across its portal—a threshold forever free, from the indelible stain, of the tears of the widow and the orphan.

LAW—"Her seat is the bosom of God: her voice is the harmony of the world; all things in heaven and earth do her homage, the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempt from her power."

—Hooker

The Savings Bank of Mendocino County

By Anna M. Reed



F the many improvements in the business world of Ukiah, that have been inaugurated during the last few years, the Savings Bank of Mendocino County, is the most modern and attractive. At a cost of more than \$25,000, a substantial and graceful structure, has been erected, on the site of the former Mannon law offices at the corner of Standley and School streets. Its plan as an office building is perfect, and its finish and furnishings elegant and luxurious. The woodwork finish is especially artistic, and the furniture of the most recent manufacture, and convenient form. The Savings Bank first opened its doors for business in this city on November 10, 1903. On June 30, 1904 it declared its first dividends to depositors and these amounted to \$368.61. Since that time growth has been rapid—but not too rapid to be healthy and strong until today the annual interest paid on savings deposits amounts to approximately \$10,000 a year. Since it started fourteen years ago the bank has paid a total of \$77,481.45 in interest to depositors in its savings department.

The commercial department has also prospered, and during the past year the business in this department has more than doubled. The bank today has assets of more than half a million dollars.

This Bank holds an unblemished record in the financial history of our city and county. And fills the place, and fulfills the function, that a legitimate banking institution should, as the circulating system of the body of progress and prosperity.

Ukiah is under a lasting obligation, to the men who

The Songs of George Sterling and "Lawrence Zenda"

Those who are familiar with the poetry of George Sterling (and where will you find the lover of genuine poetry who is not?) are aware that several of his most beautiful poems celebrate the power of music. This is not surprising; music draws all true poets, and Sterling is one of the truest. But it will surprise many of Sterling's admirers to discover that in addition to loving music he writes it. Sterling's intimate friends have known this for some time; it is now revealed to the public through a book of music just published. This volume which is already on many music racks in San Francisco, is called "Songs by George Sterling and "Lawrence Zenda." For several of these songs George Sterling furnished the poetry, writing some of it expressly for the use of "Lawrence Zenda" and lending for the same purpose some of the lyrics in his published volumes. But there is one song in this book which George Sterling wrote in its entirety, words and music. It is called "The Holy River of Sleep." I shall not attempt to criticise the music of this song, but must say that to my untrained ear it sounds beautiful. As for the words, let the reader judge for himself whether George Sterling is not a graceful song-writer:

HOLY RIVER OF SLEEP

Holy River of Sleep,
Hush thy waters for me!

River mighty and deep,
Hide my sorrow in thee!
Cold and bleak was the day,
Dark and sad is the night,
Carry me tenderly far away,
Hidden from sound and sight.

Holy River of Dreams,
Now as the voices cease,
Bear me, kindest of streams,
Bear me gently to peace!
Love had lips but to smile,
Never the true caress,
I would forget and be happy awhile,
Deep in thy soundlessness.

Holy River of Rest,
Fed with mystical rain,
Draw me forth on thy breast,
Far from memory's pain!
Earth and its visions fade,
Sleep and her poppies come,
Tears wake not in thy merciful shade
Sorrow at last is dumb.

Of unusual interest because it shows what our foremost poet achieves when he places his inspiration at the service of a musical composer, is the lyric gem "Before Dawn" published in this volume. As a poem "Before Dawn" has its intrinsic merit, but it must be heard with "Lawrence Zenda's" music to be appreciated at its full value, for its tender words have been enriched with music equally tender. Here are Sterling's lines:

BEFORE DAWN

Spirit of tears unshed,
Speak, that the morning come!

Music of words unsaid,
Wake for the night is dumb!
Voices unuttered are sad in thy
heart;

Love and his beauty in silence de-
part;

Ah! by the dream and the grief
that thou art,

Wake, that his song abide!

Spirit of light unborn,

Turn, that the dark be day!

Rose of a hidden morn,

Bloom, lest the dew delay!

Night and her shadows are weary
and blind,

Yesterday's sorrow was ever un-
kind;

Out of tomorrow the voice of a
wind

Summons the morning star.

"Lawrence Zenda" has made music for three other poems by Sterling. One of these is the exquisite "Mediatrix," a lyrical celebration of music which was first published in *The Lantern*. It was there that "Lawrence Zenda" first read it, and that reading gave her the happy thought of setting some of Sterling's poems to music. "Mediatrix" was "Lawrence Zenda's" first essay in this direction; her success with it led to the extensive collaboration out of which this book grew. "Mediatrix" has been published in Sterling's latest volume "The Caged Eagle."

The other poems which "Lawrence Zenda" has set to music are from an earlier volume. They are "The Voice of the Dove" and "Nightfall" which were published in "Beyond the Breakers." In addition there is reprinted here Sterling's "Music," one of the finest of his earlier poems in blank verse, taken from "The

Testimony of the Suns." It is a fitting introduction to this music book, and it shows that the poet's love and appreciation of music date from his earliest creative years.

THE IDENTITY OF

"LAWRENCE ZENDA"

"Lawrence Zenda" is not only a musical composer of great ability, but a poet also, I put the name "Lawrence Zenda" in quotation marks because it is not a real name but a nom de plume. "Lawrence Zenda" in the social life of San Francisco is Mrs. W. Elgin Travis. Mrs. Travis's talents as a composer were displayed in several published songs before she collaborated with George Sterling. It is apparent that Mrs. Travis inherited her poetical turn of mind, for she is the daughter of Mrs. Anna Morrison Reed who is well known among our writers of verse. There are four songs in this new book for which Mrs. Travis wrote both words and music. They are called "A Star," "The Mist and the Far Off Star" (This is dedicated to Mrs. Charles Rollo Peters), "Just to be Near" and "Yearning." Mrs. Travis in writing and composing has caught the witchery of "that moon for which the sea of tears is ever a-tremble." Her effort is to capture "the word that grief would find, the word that love hath known," and she is successful in her quest. Hers are "slow and supplicating notes" that steal upon the heart, inducing sweetly sympathetic moods. All these songs by Mrs. Travis must be sung to a piano accompaniment if their perfect beauty is to be estimated. But their delicacy may be

known somewhat from such brooding words as these:

A STAR

No unrest on the water's breast,
Just starlight like a dream
Held in night's deepening;
No wind,
Just a breath of spring

Mystery in everything;
Just the ocean's undertone,
A soul calling to its own,
Starlight and a dream!
God in the mystic far,
Silence and a star!

--Town Talk, Jan. 13, 1917.

Just Looking On

By M, Eldridge Clay

In a work of an authoritative writer of the eighteenth century I find the following: "Government, while it grows older, seems to acquire the moroseness of age." So that" all our possessions are piled up with new edicts every day, and hung round with gibbets to scare every invader.

I cannot tell whether it is from the number of our penal laws or the licentiousness of the people that this country (England) should show more convicts in a year than half the dominions of Europe combined." Contemplating which one is inclined to acknowledge that two hundred years is a very short space of time after all. Also it might be interesting to question ourselves as to just how far that statement is true of us.

Society, it would seem, has her periodical moulting time, in which she looses all memory of previous experience. She only feels the splitting and curling of the old scales

that might leave opening for the sloughing away of undesirable matter. But she seeks only to hide her rottenness, clamoring for new and more rigid armor. "Give us laws, more laws!" And God help him who shall be the FIRST to transgress.

Citing the final decision of a "test case," and comparing it with a later one of the same nature that got no further than a superior court of this state; Society was supposed to be sitting grimly "thumbs down" on the former; when in reality she had forgotten all about it in pursuit of a plaster for some new infirmity. So they must go to prison, those two terrible examples that even the shameful gruelling meted to them and their companions in crime failed to brand as degenerates. And to what purpose? Will the next bunch of young addle-pates that take a notion to elope be bettered? And you and I, do we feel any better, even though we be but a hind leg of this peeling gargoye?

And what of the other case, the wily little "Rev." with the string of picturesque initials to his very ordinary name? Will somebody go "get" him too?

'Course not. Society, being soulless, loves a "soul;" and, you will remember, the wily one was strong on "soul." Even to the extent of hypnotizing a not altogether obscure lawyer into the statement that he would defend the "Rev." for the sake of the church. Shades of Luther and Wesley!

Meanwhile the real white slaver plys his unspeakable trade, and another well-meant law has started for the limbo of obsolete statutes.

Three Contemporaries

BY GROVER C. MCGIMSEY



HEN Leon Masters wrote those unique poems,
About "Spoon River," and denied that death

Held victories over life and natural law,
He crept into the annals of the press,
A national figure, born to wield new dreams.
When Rupert Brooke, "A God in Flannels"
turned

From home to fight for England, and was
killed;

The memory of his name became a theme
For lovers of verse libre, and of prose.

When Amy Lowell came to us with those
poems

Entitled, "Patterns," and "A Faery Tale,"

We lovers of the muse took up our pens

And wrote in English:

"Verse survives again."

And so it is, that in the blossoming

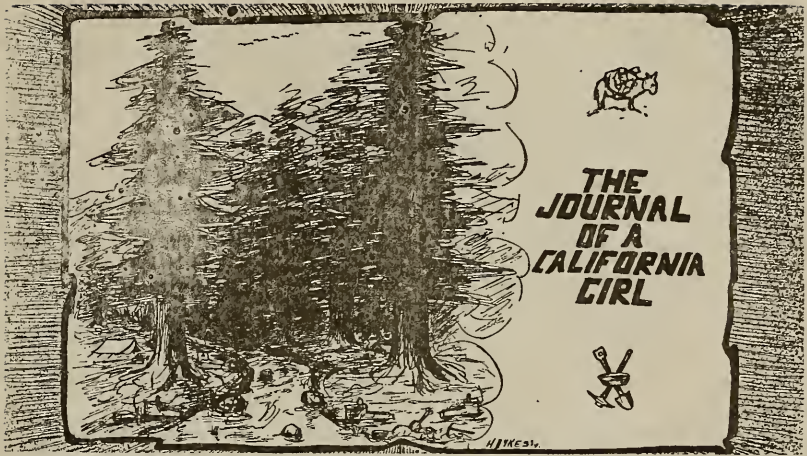
Of years made new, by singers born—not
made!

There springs new life into our worth-while
dreams.

There springs new life about the silent lanes,
The scented meadows, and the rivers, where
We once stood mute, and knew no songs to
sing.

There springs new life among the shifting
crowd

Of toilers, and among the girls and boys,
Whose tears co-mingle when a poem is read.



Continued from last Issue

We find no entry in the "Journal of a California Girl," except her earning account, from the 1st of November 1870, to the last of the month, when she went home for the holidays.

Lectured at points south of Shasta until she reached Oroville, she collected the following amounts: \$13-50, \$7.25, \$3.50, \$8.50, \$6.75, \$19.37½ and \$6.50.

At Oroville her first evening's collection was \$18.50, the second \$23.50.

She then took in the towns of the adjacent mountain regions, beginning with Wyandotte \$9.75, Cherokee Flat \$19.25, Dogtown \$18.00, Forbestown \$7.00, Strawberry Valley \$23.50, Laporte \$24 00, Port Wine" \$16.00, Howland Flat \$38.00 and Strawberry Valley \$12.00.

This made a total of her earnings for the year 1870, of \$1,479.90. She then remained at home during the month of December, beginning her labors once more with the first week of the New Year.

- Editor

Timbuctoo, Yuba County, Sunday Jan. 1, 1871. The New Year was ushered in this morning, by a day clear and bright. Finding us all comparatively well, and I trust happy and thankful for the favors we have enjoyed during the past year.

Mr. Ury of Butte County, and Willie Liddell of Iowa Hill, Placer County, are here for a brief visit. Roswell Durkee called early today.

During the past year, I have striven to perform cheerfully all the tasks that have fallen to my hands to do, and I now firmly resolve that in gratitude to a kind providence, for my past success, through the days of the coming year, I will faithfully discharge my duty to my family, and live in every respect true to my better nature.

Monday, Jan. 2. Willie Liddle and Mr. Ury left this morn-

ing. Will Vineyard and Roswell Durkee called today.

Tuesday. Drove over to Indian Springs with Roswell Durkee. Left bills announcing my lecture for next Friday evening. Then drove on to Grass Valley to see Mary Anderson, also saw Mrs. Shoemaker, wife of the editor of the "Grass Valley Union." We took dinner at Buckelew's Hotel, and then drove on home—a really delightful day.

Thursday. Have been busy at home. Sam Carnack called.

Friday. Went to Indian Springs by stage to keep my appointment to lecture. Spoke in the evening to a good house—it is only a little place. My Collection was \$7.00. After the lecture Roswell Durkee arrived on the scene, with Montgomery's horse and buggy, to drive me home. It was a bright moonlit night, and I enjoyed the drive, only that Durkee proposed, and insisted on going on to Marysville to be married—said if I did not have him, that I would always regret it, as his people were rich, in Missouri. I like moonlight and romance, but I would not marry anyone, now, especially Durkee, although he is handsome, and of good family.

Saturday. Mrs. Daugherty visited us today.

Monday. Durkee called today, and a few hours later, my old schoolmate from Wyandotte, Geo. Rutherford. It has been raining since last night.

Tuesday. James and John Vineyard called today. This eve George and I, father and the boys all went to a dance in Ditmer's Theatre.

Wednesday. George took me driving as far as Brady's Station.

Thursday. John C. McPherson, the author of "The Early Pioneers," and other poems and sketches, called today with Fannie Daugherty. George Rutherford started for home.

Saturday. Lectured tonight in the theatre at Timbuctoo. Collection \$9.75.

Sunday. Attended Sunday School, with the children and Will Vineyard.

Monday. Eddie and I rode over to Brown's Valley, to arrange for a lecture. Left notice for Wednesday evening.

Tuesday. Durkee came down today, also Will Vineyard. We all went to the dancing school at Timbuctoo in the evening. It has rained heavily all day.

Wednesday. Durkee went home this morning. In the afternoon Eddie and I went to Brown's Valley. I spoke in Armory hall in the evening. Mr. E. Watt escorted me to the lecture room, and introduced me. It is a very small mining camp. My collection was \$5.50.

Friday. Mr. J. L. Butler, agent for the Mutual Life Insurance Co. called today. He is a friend of my friend, John Carlin, of Los Angeles. In the afternoon

Will Vineyard came over and we took a horse back ride to "High Rock." In the evening we attended lodge. I received today a present of a nice toilet box. In today's "Marysville Appeal," there appeared a very flattering notice of myself, and my two last lectures. The boys, Uncle Ed and Mr. McPherson went up to the Anthony House, to see Roswell Durkee and Sam Carnack.

Saturday. This evening Willie and Miles Vineyard called, and we all attended lodge at Timbuctoo.

Sunday. The boys came home from the Anthony House. Roswell came with them.

Monday. It has been raining all day. I have learned some beautiful new chords and accompaniments on the guitar.

Tuesday. This afternoon Roswell Durkee went home. Father went with the boys to dancing school. I did not go. There was a buggy sent over after me, but I could not in justice to my health lose my sleep and rest tonight. I am so constantly on the go, that I am tired. As it was, John Vineyard called at eight in the evening and stayed until ten o'clock.

Wednesday. This morning Father, Silvester and I went to Pleasant Valley. Stopped at the Anthony House for dinner. Had a nice visit with Durkee and Sam. After dinner father and I went on to Bournes, and enjoyed a visit with the family. In the evening Ves and Roswell Drukeee came over from the Anthony House. Roswell is a cousin of the Bournes.

Thursday. Father and I came home today, leaving Ves at the Anthony House, as Roswell Durkee wished him to help about some work.

Friday. Today is gloomy and dark. I hope for clear weather tomorrow. I wish to go to Pleasant Valley, to lecture on Sunday, evening. Oh! I am longing to be at steady work once more, and I pray that strength may be given me, to rid myself of the burden of sorrow and poverty, that has so long darkened my life. O God, only thy eyes can see the struggle that sometimes seems almost to weigh me to the brink of despair.

None else can know the sacrifice I make for duty's sake. Smile on me, oh blessed Spirit---aid me!





"Thou shalt renounce, thou shalt renounce, that is the eternal song rung in our ears, which our whole life long, gray Time is hoarsely singing to us."—Goethe.

OLD LETTERS

Indian Territory 7 Miles from St. Joseph, Mo.

Friday, May 10, 1850

D'r Mary

We crossed the Missouri on last Saturday, and have been camped here since waiting for grass and recruiting our horses we intend leaving for the plains on Monday next. As we are tired of waiting for grass we shall take a little feed with us as the prospect is now better for grass, our horses are doing well at this place, the weather pleasant I cannot say who we will go with, as we have joined no company yet, but we will not start without being about 50 Strong there is a great many camped near us and a great many of them start on Monday next. I wrote to you while at St. Jo., I hope you rece'd the letter. I am going to church next Sunday—perhaps for the last time for sometime. I shall go to St. Jos. tomorrow and remain all night and attend mass early so as to return to the camp before night. I am going to confession and communion next Sunday morning. This perhaps is the last time you will hear from me for sometime, but I will write to you by every chance. I see they have established a mail line from the Sinks to St Jo and Weston I can write from there if not sooner, that place is beyond Mary's River. I tried my hand at washing yesterday, I am but a poor washer but hope to

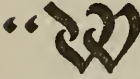
improve. I am a tolerable good cook, I am well pleased with my partner Henry, he is a good young man, upon the whole we are getting along very well, uncle Sylvester is a good woodsman, we have all been very well since we left Dubuque, I believe I am better than I have been for sometime I do not suffer with my back at all, I believe the trip will do me good, Robbins and wife are going with oxen I am glad we got rid of him, he is not of much force; The priest I heard preach in St. Joseph on last Sunday week is on his way to California, he is only a few days ahead of us. I must come to a close. We are all busy fixing everything for the plains. Remember to pray for me as written by you in my port folio. Give my love to all and believe me as ever,

Your affectionate Husband

Guy B. Morrison

EDITORIAL

BY ANNA M. REED

“ HAT I have been, I am, in principle and character, and what I am I hope to continue to be. Circumstances or opponents may triumph over my fortunes, but they will not triumph over my temper or my self-respect.”—Daniel Webster.

“A Christmas Prayer,” the very appropriate and able poem by D. W. Ravenscroft, appears in this number of the NORTHERN CROWN, having reached our desk too late for an earlier issue.

Theodore Hittell Historian, is Dead

Theodore Henry Hittell, 87 years old pioneer, merry old wizard of the literary laboratory and “alchemist of life,” died early Friday morning, Feb. 23, at his home in San Francisco. Senility was the cause. His end was peaceful. Present at his bedside were his own two sons, Charles J. Hittell, an artist; Franklin T. Hittell, an attorney; his daughter, Miss Catherine H. Hittell, and his grandson, Elgin T. Hittell.

Hittell had been ailing for about two weeks. He died practically in literary harness. As the author of a complete History of California,

recognized as the most authoritative ever written, Hittell climbed into the ranks of those with literary genius.

UNPUBLISHED WORKS LEFT

He leaves behind him, yet unpublished, a history of Hawaii, the story of the Walker filibustering expedition to Central America and an incomplete collection of "Memoirs of Early California Days."

In addition to his literary work, Hittell at one time in earlier days was recognized as one of the leading lawyers of the Pacific Coast. He handled the great San Pablo grant land case and settled it after thirty years of litigation so that the title to every piece of property in the City of Richmond is today without dispute.

He also succeeded in settling titles to the lands near the ocean beach of San Francisco, and by a compromise between claimants and the city secured a deed for 1000 acres of land to the city which now makes up Golden Gate Park.

WAS BULLETIN EDITOR

After the murder of James King of William, editor of The Bulletin, Hittell became city editor of the paper and held that position for six years.

It was through Hittell's foresight in the distribution of the James Lick estate that the Academy of Sciences was founded. Lick was urged by Hittell to leave whatever residue there remained in his estate to the Pioneers of California to be used in establishing an Academy of Sciences.

"There will be no residue, I am giving it all away," Lick is said to have replied.

The latter, however, induced him to dispose of the residue with the result that when the estate was finally settled, after several years, the remainder aggregated \$1,1000,00. It was distributed equally between the Pioneer's Society and the Academy of Sciences.

BORN IN PENNSYLVANIA

Hittell was born in Mariett, Pa., in 1830, and graduated from Yale in 1848. In 1852 he was admitted to the bar in Cincinnati.

He came to California in 1855 and entered newspaper work. Later he practiced law. He was a member of the State Senate and wrote all the amendments to the general laws of the state to make them conform to the new constitution adopted in 1879.

In June, 1858, Hittell was married here to Miss Elise Wiehe, who died in December, 1900.

ADMIRER OF CARLYLE

Hittell was a great admirer of Carlyle and is reported often to have explained that why he never took advantage of the early railroad graft days was because "I am a disciple of Carlyle, who preaches honesty."

Aside from being an honorary member of the Pioneer's Society of California and the Academy of Sciences. Hittell belonged to no clubs or orders. One of his eccentricities was the aversion for any fraternal organization.

All his literary work was done in long hand and without any help.

He was and artist of no little ability.

In the death of Theodore H. Hittell, Yale University lost one of her oldest and most distinguished graduates and California one of her most noted lawyers and historians.

Theodore H. Hittell was the grandfather of Elgin Theodore Hittell, eldest son of Mrs. Susie Reed Keller, of Ukiah, Mendocino county. Elgin is the only grandchild of this distinguished man, and the youngest of his race and name.

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
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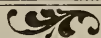
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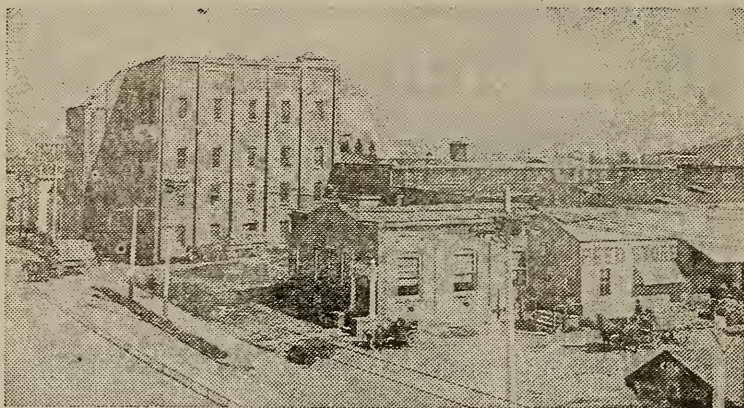
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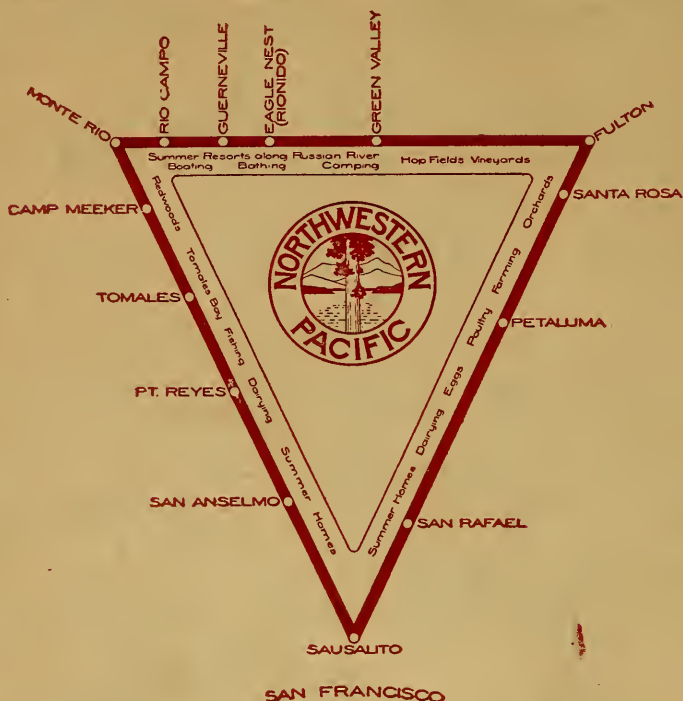
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A daylight trip of 152 miles offering a wide variety of interest. It includes boat ride to Sausalito, thence by train through San Rafael, Petaluma, Santa Rosa and Fulton, then north through hop fields and skirting the Russian River amidst magnificent mountain scenery and redwood forests to Monte Rio.

The Russian River region traversed in this trip is one of the most popular vacation places in California and all along its banks are numerous camps, resorts and hotels.

At Monte Rio there is good boating and fishing. A few hours' stopover is given here enabling the visitor to return to San Francisco the same day, if desired.

The return is made via Camp Meeker, and along the shore of Tomales Bay, thence along the San Geronimo creek.

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Round Trip Fare from San Francisco, good for 30 days **\$2.80**; good from Friday until Monday, **\$2.50**; good for Sunday only, **\$2.20**.

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VOL. VII.

UKIAH, CAL., MAY 1917

NO. 2

THREE TRIPS TO HUMBOLDT COUNTY

By Anna M. Reed

1872



IN the beautiful days of late Spring, vocal with song of birds, and the murmur of running water, it was once the writer's privilege to travel horseback over the old government mail trail, from Cahto Mendocino county, to Hydesville, in Humboldt.

Only a school girl then, that imperative duty had called from her books at Mrs. Perry's Seminary in Sacramento, to a more active field of endeavor, and accompanied by her brother, only thirteen years of age, these two intrepid youngsters made this trip overland in the year of the Modoc War.

Much of the way was through an unbroken forest, where the curse of the ax and the blight of fire had not yet fallen.

Where the clean copper-brown boles of the giant trees, made a columned way for the riders, fern-

fringed, and flower-bordered and fragrant with a thousand green, growing, blossoming things.

And through the more sacred hush of the greater silence of the denser woods, until the leaf-filtered sunlight seemed to fall through aisles of grandure most sublime, where had echoed the anthem of the wind harps through ages of living song.

The start was made from Willits, then called Little Lake, later Willitsville, and now Willits—on May 4, 1872.

We had bought two horses for the trip, from a blacksmith named Cameron. A bay horse of rather ungainly build, and awkward gait, for Eldie, my brother, and a little white mare, neat and surefooted for myself. Alex Montgomery, editor and owner of the Mendocino-Democrat at Ukiah, had given me a black leather side saddle, and Mart Baechtel, of Little Lake, sold us a

boy's saddle for Eddie. As we took no pack animal for baggage, I left my trunk, guitar and other belonging at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Mart Baechtel, of Little Lake, and packing things absolutely necessary in an old fashioned carpet sack, to hang on the horn of my saddle and a corresponding bundle to tie behind Eddie's saddle, we started in good shape, and light weight on the morning of the 4th of May.

Jim Burger, a well known stock buyer, at that time, rode out a few miles with us, giving us directions and warnings about the route we were taking.

We arrived at the Cahto hotel, 24 miles from Little Lake, late in the afternoon, tired and hungry and were welcomed and refreshed by the hospitality, for which Robert White and his wife were famed, and took a good night's rest for an early start in the morning.

On Sunday, May 5th, got away from Cahto in good season, for the 25 mile ride to Blue Rock. Ezra Simpson, a brother of Mrs. Robert White rode with us as far as the Pine Woods, in Long Valley, to see us safely on the trail.

Our way was over broken country steep and rugged, and it was after sundown when we reached Blue Rock. We were made comfortable by the family of Mr. Davidson, the brother of Joe Davidson, who was then mail carrier on the route. My last recollection of that evening, was that I went to sleep in the room with Mrs. Davidson and several little Davidsons, while my brother Eddie was relegated to the stock men's quarters, near the barn and corral.

Our next day's ride brought us to

Center Station, 34 miles from Blue Rock, we had ridden all day against a north wind, with occasional showers of cold rain and sleet, this day being the only bad weather encountered on the trip.

Center Station was a small log hut, where a boy whose name I have forgotten, stayed to look after the horses for the mail carrier. The evening that we arrived the usual week's supplies had not come in, and the sum total of provisions on hand were three withered potatoes, an empty flour sack, an onion and a slice of fat pork. Out of the vegetables and pork I made a stew, and shook the flower sack for enough flour to thicken it, and we fared sumptuously. After the collation we retired. The sleeping accommodations were two bunks, one above the other, and several gray blankets but no mattresses. Eddie and the boy took the upper bunk and I the lower, which was harder than any board on which a Monk had ever done penance. and through a wide chink in the wall of the cabin the wind blew against my head all night. The next morning the supplies arrived, and we had a cup of black coffee before starting.

On May 7th, we only rode as far as Elk Prairie, 20 miles from Center Station. The trading post and stopping place at Elk Prairie, was kept by Ferris & Carroll, John Ferris, who impressed me as a University man, anyway a scholar and gentleman, had an Indian wife, who cooked venison to perfection. We were very tired and hungry, and the meal was delicious. In the large living room were two beds, in opposite corners and in front an immense

fireplace, filled with generous logs. The flame lighted the room for all ordinary purposes. After supper Eddie and I were assigned to one bed, the Indian wife of Ferris and another Indian woman took possession of the other, and presently, when all were still, and presumably sleeping Mr. Ferris and a little Indian boy about 8 years old came in quietly and laid down before the fire, covered by a blanket, and slept until early morn.

Reached Hydesville on the evening of May the 8th, very tired. The trip along the river bottom lands after leaving Elk Prairie, was indescribably delightful. The trail ran under the giant redwood trees through light and shadow, and the fragrance of the morning. Had we known that lurking near us was a band of Marauding Indians intent on mischief, we might not have so thoroughly enjoyed the way. But such was the case, as witness the following letter from Judge Wyman which appears with this.

Editorial Correspondence

San Francisco, May 13th, 1872.

DEAR TIMES.—As you know I left Eureka on the afternoon of Wednesday, the 8th, instant, for San Francisco, overland, and believing a few lines concerning my trip will be acceptable, I sit down to write.

In company with Frank Farley I left Eureka for Hydesville, when after a speedy and pleasant ride in one of Messrs. Bullard & Sweasey's turnouts, we arrived, stopping at Boynton Cheney's hotel. During the evening I was favored with an introduction to Miss Anna Morrison, the accomplished and talented lecturer in whose company I spent an hour or two very agreeably. Knowing that before this time she has fully acquainted the people of Humboldt county with her views upon

the declaration of principles as enunciated in the "Woodhull & Claflin" platform, I will only add that her head is eminently "square" upon the question of "Woman Suffrage," and it is to be hoped that she will meet with the cordial reception she certainly merits.

At half past four on Thursday morning a summons at the door warned me to prepare for a start. Got up and partook of breakfast which was in waiting, after which, at a quarter past five, in company with that "prince of good fellows," Mr. Joe Davidson, the mail rider, the start was made. "Old Ben," the animal provided for me by Messrs. Bullard & Sweasey, a veteran on the route, was the right "horse" in the right place, for he manifested a great aversion to being behind, always needed checking, rather than urging. We were not long on the way before we struck the "Long Valley Wagon Road"—save the mark! I will only digress so far as to suggest that the Board of Supervisors constitute themselves into a committee of three, for the purpose of "interviewing" that institution before authorizing the expenditure of any more of the public moneys after the style in which it has been laid out there. At twelve o'clock we reached the opening at Camp Grant, on Eel River. Here we had quite a little "scare." As we came to the bank of the river a woman—her name I do not remember—having a young child in her arms and two or three larger ones, came running towards us, from one of the houses on the Camp grounds, screaming as she ran. When she had recovered her breath sufficiently, she answered our inquiries as to what was the matter. She said that while absent from her home with her children a short time between nine and ten o'clock, gathering berries, the Indians had been there and robbed it of everything in it of value, including a small sum of money, and utterly destroyed whatever remained that they did not want to carry away. The husband of the woman was away, and she had been shouting from the bank of the river for two hours to alarm Mr. Dobbys, who lives directly opposite and keeps the ferry, and have him come over with the boat to her assistance, but she could

make no one hear, and she had come to the conclusion that Mr. Dobbys and his family had all been murdered. It is the custom of the mail riders, by shouting, to notify the ferryman of their arrival and desire to cross. Mr. Davidson had already done this as we approached the river. After hearing the woman's story he commenced shouting again and did so several times receiving no answer. We began to think something was indeed wrong, and Mr. Davidson was about to alarm some ranchmen down the river, but before doing so he sent forth another yell that went echoing in the distant hillsides. This brought the anxiously sought Dobbys, and the suspense was soon over. We crossed the ferry, took dinner while the mail was being changed, and at one o'clock were again on our way. As we left, a few of the residents near the ferry, were preparing to go in search of the Indians. The family referred to are poor and by this depredation lose everything in the world they have. At three o'clock we reached Elk Prairie, changed animals and at half past three again started, and arrived at Center Station, a distance of fifty-five miles from Hydesville at a quarter past seven.

On Friday morning at six o'clock my journey was resumed, but with new company. I had been obliged to part with "Old Ben," and soon found that I had suffered by the change, but I will not stop to say wherein. Our road now lay pretty well up in the world, and was enveloped in a fog so dense that we could scarcely see a hundred feet distant, which made the ride at this early hour anything but comfortable or agreeable. Occasionally the high points over which the trail passes would reach above the fog, giving them the appearance of small islands amid a vast ocean of waters. At twelve o'clock we reached Blue Rock Station, twenty-eight miles from Center Station, where we took dinner and changed animals. At one o'clock, started for Cahto, distant twenty-two miles, which we reached in the evening at six. At Bob White's, where man and beast are kindly cared for, we took two square meals and a good night's rest, which about this time were

greatly appreciated by your humble servant.

On Saturday morning I jumped aboard the stage and whirled along over hill and down dale, up and down grades, through Sherwood Valley, Little Lake, Calpella to Ukiah, a distance of forty-five miles, where we arrived at five p. m.

The next morning, Sunday, at six o'clock, we got aboard a fine new Concord coach, drawn by four horses and driven by Mr. Wm. H. Force, our mail contractor, and having in all "only" twelve passengers for a load; passed through the village of Sanel, fifteen miles from Ukiah, thence on to Cloverdale, sixteen miles further, where we arrived at one p. m. Got dinner and went on board of the cars, bound for Donohue, which left at quarter past two p. m. Passed through Healdsburg, 17 miles from Cloverdale, Santa Rosa, sixteen miles from Healdsburg, Petaluma, sixteen miles from Santa Rosa, arriving at Donohue, six miles from Petaluma, at half past four. Thence we were transferred to the steamer "Antelope," which shortly left, arriving at San Francisco at quarter before eight in the evening. Thus you will see that I have made the trip through from Eureka to San Francisco, a distance of three hundred and twenty-six miles, in four days and five hours, including the four night's stoppages.

I have no time to write further.
W.

Part of the trail ran over the Uncle Sam Mountain, and it was steep and narrow, with insecure bridges over deep, rough waterways.

Eddie's horse fell with him, in an accident that was nearly serious, as his foot was caught in the stirrup, but my little mare stepped over the trail as surefooted as a goat.

Mrs. Cheney, wife of the proprietor of the hotel at Hydesville, was very motherly and kind to the two wanderers, and after supper, I was introduced to Judge Wyman, editor

and proprietor of the "Humboldt Times," published at Eureka, who was on his way to San Francisco, overland. He is a kind and intelligent gentleman. A guitar was secured, and I played and sang, and learned a new song from a young man whose name I do not remember. The song "I'm as Happy as the Day is Long," was very sweet, and just suited my mood, and I forgot the fatigue of the long unusual trip, knowing that I could rest for a day or so, and get in trim to lecture, and earn the money so needed.

On May the 9th I rested nearly all day, but we took a short drive with Mrs. Cheney, to look at Hydesville and its surroundings. Also made arrangements to lecture on the next evening.

May 10th, I lectured in the church to a good audience. My collection was \$15. The following evening lectured at the same place, collecting \$10.

On May the 13th, we went to Rohnerville, having forwarded an announcement of my lecture there. I spoke in Strong's Hall, was introduced by Dr. Dorr, who I had met sometime before, in Trinity county. My collection was \$20. Lectured there the next evening having a collection of \$16.

I sent announcements to Ferndale and lectured there on the evenings of the 15th and 16th. Collecting \$21.25.

We reached Eureka on the 17th of May. Stopped at Hogaboom's hotel and arranged for a lecture at Ryan's hall on the next evening, where I spoke to an overflowing house. My collection was \$42.00. "The Humboldt Times," said this, among

other things, of my lectures:

"Her lectures are interesting throughout, and we see in Miss Morrison the elements of a first-class lecturess.

Her manner is pleasing, her language is good, and modesty marks the entire discourse.

She will deliver her farewell lecture on Saturday evening, May 25th, at Ryan's hall, which will doubtless be both instructive and interesting, and on which occasion the Eureka Brass Band will be in attendance.

We are requested to state that Miss Morrison will lecture at Arcata on Monday and Tuesday evenings, and at Trinidad on Saturday and Sunday evenings, of next week, and it is with pleasure that we commend her to these communities."

I lectured at Ryan's Hall, as announced on May 25th, and my receipts were \$40.25. I had also spoken on the 22nd, collecting \$30.25.

The following is the testimonial given me by the citizens of Eureka, upon the occasion of my benefit lecture:

"Having listened with pleasure to the lecture delivered by Miss Anna M. Morrison in Eureka, and recognizing her ability and the worthy object she has in view in her public addresses, we cheerfully unite in the expression of the hope for her future success, and bespeak for her a full house on Saturday evening, on the occasion of her lecture as announced, upon the subject of "Moral and Social Reform."

Signed: Joseph Russ, W. H. Havens, J. Carr, Thos Carr, C. T. Roberts, David E. Gordon, John T. Young, C. H. Heney, Capt. E. Tomlinson, Wm. H. Pratt, Dr. D. U. Lindsay,

J. E. Wyman, J. W. Henderson,
John Keleher, T. Walsh, M. H.
Mooney, A. G. Brown, C. T. McKay,
John Miller, P. H. Ryan, F. A.
Weck, N. Bullock, B. L. Wait, Chas.
W. Long, J. E. Hitchborn, W. B.
Thorpe. Eureka, May 24, 1872.

After lecturing at Arcata and
Trinidad, on May 27, 28, 29 and 31,
collecting for the four lectures
\$91.12½, we returned to Eureka to
prepare for our journey to Crescent
City. Our adventurous trip to that
place will be described in another
article.

The Humboldt Times also said:
"We bespeak for her a full house.
The object she has in view is a
noble one, which is the purpose of
obtaining means to assist in sup-
porting her father's family and to
complete her own education."

The observations and experiences
of this trip, left a deep impression
of the beauty, resources and possi-
bilities of Humboldt, which was
expressed in the following tribute
written sometime after I left the
the county:

HUMBOLDT

By Anna M. Reed

The mem'ry of thy sunny vales
Sleeps in my heart;
Where berries gleamed in golden heat
Beneath June's softly ling'ring feet;
Where, on the summer's slumb'rous breast
The winds the yielding days caressed.
Thy blossoms, wet with fragrant dew,
Have brushed my cheek;
While wandering in the woods along,
I heard the birds' exquisite song;
And marveled not that life should seem
So like a sweet, delicious dream.
From streams of water cold and pure,
My lips have quaffed;
Where, in thy forests dark and deep,
The somber shadows seem to sleep;
Where pallid lil'ies bloom and die,
Denied the radiance of the sky.
My wand'ring feet went o'er thy hills
In sweet content;
That destiny to me assigned
A pleasant task of heart and mind;
And led me, for a little while,
Beneath the blessing of thy smile.
The glorious promise of thy years
Spoke to my soul;
And in the future thou shalt meet
A grand fruition proud and sweet;
And bloom untouched by blight or ban,
A country blessed by God and man.

THE SECOND TRIP

1892

I have not only had the distinction of being the Pioneer lady lecturer of the West, for at the time that I was travelling and speaking in Northern California, there were but three women speakers of any note in America—Susan B. Anthony, Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Anna Dickenson, and none of these identified with the Pacific Coast, but I have also had the honor to serve as an integral part of an executive body of women, nationally created, the first of its kind to be appointed in America.

A Board of Lady commissioners for the World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago, was appointed by an Act of Congress of the United States. And by this Act, the social, Civic and political status of women was advanced a hundred years.

For the first time in the world's history, they were given the opportunity to make evident the work of their brains and hands, in the results and achievements in art, music, literature and skilled industry, collected and arranged, and presented by their own executive ability and under their own management.

After the national appointment, the appointment of State Boards followed. By sanction of Governor Markham, through the Board of Managers of California, I was appointed Lady Manager for the First Congressional District, comprising the largest territory to the smallest population of any district of the state. Yet the richest in natural re-

sources, of any portion of California.

Eureka then claimed a population of ten thousand. And remembering the wonderful soil, climate, scenery and productions of Humboldt, that had so impressed me on my first trip to that section, and induced by an invitation from the local World's Fair Board at Eureka, to come and help by organizing the county for work, and to suggest, and find means for raising the necessary funds to put on a creditable exhibit at Chicago, I resolved on my second trip to Humboldt county.

On the 4th day of August 1892, I left Reed's Ranch at Laytonville, to go to Eureka, overland, by stage. My young daughter accompanied me, and as the stage ran night and day, and the roads were fearfully rough and steep, following in many places the survey of the old government trail, and as my daughter was so very "seasick" with the rolling and pitching of the stage, that I had to support her in my arms most of the way, I found it a more strenuous trip, than that by horseback many years before.

Shortly before going the following letter had been forwarded to me from the headquarters of the California World's Fair Commission, with the request that I proceed to Humboldt:

Eureka, Cal., May 17, 1892
California World's Fair Commission
San Francisco, Cal.

Gentlemen:

Is it possible to get Mrs. Anna M.

Reed, Lady Manager for the First Congressional District to come up into this (Humboldt County) for the purpose of addressing our citizens, on the great importance of organizing a County World's Fair Association, so that we can have a County Exhibit at the Exposition? Our lumbermen have made an arrangement with a Mr. Hurlbut, of San Francisco to build a Reception Room in the National Woman's Building of Redwood. This will be the extent of our exhibit, unless an Association is formed here. They say that outside of lumber we can exhibit nothing. Yet this county grows the finest wool in the state. We have dairies producing butter that can not be beaten, our apples took the Silver Medal at New Orleans; we have leather, grain, dried fruits, hard woods, Live Oak, Yew Wood, Manzanita, Pepper Wood, and others; Coal Oil, Coal, and Gold and Silver quartz. But our people have to be aroused before we can expect to make them move. Will you send us a speaker? Please let me know soon. When is the time up for applying for space?

Yours respectfully,
(Signed) J. P. Monroe

Chairman Chamber Commerce on World's Fair Ex.

Address P. O. box 460, Eureka, Humboldt Co., California.

The delegates appointed by the Supervisors to represent this county at the convention held in your city were John Dolbier, 10 Californin St. San Francisco, and F. A. Week, 53 Stevenson St., San Francisco.

I had written Mr. Monroe, upon the receipt of the letter from the Commission, and received the following replies:

Eureka, July 19, 1892.

Mrs. Anna M. Reed.

Dear Madam: Please accept my thanks for your Book of Poems.

Our Humboldt Co. Ass'n. will be glad to have you come here. There are many things to be explained to our people.

David E. Gorden is the Secretary of the County Ass'n., and Miss A. M. Middlemiss of our World's Fair Club in this city.

Any information or reading matter sent them would be placed where it would do good.

Mrs. R. F. Herrick and Mrs. Richard Sweasey of this city are taking an active interest in this work, and would be pleased to receive information regarding Women's Work.

Yours resp'ly,

J. P. Monroe.

2109 E St.

Eureka, July 21, 1892.

Mrs. Anna M. Reed.

Dear Madam: In reply to your favor of the 7th inst., regarding papers, we have in Eureka:

Daily Humboldt Times, Editor, C. C. Marshall; Daily Humboldt Standard, Editor, J. F. Thompson; Western Watchman, Editor, Wm. Ayres; Nerve, Editor J. M. Eddy, Arcata Union, Editor, A. Wiley, Arcata.

Blue Lake Advocate, Editor, M. Vaughn, Blue Lake.

Ferndale Enterprise, Editor, S. Scotten, Ferndale.

Fortuna Advance, Editor, J. M. Stinson, Fortuna.

Home Journal, Alton.

Hoping to see you here soon, and trusting you will write for any in-

formation I can give you, I remain

Yours respectfully,

J. P. Monroe.

2109 E Street.

Arriving at the Vance House, we took a much needed rest, and the following day, many interested in the work for the World's Fair, called for advice, information and suggestions, namely: Wm. Ayres, editor and proprietor of the "Western Watchman;" Chas. F. Roberts, head of the local World's Fair Board; J. P. Monroe, representing the Chamber of Commerce, and a number of ladies anxious to undertake local work.

Mr. Roberts was much discouraged, saying that for lack of funds there could be no creditable exhibit placed at Chicago. After a called meeting of the Chamber of Commerce, together with members of the local Association, and myself representing the State Commission, plans for work were outlined. At my suggestion a Tax Payers' Petition, to the Board of Supervisors, was formulated, asking for an appropriation of \$4,000, and sent in competent hands in two directions to cover the county for signatures as quickly as possible.

To sum up, the petition was a success, and secured the money. Together with the donation from the Lumberman of \$1,000, there was \$5,000 on hand for exhibition purposes. One of my suggestions was the securing of the Seth Kinman Collection of Curios and Indian Relics, which gave an unique, Western touch to Humboldt's display, found in none other at the Fair.

I remained in the county from the 5th day of August to the 18th day

of September. Gave more than fifty addresses, organized eleven Auxiliary Associations, and left the work in the hands of Mrs. R. F. Herrick, who gathered up the exhibit for the county, and went with it to Chicago.

The most notable of the addresses given by me, during my campaign work, for the World's Fair, in Humboldt, was that given at Armory Hall, Eureka, on the evening of August 16th, 1892.

There was not even standing room in the Hall. Representative men and women of Eureka occupied the speaker's stand. Mayor Kinsey acted as Chairman, and the Tenth Battalion Band rendered excellent music.

A profusion of flowers, in bouquets and baskets, was presented to the speaker. And as my greatest joys in life have been music and flowers, I shall here give the names of the members of the Tenth Battalion Band and only wish that time and space would permit of the indulgent of my vanity, in giving the notices of the press of that time, that I have carefully preserved in my Scrap Books.

The names of the men who discoursed sweet music on that evening have also been preserved, and live forever in my memory. They were: W. B. McLaren, A. P. McCarthy, W. B. Bailey, Geo. Wing, Adolph Strong, Ambrose Murray, J. Mercer, Robt. Kellen, A. C. Wunderlich, O. C. McDermott, J. H. Young, Eugene Matthews, Fred Johnston, and Joe Myers.

Among those who occupied the speaker's stand were: Mrs. Sweaszy, Mrs. Herrick, Miss Middlemiss, Mayor Kinsey, A. J. Bledsoe, Hon.

J. F. Thompson, J. P. Monroe, Hon. E. F. Roberts and M. Connell.

In conclusion I may say without egotism, that my work for the Columbian Exposition in Humboldt was successful—that I “made good,” and gave general satisfaction to the public, which I was serving, as witness the following expression from the leading citizens of Eureka, published in every paper of that city at the time:

Eureka, Cal., Sept. 3, 1892.

PETITION.

To the President and to the members of the California World's Fair Commission.

Gentlemen: We, the undersigned residents of the county, respectfully address you in behalf of Mrs. Anna M. Reed, organizer and lecturer for this district and the State of California, in World's Fair Work.

Knowing that her salary is entirely inadequate to meet her expenses in her World's Fair Work, and feeling appreciative and grateful for her work here, which has resulted in our securing an appropriation from our Supervisors, and in the organization of the entire county, which will insure us a creditable exhibit at the World's Fair, we believe it would be to the interest of Northern California that she visit all the principal points in the First Congressional District.

Therefore, we urge upon your Honorable body the necessity of increasing Mrs. Reed's salary so that it will be commensurate with her services.

Respectfully,

C. F. Roberts,

President of Humboldt County
World's Fair Association.

E. B. Soule, J. P. Monroe, F. B.

Silverwood, Fred W. Bell, J. S. Murray, J. B. Brown, Dan Murphy, D. J. Foley, L. T. Kinsey; Wm. Ayres, Warren Jones, S. M. Buck, J. W. Turner, R. Hodgson, J. P. Donnelly, T. B. Cutler, S. F. Pine, Geo. R. Gibson, R. W. Rideout, Maurice Connell, J. Loewenthal, Frank McGowan, Celia W. Long, J. F. Quill, J. M. Eddy, A. J. Monroe, S. A. Vance, J. E. Matthews, and many others.

The “Western Watchman” said:

“We have had the special pleasure of several interviews with Mrs. Reed since her arrival in this county last Friday, and are strongly impressed with the zeal, enthusiasm and ability with which she is pushing the World's Fair business. She is a woman of untiring energy, a ceaseless student, is resourceful, possesses a vast fund of practical information upon the most vital subjects, and is endowed with poetic genius of more than usual merit. No obstacles impede her way, for whatever they may be she overcomes them by her resistless energy.”

And also this note, from Bulletin No. 26, issued by the California World's Fair Commission, from their headquarters, Flood Building, San Francisco:

“Mrs. Anna M. Reed, member of the California Board of Lady Managers, has completed her lecturing work in Humboldt County in the interests of the World's Fair. Her lectures and work in general were productive of beneficial results, and were highly endorsed by the Press, and organized bodies in the county.

She succeeded in forming eleven auxiliaries at different centres, the last auxiliary being at Trinidad.

The collection of exhibits from Humboldt County is progressing with marked success.”



MRS. FRANK F. FREDERICKS

President San Francisco District California Federation of Women's Clubs

See Page 16

THE THIRD TRIP

1917

By Northwestern Pacific Railroad

Over the wondrous sweeps of the winding Eel by TRAIN. In April—again the Dogwood in full bloom, in places where the trees still reach to the water's edge.

At every turn the flash of the pink and magenta flowers of the "Judas Tree—our familiar California "Red-bud.

The silver dash of the waterfalls, over craig and cliff, where blooms the Madrone, and the white and blue wild Lilac trees, and on lower slopes the rank wild clover and the massed purple of the Lupin flowers.

Here and there a tasteful cottage or bungalow, set in dells green with alfalfa fields, and bright glades reaching to the dark retreat of hidden canyons beyond.

On, past Island Mountain, where by a feat of wonderful engineering, we cross from the west to the east shore of the Eel, and a tunnel of 4,337 feet.

Over the rocky cliff at Kekawaka station, a waterfall like a stream of silver dashes to the very tracks, edged by wild scarlet Larkspur, and the golden spikes of the Gilliflowers, that adorn the rocky craigs of Northern California.

On, where narrower glades smile at the edge of the denser wood.

On, past the rolling hills of Western Humboldt, then into the heart of the Redwoods again at Dyerville and Scotia, then past the cliffs beyond, where the train runs over

solid rock, and on, to the shores of Humboldt Bay, and Eureka, a city of 17,000 souls, and we have reached the "Empire of the West.

A place of happy homes, and a generous prosperity. Of tropical luxuriance, and temperate climate. In a land whose like, lies not elsewhere under the sun.

Tired hearts of the city, come over the way of rest. Breathe refreshment along the way. Where a tramp boiling his "mulligan" is fellow with the privileged of earth. "Wake Robins," wild orchids, lavender, purple and white, and "Iris" of delicate hues. Slopes of green clover, gold of the poppy, scarlet and crimson of "Indian Torch"—these rest weary eyes, and fagged brain, on the way of the wonderful Eel.

And so restful is now this route of convenient and luxurious transportation that some of my fellow travelers slept, even in the face of all these things—the God of Nature forgive them!

In conclusion, such is a glimpse of my three trips to Humboldt county.

As I remember the first one, I am glad that the Three Fates that weave in the darkness, the fabric of human destiny, sent me out in my early youth, on the wings of the morning, over the length and breadth of the peerless region of Northern California.

And while others in the land, less fortunate, stood at the loom and

wheel, or bent over the desk, or sewing machine, or trod the rounds of necessity, in narrow walls, I was out over hill and meadow, over mountain and valley, breathing the inspiration of the heights, from tree and flower, from wind and wave, sometimes with the rain in my face, or the snow beneath my feet, or the scud of summer clouds above me, but always with a heart brave and warm and grateful, alive to the call of duty, in the service of those I loved, and while answering that, ungrudgingly, with every fiber of my being, my work brought me in touch with everything worth while, within the boundaries of my world—a world of marvelous things.

I have never known, or realized the commonplace. ,

Every year of life has been tinged with romance and adventure, and shaped by unusual things. And their memory is more grateful than even the warmth and glory of the sunset toward which I am journeying.

Free lance, and pioneer in the world of letters, I have broken for the women of California, the trail of endeavor, for all those who have come after.

For me the ways were rough and steep, but strewn with flowers, and every branch and bough that struck my face, while passing, was rich with bloom, and left the tang of wild sweet things, and the perfume of eternal youth about me.

Striving to earn money for the needs, and necessities of others, and if possible, still reach the University of California, I secured an education from experience and observation,

that I would not exchange for any lore of books.

Every phase of life has been unique, and left me rich in memories—and so I think gratefully each day, of the Fates that weave in the darkness, with impassive faces and relentless shuttle, and strands that reach, once in awhile, to the land of dreams and endeavor—the land of opportunity—the northern empire of the West, Humboldt County.

The following is from the "Humboldt Standard" of April 16, 1917:

"Ponce de Leon made a mistake when he did not search for the fountain of perpetual youth in Mendocino county rather than in Florida for certainly there is where it must be located, since Monday morning the Standard office was refreshed by a visit from Anna Morrison Reed, owner of the Northern Crown Magazine, who dressed all in white like some Snow Queen—though there was nothing chilly in her manner—came to let us know that she had come up from Ukiah to attend the convention of Women's Clubs. Mrs. Reed has certainly learned the secret of growing younger as the years pass by, and Lillian Russel is not in it with her for a moment. Her magazine is as bright as herself and that is saying a good deal for both of them."



Driving the "Golden Spike" in the Finishing Link of the Northwestern Pacific Railway, Between San Francisco and Eureka

THE NORTHERN CROWN
IN HUMBOLDT

13

By Anna M. Reed

Along the roads and sweet by-ways
The fireweed and golden-rod
Sway in the wind and whispering nod,
Through these long sunny autumn days.
I know the wild azaleas blow
Where every day you come and go,
Along the grades, so long and steep,
The vines, with berries laden creep,
With crimson clusters in the grass
That tempt one always as they pass.
Do you remember one sweet day,
We came from Ferndale by the bluff?
You said you'd cast the world away,
If I would say love was enough—
Without reproach— without regret—
Ah love! there's nothing I forget.
I turned away from you, and all
That might have made my life complete,
And yet no worse thing can befall,
Since we in life no more shall meet.
I chose for both the "better part,"
Which leaves me with a famished heart.
But, day by day, in fancy's light,
Through time's unceasing, restless flight,
I live; and dream of you and all
These precious memories recall—
And fain would stoop to kiss the sod
Where once we gathered golden-rod.

"The Builders"

By Anna M. Reed

The costliest one hundred miles of railroad on record, was completed when the "Golden Spike" was driven at Cain Rock on October the 23d. 1914, giving railway service over the 233 miles that separate, by land, the city of San Francisco from Eureka. The gap of 100 miles, through the wild and beautiful canyon of the upper Eel river, is a line of bridges and tunnels, in a land of rivers and mountains. Five and one-half miles of the new line is built under ground and nearly two-thirds of the distance is covered by bridges. For miles, the

foundation for the track are the benches blasted from solid rock, in perpendicular hillsides.

The cost of constructing this connecting gap, was more than \$13,000-000.

More than five years were spent in building this one hundred miles of road.

For fifty years the people of Humboldt have patiently awaited the arrival, from San Francisco, of the first train.

In October 1914, the train arrived and the event was made the occasion of the greatest celebration in the history of the county.

Eureka has been known for many years, as the largest city in the world without a railroad.

The city was founded in 1850 on the eastern shore of Humboldt bay.

At that time the site was covered with giant redwoods that grew to the water's edge.

This city that has steadily grown, through all it's years of isolation, now has a population of 17,000 people.

The streets are wide and paved. It has fine public and mercantile buildings, tasteful residences, electric street car service, excellent schools, telephone, water, light and gas systems. Banks, hotels, theatres, department stores, and in fact all the comforts and conveniences of modern civilization—a city full of happy homes, filled by an honest intelligent, and ambitious people.

It is the largest city in California north of San Francisco and Sacramento, and the commercial center of a territory embracing 5,000 square miles. San Francisco by water is 216 miles to the south, and

the Columbia river is 339 miles to the north. Humboldt bay, a landlocked harbor fourteen miles long and from one-half to four miles wide, with thirty-five miles of navigable channels, is the most important port between San Francisco and the Columbia. The Eureka waterfront extends four miles, and the sea commerce exceeds that of many cities far greater in size. About 1,000 vessels come and go at Humboldt bay during a year, and in that time the port trade averages about \$20,000,000.

Lumbering is the major industry of Humboldt. Eleven large saw mills send out annually about 400,000,000 feet of redwood lumber.

Dairying is the second important industry of Humboldt. The annual output of dairy product totals about 10,000,000 pounds, with a valuation of \$2,000,000.

Humboldt was the first county in the west to engage a scientific farm adviser. In the hills stock raising is followed; fruit culture is given attention on the bench and bottom lands.

Humboldt county contains 3,507 square miles, and is largely mountainous. The numerous rivers and streams flow in a northwesterly direction. The pleasures of the huntsman and angler here to be found, long ago earned Humboldt the name of "Sportsman's Paradise."

Humboldt presents unusual physical features, as a distinct section of the continent, both in relation to sea and land.

Nature seems to have drawn her lines for the concentration of Pacific's commerce, at and through Humboldt's entrance way. Hum-



The Monday Club House, Eureka, Cal.

See Page 16



Cain Rock, Where the Golden Spike was Driven

See Page 13

boldt is the western-most, and most prominent headland of the United States.

It is the first land sighted by the incoming craft from the Orient.

It has a capacious, safe, land-locked harbor, capable of accommodating the commerce of a hemisphere—the most westerly harbor in the United States, capable of accommodating deep sea vessels.

It is exactly half way between the Mexican and British Columbia boundaries.

In time of war "Table Bluff" and "Trinidad Head," offer strong points for fortification against an invading foe.

The harbor can be reached in shorter time than other points along the coast, because of its bold position, and because of the Japan Current. But the track for direct intercourse does not end here—the way for a direct railroad to the east is across the Sacramento valley, through the Pitt River Canyon, or Beckwith's Pass, and straight to the great inland distributing point,

Chicago.

This route would form the most direct line across the continent, which in these days, when rapid transportation is the key note to success, would mean everything to the world of traffic and travel.

Having the quickest, safest, most direct line to Chicago, Humboldt would gather and control, through traffic from the Orient.

Its course would be the center of a zone which, reaching round the globe, carries two-thirds of the world's commerce. Nature has done everything for Humboldt, in the way of location and resources, and the future of Eureka is destined to be that of a great commercial city.

All honor then to the capitalists who have risked their fortunes, to put her in touch with the great world of trade and travel, and honor to the mechanics whose skill has made the construction of that last one hundred miles of road bed, possible, and last, but not least, honor to the SONS OF TOIL, whose LABOR made the finished work.

Republished by request from the
Northern Crown, Jan. 1915.

"To the builders of the highways
That skirt the canyon's brink
To the men that bind the roadbed fast,
I raise my glass and drink.
Their's the great endeavor
And the deed of high emprise;
For they fight with naked hands
'Gainst forest swamp and shifting
sands,
And the fury of the skies.
To the builders who have fallen,
Whose graves mark out the line,
To the blind who never more may see,
To the maimed and halt in their misery,
In silence drink your wine.
For them no crashing volleys,
Or roll of muffled drums,
Only the roar of the great rock blast,

Is their requiem song when the day is past,
 And the final darkness comes.
 To the engineers—the wizards,
 Whose word brooks no delay,
 Hearing, the sleeping glens awake,
 The snow-plumed hills obeisance make,
 And lo! the open way.
 For them no flaunting banners,
 When a bitter fight is won;
 No cheering thousands in the street,
 These gallant heroes ever meet,
 Though dauntless deeds be done.
 To the builders of the highways,
 That skirt the canyon's brink,
 To the men that bind the roadbed fast,
 To the high and low, the first and last,
 I raise my glass and drink."

—Evelyn Gunn

A Council of Wonderful Women

By Anna M. Reed

The fifteenth Annual Convention of the San Francisco District, California Federation of Women's Clubs, convened at Eureka Humboldt Co., on April 17, 1917 Mrs. Frank F. Fredricks, presiding. And the Motto of the Federation was verified by every act of the body of intelligent women, so assembled.

"In Essentials, Unity; in Non-Essentials, Liberty; in all things, Charity."

The entire session was marked by efficiency and harmony.

The nine clubs that had joined the Federation during the year, were ably represented, as well as the older associations.

The Eureka Monday Club House, the place of meeting, was modern

and beautiful, with finishings and furnishings of native wood. Set in the midst of surroundings beyond description, in point of natural scenery, in the beauty of wood and sky, and tints of atmosphere, flashed from the changing sea.

During each day the rooms were filled with choicest flowers—Tulips, Narcissus, Daffodils and Jonquils, in wondrous perfection and variety. And also the more delicate blossoms native to field and forest, in this section where nature is so opulent.

Every topic of present importance to social, civic and mental life, was ably discussed.

The daily press of the state kept all well informed as to the detail and



EMMA B. FREEMAN

A Unique Worker in the World of Art

See Page 17

variety of these discussions, and all important action taken by the Federation.

Hospitality and entertainment were lavish, and programs of pleasure provided by gracious hearts and hands, peculiar to Humboldt County. Good sense, good humor and good management, marked the entire session. Giving proof of the executive ability of its officers, and the earnest co-operation of the members and all concerned.

It was a privilege to be there—to be a part of a “thing of beauty,” that in memory will be a joy forever. It was an honor to be a representative, at this notable and historic gathering, and it is beyond the power of words, to convey the true delight and lesson of the whole affair. Mrs. Frank F. Fredericks,

President together with the other incumbents, were re-elected to serve a term of two years.

By a vote at the closing session, the next convention of the San Francisco District of Federated Clubs, will be held in San Francisco.

The officers are:

Mrs. Frank F. Fredericks, President; Stanford Court, San Francisco.

Mrs. Geo. D. Murray, Vice-President; Eureka, Humboldt County.

Mrs. Geo. Uunewehr, Recording Secretary; Dixon.

Mrs. John H. Perine, Corresponding Secretary; 5690 Keith Avenue, Oakland.

Mrs. M. E. Buchan, Treasurer; Palo Alto.

Mrs. Geo. W. Cole, Auditor; Hollister.



A Unique Worker in the World of Art

By Anna M. Reed

Emma B. Freeman is today a national character in the world of art. As a photographer of Northern California Indians, and Indian life she is without a peer.

Her life studies in the nude, done among the classic redwoods, and beside the mountain streams of Humboldt County, are the greatest achievement in photographic art ever yet accomplished. Added to her wonderful gift for posing, she has an exquisite color sense, and her photos done in oil, and water colors, and pastel, are unique, and are accepted everywhere as works of art.

She has never misrepresented her

work, which could not be detected as of photographic foundation, except by experts. And although it is the result of years of patient study, and hard work, it has all the grace and beauty of spontaneous, and original effort.

As a designer she is also a success being the author of the beautiful design of the seal of the City of Eureka, that appears as the Frontispiece of this issue of the NORTHERN CROWN MAGAZINE.

“Studio Life,” a New York publication, devoted to photographic art, lately dedicated an entire issue to her work.

“*Smith's Flivver*”

By W. T. Fitch

You know Smith? He is a lineal descendent of the Smith whose life Pocahontas is credited with saving, or, at least so he claims. It is, however, a matter requiring rather circumstantial proof if proof be wanted, for it is hardly possible that all the Smiths now in America descended from the chap Pocahontas took a fancy to. Neither does it matter to you and I, for the chances are that could the coy Indian maiden be duly sworn, she would deny all knowledge of the famous incident and leave all the Smiths high and dry. Neither is there any reflection here, for it is not quite the thing nowadays to critically examine our early history and eliminate whatever smacks of even exaggeration? Truly, and has not the fame of Barbara Fritzchle and numerous others suffered also? But, be all that as it may, there is no wish to start anything with the Daughters of the Revolution or the W. R. C. The idea being to get Smith past the Censors, as it were. Reader! meet John Smith of Sunshine Valley, Kansas, and as I have matters to attend to, please excuse me.

I close the door behind me and then remember that I've not told Smith what is expected of him, so I poke my head in again and, sure

enough, Smith and the reader are speaking of the weather.

“O, by the way Smith, tell this party the story you just told me.” I again close the door and linger a moment. I hear him begin, and I tiptoe away.

“People seem to think; began Smith, “that farmers were created just to furnish material for the funny papers and to absorb the surplus of year-before-last's clothing.”

All that is being changed by the Telephone, Trolley, Parcel Post, the Department of Agriculture and other influences. Not to mention labor saving machinery and the automobile.” At the mention of the last two items Smith's face lighted up.

“I might as well tell you that as a small boy on the farm I was like the majority—I loathed the farm and all its works. “Works” is the right word, too, or was then more than now—things being so different.”

“I had dreams of going to the city and becoming great, for the idea seemed to prevail that all one had to do to become a second Morgonfeller, was to be born a farmer and beat it to the city as soon as one heard the news.”

“I'll admit that I contemplated something of the kind, but could

never seem to get my work done in time for a start."

"When through grammar school I was considered educated, and put to work in what seemed to me, a rather wholesale manner. Father was good to me and good FOR me. He insisted that as heir to the farm and born to the soil, I should stick to it."

"Well, I stuck. When, a little later, I met the only regular girl, there was in the world, I forgot everything else and would'n't let her forget me, for a minute. We were married and went to work. Work, was the word. I purchased a small farm and set out to pry the mortgage which was part of the purchase price, from its fertile acres."

"In due time a little farmer boy, then two little milkmaids, came to bless our home—and make us work like the dickens to provide them with all that was coming to them."

"We gained steadily however, and added more acres to the home place and bought more and more farm machinery, until my work was greatly lightened and the balance in my favor steadily increasing. Around me, the farmers were doing the same. Many now had automobiles. You know how infectious these expensobiles were a few years ago when they were not so common."

"I got the fever and my temperature rose. I thought and dreamed of nothing else. This was in November, several years ago."

"I now come to the real turning point in my life. And I blush to tell even you, an almost total stranger. I feel like it should be dark so you could not see my face. My only comfort is that it was just pure

thoughtlessness which many around me, and many more all over the country, have been and are guilty of."

"It was this way: One evening I came upon a little story in a magazine that a friend had given me, which was marked in pencil. Had it not been so marked, I never should have read it. I never inquired who marked it, I was too startled by what I read. The story dealt with a careless but kind-hearted husband—also a farmer—who had stocked his farm with everything he could think of, or agents press upon him. At this time his wife, who should have been in the prime of life, died from overwork. The story dealt with the fact that while the farm was over-run with labor saving machinery, she had labored on with the wash board, needle, and tiny kitchen stove, the self same as near as wear and tear would permit with which she had started house-keeping, not to mention the carrying of water from an antique well in the yard."

"Now, either by reason of having pored over automobile catalogues having sharpened my wits, or there was some sort of magic in that story (for you know people just naturally don't understand half they read) for it hit me squarely. I glanced covertly at my wife. She was knitting and the children were wrangling good-naturedly over their home work. I rose and left the room."

"The light did not break upon me in a blinding flash like it does to people in stories, (I always envied those mental giants)—nor like religion is said to do at camp-meetings, but gradually, gaining mo-

mentum as it came. The first glimmer was the recollection that I had forgotten to get the new washboard which my wife had asked for. A washboard! Great Heavens! I was out of doors by this time and the cool air was refreshing, for I felt sick. I fled to the barn and entering the feed storage room, just completed, and leaned against the new electric feed chopper. I felt hot all over—six feet of consternation. I tried to think. Had my wife, the woman I had sworn to love and cherish, and whom I loved with all my selfish heart,—had she a motor washing machine?"

"switched off the light and bolted for the open road, walking as if the devil was at my heels. Once I was almost run down by an automobile which roared past, its lights flaring in my dazed eyes. And to think! I, even I, was about to buy one and my wife—" "My thoughts went faster than my legs and I was soon in a perspiration. My poor, little woman, how thoughtless I'd been. I almost snivelled. "Had been" I caught at the ray of hope. I turned about and almost ran home."

"I stood outside awhile to get my breathing back to normal, and entered the house. For all of my being a big, hulking Brigand, I usually had to account for unusual absences. I hesitated outside the sitting room door. I was on the point of rushing in and throwing myself on her mercy, when another inspiration came along looking for a soft spot to alight. It must have come straight from the North Pole and down the chimney, for it made me conscious that it was just three

weeks until my wife's birthday.

"Now, on any other occasion I could'n't have told the date of her birthday on the witness stand, nor my own either I suppose, but I suppose the magic of the story was still working."

"You can easily believe that in my frame of mind, it was hard to enter the room where I knew my wife was still working, and waiting for me, with a calm exterior. I did it though, or thought I did. How worn she looked." "You ought to be poisoned, you High-Binder," I thought of myself.

"At breakfast I suggested to my wife that she make a three weeks visit to relatives in an adjoining county. I tried to say it calmly, and assured her she was looking tired. She gave me a look that said as plain as day, "John Smith, are you crazy?" Then she put her apron to her eyes with both hands and cried. I was 'round the table in two jumps and had her in my arms."

What is it?" I asked in alarm.

"I've wanted to go for so long," she sobbed, "But, and she raised a pale and troubled face, "who will see to you and the children?"

"Me and the children be darned; I exploded. Of course, I didn't wish the children to be darned, but me that was different—I deserved it and more. In fact I wanted to be darned.

With protestations and hurried preparations she was nearly frantic.

"That same day she departed. I confess I was impatient to get her away for I was as full of plans as a Senate Bill, of Jokers. Besides, the time was short for all I wanted to do.

"In fact, she was scared out of

sight before I was throwing things out of the window. I packed the children off to Aunt Bertha's and next morning went to town and engaged a lot of workmen who without delay were tearing things up by the roots under my frantic direction."

"The house soon looked like a cyclone had struck it. The kitchen was enlarged; a large pantry and laundry added, and a roomy porch went all around that side of the house."

"After the hardwood floor was laid, I installed the largest and most expensive range that I could find. The pantry and bath room tiled, (we'd never had a bath room) and everywhere throughout the domain of the kitchen, new cooking utensils and china were added."

"I can't remember all the things I did do, or put into that house. Suffice it to say that when there was'n't another thing I or Aunt Bertha could think of, then I quit, not before."

"The exterior was painted and the grounds cleared and tidied up. I lost many a pound in flesh during those three weeks, but they were the happiest in my life."

"After it was all done I went about looking things over. I hardly recognized the rooms, what with new and expensive wall paper and draperies, artistic electroliers, (the dealer said they were artistic) the massive brass bed, and all. It was more like a fine city home than a cottage in the country. And there was the party line phone with Aunt Bertha ringing up to have the children sent home, for their mamma was expected that night."

"And I might say here that if Ole had'n't attended to the live stock on the farm during that three weeks, they'd have starved to death. But what of it?"

Crazy thoughts flittered through my brain, like they will when you're excited, as I walked the station platform waiting for the train on which my wife was to arrive. Suppose the train was wrecked and the little woman never knew that her husband was'n't really the selfish hound she must have thought him? I could just hear the crash of a collision and see the mangled remains of the passengers strewn about. The funeral, with I and the children putting flowers on her grave—

"Down the track a bit of smoke showed. I awoke from my dreadful trance and looked eagerly as it became larger and larger, till I could see the glint of the brasswork of the engine. On it came. As it roared up the platform I rushed to the edge and at last the familiar face, looking fresher and more beautiful than ever appeared. I caught her in my arms and almost carried her to the waiting carriage. Not the car of my dreams, but wait!"

"When, on rounding a turn, she caught sight of the haughty cottage which she had left looking so dingy and cheerless, she rubbed her eyes and looked at me strangely. Then she hugged me to the peril of my guidance of the restive team which had not been out of the stable since her departure."

"Well, the tour of the house we made together, was a series of stops for kisses and hugs of overwhelming delight on her part and pride

and boastfulness on mine. I never in my life saw a woman as crazy as she was when she saw that kitchen. Actually, I thought she was going to have a fit and run up the walls like our cat did on several occasions. My foreboding came back. Suppose she should die of joy? I'd heard of such things. I tried too soothe her but it was no go, she just raved on. And she does to this day, although all that is three years ago.

"We two, with the children and Aunt Bertha, made up the housewarming party and I'll never forget it."

"That night, after we retired in that glorified bedroom, my wife snuggled up to me and whispered:"

John, she said, "I have a confession to make." I hugged her tight.

"Confess away," I said, "there is nothing I wouldn't forgive in my present state of mind."

"I just knew you were the best boy in the world—she began—and stopped.

"If that's all, then I'm not!" I answered. She took a good grip on me as if she feared what she was going to tell would cause me to go through the roof, and whispered:

"It was I who marked that article in the magazine, and got Harry to give it to you,"—and she subsided into a breathless silence. I sat

up in bed, so great was the surprise."

"You little schemer!" I almost yelled. And you—I got no further. Her arms were 'round my neck. Never say a woman hasn't brains enough to vote; I know better.

I kissed her, and we sat like fifteen-year olds in a dark parlor, hugging each other.

'But John,' she said at length, I'd never even dared hope for anything like this. You've surpassed all my wildest expectation,' and she wept happily.

"The next morning she was up an hour earlier than usual, just swarming all around the place. She was prevented by force from washing on her birthday, such was the temptation of the new laundry, And cook! Well, you don't know anything about it!

After that we just swam in a sea of happiness. Things went well and I am here in the city to get the car. My wife insists. But I'm glad I didn't get it until I could honestly afford it. I'm having them put on all the trimmings that go to make a luxury, self-starter and everything. I am to call for it at three—Goodness its three o'clock now. Well, thank you for listening to me. Good bye.





"Thou shalt renounce, thou shalt renounce, that is the eternal song rung in our ears, which our whole life long, gray Time is hoarsely singing to us."—Goethe.

OLD LETTERS

Arcata, Humboldt County, Cal.

July 26, 1883

Mrs. J. S. Reed:

My Dear Friend

Today, was placed in my hands, your beautiful little volume of "Earlier Poems," with your gracious compliments. To me it was an agreeable and graceful surprise.

In my review of your poetic gleanings, the curtain of the past rolled up, and amidst the roseate clouds of memory, serenely reposing was that meeting, at dear old Sawyer's Bar; when you recited, and spoke in glowing terms of Byron's celebrated monody to Sheridan. I could then see in your face and sunlit eyes that poetic fervor which is to be found in ever line of your exquisite little present.

What pleases me most is your simplicity, grace and elegance of expression. The freedom from that straining for effect, the bane of all young authors—in which ideas are lost in a maze of words. The delicacy, purity of thought, and tenderness of pathos, awaken

all the memories which poetry inspires. You possess the glow of a Hemans's with the force and vitality of Mrs. Sigourney. Your songs have all the freshness of youth; combined with the maturity of age; and while your notes are wild, free, untrameled—yet they are every day pictures readily understood.

Poetry, indeed, is the amber of language. In it should be found those rare exotic plants of the mind, enshrined within its liquid fold. It has held within its glowing embrace all the treasures and lore of the past; and borne them triumphantly across gulfs of time, in which empires suffered shipwreck, and the common languages of life were sunk in oblivion.

There is one feature in which you resemble Burns, your lines have all a local coloring. You have constantly "held the mirror up to nature," presenting a skillful photograph of your surroundings. His arose from two motives; a desire to please his local auditors, and and a warm aggressive spirit of Patriotism. You doubtless have drawn copious draughts from the same fountain; and while pleasing your immediate friends have all unconsciously drawn upon yourself the admiration of the state. You will permit me here to intrude an opinion of mine, which may—upon reflection, coincide with your own views. It is the elegant and touching little picture of "Sawyer's Bar." I do not like the title as well as "White Hands." A title should bear an intimate relation to its subject. In the touching incident which you relate so plaintively; what could be more significant than "Magdalene?" She who sought the one flower from the Great Master of Hearts, and turned her downcast pleading looks tenderly upon Him, soliciting that favor, which rendered her immortal.

Please accept my grateful acknowledgement for your careful annotation of text and subject.

Thanking you for the condescension you exhibit for such an obscure individual; and hoping that the fullness of your song harvest has arrived.

I remain very respectfully your friend and humble admirer,

James Beith



SONG OF THE AMERICAN RAILROAD MAN

By Gerald P. Beaumont

We are the wings of the Eagle, spread to the scarlet sky.
Sturdy and Strong, we speed along heeding our Master's
cry.

The eagle's beak is the Army,—the Navy its curving claws,
And both may fight through day and night, and the wings
will never pause.

We are the wings of the Eagle and our steel-lined tips are
spread.

From shore to shore where the oceans roar,—from north
to the Gulf Stream's bed.

Let the soldier look to his rifle, and the sailor look to the
sea,

And what they need with an Eagle's speed be sure they
will get from me.

We are the wing's of the Eagle, flecked with our labor's
foam,

With freight and mail we blazed the trail for a mighty
nation's home.

As in peace we have been your servant, so in war we will
be your slave,

And our wings will hum, and our pulses drum till the flags
of freedom wave.

We are the wings of the Eagle, eager to prove our worth,
Fitted by skill to do your will with the best trained men
on earth.

Then load us up with the burden and fire the opening gun:
And remember, Sam, the railroad man, is ever your loyal
son.

The Monarch of The Forest

By Mabel S. Heymann

Eureka, Cal

One by one the stars came out and looked silently down. The moon sent its first silver rays over the hill tops, and flooded the forest in Northern Humboldt with its pale light, making the giant redwoods look like hoary monarchs of an age long past. It fell tenderly on the branches of the oldest tree in the forest, with a friendly greeting.

They had known each other for ages. They had laughed and talked together; but tonight the monarch's branches hung lifeless, and a great grief filled his heart. He would not even stir to the kiss of the soft summer wind. At last he heaved a mighty sigh, that shook the forest and then, waving his great arms in woe, told his troubles to the moon.

One by one he had seen his friends slip out through the golden gate of sunset, and over the great divide from whence there is no return. The bands of deer and elk had grown thinner year by year. The sound of the panther but seldom woke the forest with its scream. The wild swan made his home farther to the north, and came no more to grace the placid bosom of the lake he had loved so well. The wild birds became fewer every year. As the ring of the woodsman's ax broke the silence of the mighty solitude, they had all slipped out and away.

The war cry of the Indian had long since died away and the Council fire burned no more beneath his branches. No more in his shade the

dusky warrior wooed his fawn-eyed Indian maid. No more the light canoe shot over the lake, making the waves dance like a million jewels in the morning light. They were gone.

He alone was left to mourn the loss of those he loved. And the fate that had sent them into the great beyond was about to fall upon him. He, the mighty monarch who had many secrets locked within his silent heart; whose towering head pierced the azure sky and felt the soft caress of the white clouds floating there; who had defied Father Time, and only grown more magnificent with age, and that white-haired, white bearded old man, defeated, bowed his head and went in search of some weaker prey. He laughed at the silent old man, who could do no more than leave deep furrows in his bark.

For ages he had watched life and death in its varying forms. He had seen warriors grow old, and with bowed head pass through the silent gate; and new generations rise to take their places, but now when the few that were left passed on, only their memories would be left. For where they were once a mighty people, they had dwindled to a miserable few. And now, he, too, must bow his head and pass into that great silence, called oblivion.

Some weeks before, men had come from the south and had cruised



The Fallen Monarch

See Page 26

ed the virgin forest, and he, the mighty monarch, had been estimated with the rest, and for days he had watched the terrible onslaught; saw the towering trees fall before the hand of man, only to be dragged away by some powerful agency, and and leave the hillside deserted and bare. They had gone as all others had gone, never to return.

On the morrow, he too, would say good bye to the clouds and the hills he had loved so well, bow his head and pass on. He, who had tossed his branches to and fro, when winter sent its chilling blast. He, who had laughed and and danced as the rain came pouring down; who had been first to greet the morning sun, as its rays changed the rain drops into diamonds that sparkled in the summer sun. All this he told to his old friend the moon, who turned pale at the terrible news, and sent a beam messenger to tell the north wind and the God of Storm of the terrible doom hanging over King Redwood.

Suddenly from the north came great black clouds carried along by the wind. The lightning flashed

like a spectre in the dark. The thunder's roar shook the hills, and echoed through the canyons. The tearful face of the moon could be seen now and again through the clouds as the storm broke forth. All nature wept and sobbed through the night. Then as morning broke, the God of storm sped away to his home in the north, leaving his havoc behind.

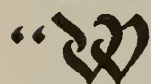
As the morning sun rose, he was aghast at what he saw, and in grief hid his face behind a bank of fog and refused to shine that day. For lo! the mighty monarch of the forest was no more. Struck by lightning the woodsman said: The finest tree in the forest shattered into a million pieces. This was the end of the noble tree who had looked abroad on land and sea for ages and counted time, by reaches to the sky.

But I'll tell you a secret, the moon told me one night. The lightning never struck the giant redwood tree. It was just the bursting of the great heart, broken by the injustice of it all. Shattered by his great grief—the cruelty called the progressiveness of man.



EDITORIAL

BY ANNA M. REED



"HAT I have been, I am, in principle and character, and what I am I hope to continue to be. Circumstances or opponents may triumph over my fortunes, but they will not triumph over my temper or my self-respect."—Daniel Webster.

REPORT

Given by Anna M. Reed, Delegate from The Pacific Coast Women's Press Association, to the San Francisco District, California Federation of Women's Clubs, convened at Eureka, Cal., April 17th, to 20th 1917.

Madam President—Delegates and Members of the Federation:—

The Pacific Coast Women's Press Association, the first strictly literary organization, by women of this coast, was founded in October 1890. Our motto is: "Superior to Adversity—Equal to Prosperity." Our colors, white and gold. Our Emblem, our State flower, the Golden Poppy.

We are affiliated with the "London Society of Women Journalists." The International League of Press Clubs," the "General Federation of Women's Clubs," and the "California State Federation."

The actual founder was Emilie Tracy Parkhurst, the daughter of the late Pioneer Educator, John Swett.

Her forethought brought the women writers and journalists of California together, and organized them into a working body.

Fragile, and with a mentality almost spiritual, she could not stay to see the later perfection of the work she loved and planned so well.

In the exercise and fulfillment of woman's highest and holiest mission, she went down into the "Valley of the Shadow," passing the "Torch of Life" to the hands of her little daughter, and faded like a flower, from a world that even at its best, is cruel to its loveliest and tenderest. Her loss was irripable. But those who believe in Guardian Angels, feel that the association which she founded, has been consecrated to the higher things by her life, and sanctified by her death and memory.

Many gifted and gracious women, have since presided over the destiny of our association. And their administration, in all that was best, and most admirable, has been influenced by "the touch of a vanished hand, and the sound of a voice that is still."

Among those who have directed the literary, social and executive welfare of our association, the excellent judgement of our president, Mrs. Ellen Dwyer Donovan, has not been excelled. Her tact and execu-

tive ability have brought us safely through a brilliant year. In her "foreword" which appeared in "Everywoman" for September, 1916, she outlined the motive and purpose of our organization, receiving the cordial endorsement of the association, and the cheerfull and earnest co-operation of the members, in the plans outlined for the year which ensued. Among other things she said: "The motives back of this association are moral and intellectual worth. To be an incentive to and stimulate literary endeavor among the members; to give helpful co-operation to the struggling pen-workers. In a word, to assist in the advancement of striving members for authorship. For the coming year we hope to bear out the best principles underlying this organization. Our aim shall be: To promote constructive literary development of members, whether active or associate, particularly the associated members anxious to qualify for active participants in the body. To foster and encourage helpful sympathetic criticism of papers in any line submitted for that purpose.

To have two days in the year set for competitive work, one for prose, the other for poetry, a prize to be awarded the ablest production, by impartial judges outside the organization. To encourage membership from high schools, colleges and universities.

To encourage readings of Western poets and writers.

To keep in touch with the demands of the world of letters?

To learn what changes are taking place in the taste of the reading public, to encourage efforts to that end.

To appoint a committee whose duty it shall be to find out where the worthy output of members may be placed and marketed, etc.

The open day shall, we hope, come up to the highest standard of efficiency from a musical as well as intellectual viewpoint;"

By her understanding, her effective policy, and her sympathy, which in womanhood especially, is greater than genius, the high aim of her intention, has been carried out.

Especial encouragement and a fresh impetus has been given to high class creative literary and musical work among the members of the association.

The premier presentation of sketches, songs and poems, work of the club members, has been a feature of public meetings.

New authors and their work have been introduced to the association and to the public. The membership has been greatly increased and women of promising literary and musicle ability have been added to the already famous list of writers and composers.

Programs of merit have been offered and large audiences of members and guests, have been enthusiastic in their approval.

College Professors have lectured on timely subjects, newspaper men have talked on practical journalism. The finest musicians and composers have appeared before the association, and the members composed of writers of note, of aspiring writers of talent, of readers, poets, and

composers have contributed monthly programs undeniably worth while.

Such lecturers names have appeared on ou programs as: Prof. Wm. H. Carruth, Stanford University; Zoeth S. Eldredge, Historian; H. W. Yeamans, M. D. Surgeon U. S. Army, National President of Esperanto, Association of America; Brother Leo, Head of English Dept., St. Mary's College, Oakland. Journalists; Mr. Thomas Nunan, Mr. Herbert Bashford, and Mr. Fred Halton, Hawaiiin Lecturer.

Among the musicians on our programs: Mr. and Mas. Clarence Eddy, Mrs. Hugo Mansfield, Mrs. Josephine Swan White, James Edward Zeigler, Charles Bulotti, Author Conradi, Violin Virtuoso.

Composers: H. B. Passmore and Lawrence Zenda (who is Mrs. W. E. Travis, in ordinary life.)

A wonderful social afternoon was given during the year at the St. Francis hotel, at which more than six hundred women gathered to play at the card tables, or to pass the time in converse in the side rooms, balconies, and corridors. This affair netted the club three hundred dollars, which is being used to encourage a literary contest among the members and to replenish the club library, which was destroyed in the great fire of 1906.

A delightful afternoon tea was given during march at the Fairmount, to enable the president and members to meet informally. A fine program of music, the reading of original sketches and poems and personal experiences told by authors outside the club, contributed to the pleasure of the afternoon.

A delightful Hawaiian afternoon was given early in the season at which Mr. Fred Halton delivered a fine lecture descriptive of very beautiful stereopticon views of the Islands. Native musicians furnished the music and Hawaiian pineapple juice was included in the refreshments.

On Monday April 9th, a Shakesperian program of unexcelled amature excellence was presented, arranged and directed by Dr. Blanche L. Sanborn, assisted in the setting of an important scene by Mrs. E. M. North-Whitcomb.

One more program will be offered on April 23rd, a day devoted to Californin poets and composers

Our Farewell Annual Breakfast will be given at the close of the season sometime in May.

A custom observed since our earliest organization, and which is always a feast of literature, music, mental and spiritual things, as well as those, more substantial, but not more necessary.

The members day program, March 26th, was devoted to poetry and song, written and composed chiefly by members of the organization. A large number of guests attracted by the promised excellence of the program filled the hall.

Mrs. Clarence Connor sang a number of songs written by George Sterling and set to music by Lawrence Zenda (Mrs. W. Elgin Travis) a valued member of the club, and two numbers "In the Silence," words and music by Lawrence Zenda and "Krishna and His Flute," music by "Law-

rence Zenda," words by Lawrence Hope. Prof. Charles Bulotti contributed a group of songs, "Medatrix," words by George Sterling, music by "Lawrence Zenda," and "Just To Be Near," words and music by "Lawrence Zenda."

Mrs. Connor and prof. Bulotti interpreted Mrs. Travis' songs, beautifully unusual compositions, most satisfactorily.

Mrs. Travis, "Lawrence Zenda," was presented to the audience, by our president, Mrs. Donovan, and received an ovation. Mrs. Sophie Durst, historian and librarian of the association, recited several original poems.

We number, in our association nearly 300 women with nine life members. Any woman, a resident of the Pacific Coast, who is professionally, or otherwise engaged in journalistic work, a composer in literature or music, or an illustrator for the public press. is eligible for membership. We hope for a large contingent from Humboldt.

We meet the second and fourth Mondays of each month, except June, July and August. Our growth has been slow but substantial, and our organization is becoming a medium for the developement and recognition of California talent and genius.

We occupy an unique and important place in the literary annals of our time, and the Pacific Coast Women's Press Association, is a FORCE, and an INSPIRATION in the world of letters. I thank you.

On account of lack of space "The Journal of a California Girl," is crowded out of this issue.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNER-SHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC.

of the Northern Crown Magazine Published at Ukiah, California for April, 1917.

Name of:

Editor, Anna Morrison Reed, Ukiah, Cal.,
Managing Editor, Anna Morrison Reed,
Ukiah, Cal: Business Manager, Anna M. Reed
Ukiah, Cal., Publishers Northern Crown
Pub. Co. Ukiah, Cal.

Owner: Anna M. Reed, (no corporation)
Ukiah, Cal.

Known bondholders, mortgages and other security holders, holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities: None.

Anna M. Reed, owner and manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 10th day of April, 1917.

G. E. REDWINE,

Court Commissioner

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"PUNDITA RAMABAI SARASVATA " AND HER DAUGHTER
"MANORAMABAI"

Taken at the time of her visit to America 1888

The Northern Crown

"Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness."

VOL. VII.

UKIAH, CAL., AUGUST 1917

NO. 3

Pundita Ramabai Sarasvata

Savior of The Child Widows of India

BY ANNA M. REED



SYMPATHY and understanding are the two great needs of humanity.

They are the forces that will finally civilize the world, when it has truly accepted the christian philosophy, even though not one stone remains upon another, of the many temples that have been builded to the Christian's God.

They are more to be desired than riches, and greater than the gift of genius.

Once in awhile, we find a man or a woman, so endowed, and they are the Saviors of the race.

Not least among these, is the woman of whom I shall speak—a native Hindu woman—whose name heads this article, and whose moral courage lifted her above the ignorance and superstition, the class prejudice—the rules of "Caste, and all the restrictions that hedge women about in the land in which she was

born, and broke the silence of a thousand years, with a message that was the greatest revelation of the nineteenth century.

In 1888, by a happy chance I met her at a state convention of women at Woodland, California. And leard from her own lips the facts that shall be recorded here. And many others, for which I have not time and space.

Try to realize the following estimate of the population of India: The population of India equals the combined population of the following countries: Russia, the United States, Germany, France, Great Britain, Turkey Proper and Canada.

If each person in India could represent a letter in our English Bible, it would take seventy Bibles to represent the heathen population of India, while the Christian population could be represented by the prophesy of Isaiah.

The people of India, holding

hands, would reach three times around the globe at the equator.

Put the people in single file, allow three feet space for each to walk in, and walking at the rate of ten miles a day, it would take them forty years to pass a given point; or walking five miles a day, with present increase of population by birth-rate, the great procession would never have an end.

Could you put the WOMEN of India in a column eight deep, and allow a foot and a half for each woman, thus walking in lock-step, you would have a column reaching eight times across the continent of North America.

Could you put the CHILDREN of India in a column four deep, and allowing a space of two feet for each child to walk in, you would have a procession reaching five thousand miles; and walking five miles a day it would take them two and three quarters years to pass a given point.

The WIDOWS of India would outnumber four cities like London (Eng.). Give to each a standing space of one foot, standing ten abreast, and this closely packed column would reach the full length of New York State. The common term for WIDOW and HARLOT in

Bengal is the same. One in every six of the females in India is doomed to a desolate and degraded life.

And this is so, because of the RELIGION and social customs of the Hindu nation. Born in a country that is the freest in the world, and where a respect for woman must be assumed, if not felt, it is almost impossible for an American woman, to realize the condition of the women—and especially the CHILD WIDOWS of India. The cruel wrongs inflicted upon them, are almost incredible.

A custom of child marriage prevails and curses India. Infants are betrothed when they are born, and baby girls from six to twelve are married to men of any age. There is a case on record of a child of fourteen being the mother of three children. We hear, but do not realize the truth, about these child marriages.

We believe, here in America, that they do not take effect, until the child wife reaches maturity, which in that far country, is the age of eleven years. But such is not the case, as witness the picture with this article, and the accompanying testimony, that a child of eight years, is the WIFE IN FACT, of a man fifty years of age.



Buchanan aged 30 and
 his wife only 5. !!
 Had faint recollection on her
 forehead is a rare phenomenon
 if it is mine - put there
 only after marriage.
 He said, she was his wife.
 Taken June 26, '97
 Calcutta
 By -
 Currier & Ives
 10th Avenue, New York

If a girl is not married at twelve years, she is considered disgraced, and disgraces her family.

It has been written that all Hindoos are agreed upon two points: "the sanctity of cows, and the depravity of women."

There is no childhood in India for little girls. Look at the picture of the Hindu woman, and her twin children, that appears here. The girl on her right, the boy on her left. All her care is lavished on the boy. Notice that it is the boy who is given the necklace, bracelets and ankle rings, while the little girl is lucky to be allowed to live at all. The boy is fleshy and well nourished—the girl thin and underfed. The look of startled fear, in her little face—the little hand clinging desperately to the breast that begrudges the font of life, would appeal to any understanding heart.

Since the beginning of history religion has been so intimately connected with cruel superstition, that

no real intelligence can reconcile the things that have been done in its name, with the will of a merciful God. Yet such has been its power, that human nature has been so perverted by its influence, that men and women have become crueler than beasts.

So it is with this Hindu mother, who by the traditions of her race, is forced to deny, all expression of mother love, to her little girl. Even if she feels equally, a love for her children, she must by her actions, deny the fact.

Pundita Ramabai Sarasvata, a High Caste Hindu Woman, was born into the family of a Brahmin Priest more than fifty years ago. Contrary to the Hindu custom, and every tradition of her race, she was educated in Sanskrit and all "holy" Hindu learning by her parents.

Her father was a man of remarkable mind, who had taken his little nine year old wife to a high plateau of the mountains of India, and there

cared for her and educated her to the limit of his own capacity. This Brahmin Priest was much older than the mother of Ramabai, having been a widower at the time the little nine year old girl, the mother of Ramabai, was given to him, by her parents, on the banks of the sacred river Godavari, where the pious pilgrim had come to bathe.

Both of Ramabai's parents died in the famine of 1877. Left an orphan, poor and desolate, in a land most cruel to all of her sex, her subsequent life is the marvel of the age.

After the death of her family from famine, in 1877, she and the one brother who survived, travelled as pilgrims, Ramabai speaking to the people in the Punjab, Rajputana, the Central Provinces, Assam, Bengal and Madras, advocating education for all high cast Hindu girls. This was the beginning of her work for the emancipation of the women of India.

When in their journeying, they reached Calcutta, the young Sanskrit scholar and lecturer created such a sensation by her advanced views, and her scholarship, that she was summoned before the assembled pundits of the Capital City; and as a result of their examination the title of Sarasvati, was publicly conferred upon her.

Soon after this her brother died. After six months Ramabai was married to a Bengali gentleman, Bipin Bihari Medhavi, M. A. B. L., a Vakil and a graduate of Calcutta University.

As they neither one at the time believed in Hinduism or Christian-

ity, they were married by the civil marriage rite.

After nineteen months of unusual happiness, the husband died of cholera.

A few months before his death, a little daughter was born. Ramabai, now a "Hindu widow," with a child of unwelcome, and unfortunate sex, had new problems to meet in her own life. Filled with faith in her own endeavor, she returned to her former occupation, as a lecturer, advocating the cause of Hindu women, according to the true doctrine of the Ancient Shastras, which are in opposition to all the degraded doctrines, beliefs and customs of modern India. Her earnestness and enthusiasm gained her many admirers among whom was Dr. W. W. Hunter, connected with the British educational interests of India.

He made her career, the good that she was accomplishing, and herself, the subject of a lecture delivered in Edenburg, which awakened great interest in her work.

She formed a society of ladies in Poona, for the emancipation of the condition of native women. She then went from city to city throughout the Bombay Presidency, establishing branch societies, and arousing the people by her eloquent appeals.

When the English Education Commission visited Poona in September, 1882, three hundred Brahman ladies, members of the newly formed societies, were there, with their children, to meet them, and Pundita Ramabai was the orator of the occasion.

Dr. Hunter, as president of the



HINDU MOTHER AND TWIN CHILDREN

By Courtesy of "Everywoman"

See Page 3

Commission, made Ramabai the prominent figure among the many noteworthy persons who were examined before it. He considered her evidence as so important, that he had it translated from the Marathi, separately printed, and distributed.

There were three questions, First: State what opportunity you have had of forming an opinion on the subject of education in India, and in what province your experience has been gained?"

Her reply was brief, but a remarkably clear narrative. She closes thus:

"I am the child of a man who had to suffer a great deal on account of advocating female education, and who was compelled to discuss the subject as well as to carry out his own views, amidst great opposition, I consider it my duty to the very end of life, to maintain this cause, and to advocate the proper position of women in this land."

And this she has done, with consummate ability, from then, until the present.

Ramabai now realized that she herself needed personal training, to fit herself for her work among the women of India.

She felt a restless desire to go to England. It is a great step for a Hindu woman to cross the sea—to cut herself off entirely from the people of her race.

But in company with a friend, and her little child, she made the voyage to England. When she reached there, she was received by the sisters of St Mary's Home, at Wantage. There she learned the truths of Christianity, and saw that its phylo-

sophy taught HIGHER TRUTHS, than all the Hindu systems.

True to her nature, she acted promptly upon her convictions, and she and her little daughter were baptized in the church of England, September 29, 1883. The first year in England, was devoted to the study of English, at Wantage.

Acquiring this, she entered the Ladies' College at Cheltenham, where a position was assigned her as professor of Sanskrit.

While there she studied mathematics, natural science and English literature. Her opportunities there were of the highest order. She learned Greek, in order to study the Bible in the original.

The "Holy land called America," had long held attractions for her. It is not necessary to recite here, the events which lead to her final decision to visit America.

She had published a book in English: "THE HIGH CASTE HINDU WOMAN," to awaken the sympathy and help of the English speaking world, for the cause of the women of her own land.

In February 1886, in company with her little daughter, she embarked for America.

Her work here was chronicled far and wide by the press of the land. She formed "Ramabai Circles," over its length and breath. Societies to aid by sympathy and financial assistance her plan for the establishment of a home and school for the outcast child widows of India. Believing that this hated and despised class, are by the grace of God, to redeem India from idolatry and intolerance. Ramabai was just 30 years old when she visited America.

She was wonderfully successful. She needed \$15,000 to establish her first school. She secured it, through donations, the sale of her book and the "Ramabai Circles. She returned to Bombay in February, 1889. There her first home for child-widows was founded.

"Sharada Sadan" ["Abode of Wisdom"] was the motto over its entrance. She commenced with two pupils, one of which had thrice attempted suicide, from which she was only restrained by the fear that she would again be born a woman. To these pupils the "Ramabai" taught the alphabet in three languages--Marathi, English and Sanskrit.

In 1892, she secured a commodious bungalow at Poona, surrounded by about two acres of land. Here is established her present school, where she has instructed hundreds of pupils.

Poona, the summer Capitol of the Presidency of Bombay, is one of the most beautiful cities in India, situated on a broad plateau, among the hills, with pure atmosphere, and a delightful climate. A stone wall surrounds the home and school at Poona, covered with trailing, blossoming vines. The compound is sweet with a million flowers. The air is laden with the fragrance of the rose, the lily, and the jasmine. Yet it is a work yard for the education of the inmates, now numbered 1,500 souls, in spiritual, mental and material things.

In order to reach the class that she wished to rescue, Ramabai has always worn the dress of the Hindu widow. A winding robe of many

folds of pure white muslin or linen—the mourning robe.

She sacrificed her beautiful hair, and wears it shorn, as the first degradation of the little Hindu widow is the shaving of her head. She is then kept a prisoner for one year. She has only one meal a day. She must fast twice a week, even from that one meal taking nothing but a drink of water, during two days of each week.

The religion of India gives license to all the lower passions of man—its doctrine makes him a God. Its women are nothing. A little girl may be betrothed in infancy, her husband may die, before she has ever seen him, yet she is his widow, and accursed.

The Lawgiver Munoo, has tried to make woman a hateful being in the sight of the world. He says:

"Her FATHER protects her in childhood, her HUSBAND in youth, her SONS in old age—A woman is never fit for independence."

She must be kept busy, to keep her out of mischief. She can have no literary culture. She is forbidden to read, even the Sacred Books. She has no right to pronounce one syllable of them. The more fortunate ones, may only hope for dainty food, and ornaments. These are the best things that she may look for in this life.

She can claim no merit, or quality of her own. She must look upon her husband as a God—she may look for no immortality or salvation except through him. Here is an extract from the Hindu Catechism:—

"What is cruel?" "The heart of a Viper." "What is more cruel

than that?" "The heart of a woman."

"What is the cruellest of all?" "The heart of a Sonless, penniless widow." These are the sentiments taught to the Hindu, and accepted religiously by the masses, in that land of darkest ignorance.

Pundita Ramabai Sarisvata, has put the arms of sympathy and understanding around the broken outcasts of her land.

She is the visible instrument of God's, divine providence. Think of her—even when you glance at the

calander of your Saints. Help her at least by the benediction of your thought, for she is solving nobly and well, the problem of the child-widows of India, one of the most startling and pathetic phases of the Drama of life, in this queer old world of ours. Pray for her—and for her intention—for if any petition can reach a God, who sometimes seems unheeding, and if He looks at all upon His creatures, must often be blind with tears, surely such as this, if offered, will be heard.



RAMABAI

By Lucy Larcom

The little Hindu maiden heard a voice amid the lull
Of singing streams and rustling leaves, in groves in Gun-
gamul;

It swept along the mountain wind down to the western sea,
Heaven whispering to the listening earth, "Truth, like
the air free!"

That word had winged her father's feet from fettering
caste away,

To give his fledgelings liberty for flight in ampler day
Than man's close, cage-like code allowed; and so the maid-
en grew

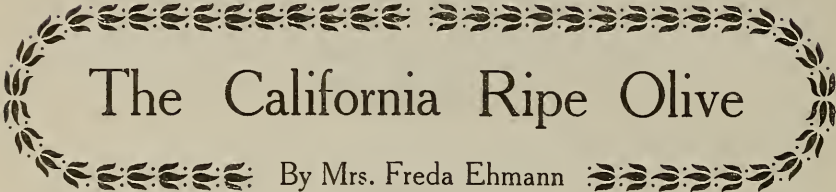
To reach of thought and insight clear no dim zenana knew.
Child of the lone Ghaut Mountains! flower of India's
wilderness!

She knows that God unsealed her lips her sisters dumb to
bless,

Gave her the clew to bring them forth from where they
blindly grope,

Bade her unlock their dungeon doors, and light the lamps
of hope.

Bravest of Hindu widows! how dare we look at thee,
 So fearless in love's liberty, and say that we are free?
 We, who have heard the voice of Christ, and yet remain
 the slaves
 Of indolence and selfishness immured in living graves?
 O Ramabai, may we not share thy task almost divine!
 Thy cause is womanhood's, is Christ's own work no less
 than thine.
 The power that unseals sepulchres will move thy little
 hand!
 The stone rolls back—they rise—they breathe—the women
 of the land.



The California Ripe Olive

By Mrs. Freda Ehmann

Of Oroville, Cal.

The history of the olive industry in California is one of the most interesting in its origin and developments. Unlike any other branch of Horticulture the olive tree connects us with the time when America was engaged in a bloody conflict to gain her independence from English sovereignty and Spain landed her first Missionaries on the shores of California with a view of Christianizing the Indians and thus impress her religion upon the unknown land of what is now California. There is no doubt but these venerable priests planted orchards of various varieties of deciduous fruits since traces of old abandoned orchards have been found in California, but the gardens and orchards which once furnished fruit and vegetables to those first missionaries have disappeared and only the olive trees which were brought over from the home country and

planted in the fertile soil and congenial climate of California are still in vigorous bearing and bid fair to still yield an abundance of fruit for centuries to come.

In connection with the age of the olive trees, the writer was shown olive groves in Italy where authentic dates place the age of olive trees at 400 years, the grove still being in very good condition and the trees were bearing their regular annual crop. It is clearly evident that the medicinal and food value of the olive oil was so well known to these missionary fathers that they planted these first olive trees perhaps only for their own use not recognizing the fact that they were conferring a valuable blessing on a future generation.

It is perhaps only owing to the excitement following the discovery of the rich gold fields in California that horticulture lay dormant for

awhile. The thousands who poured into the state from all parts of the world were only bent on gathering gold and being more or less satisfied with their efforts turned their faces homeward. However, a small number of these miners recognized that California with its rich fertile soil and warm frost-free winters offered opportunities to the agriculturist which promised to become eventually a far better enterprise than the shifting luck of the gold miner and so they tilled the rich soil and planted the fruits and grains which are known and praised the world over.

About the year 1840 the first olive trees were planted in Northern California and in the year 1870 the first California olive oil was marketed, being a small quantity only. Slowly but steadily the olive culture had drifted north but the olives were converted into oil only. In 1890 our first olive orchard of 20 acres was planted by my son. At this time the pickling of ripe olives was in the nature of a family product only, as owing to the unskilled preparation of the olives, but few people considered it worthy of thought as of future commercial importance. In 1897 the writer first took up the pickling of ripe olives as a study to endeavor to place an olive on the market which would combine flavor and keeping qualities which the public had not been able to find in the few attempts made heretofore on the line of olive pickling.

In looking over those first pages of the history of our business one might truthfully say that I did not realize the enormity of the task

which was before me. To appreciate this remark one must know something about the perishable, delicate nature of the olive when ripe and it is therefore no wonder that the Spaniards do not allow their olives to ripen on the trees but pickle the fruit in a green, unripe, state. But our California ripe olive is exactly what the name implies, a ripe fruit picked only after the fruit has attained a rich purple color like the color of a ripe Damson plum and after the oil is fully developed, but this very fact that you are handling a fully ripe fruit renders its successful processing extremely difficult. The fruit must be processed in such a way as to eliminate the pungent, bitter taste peculiar to the ripe olive to retain a large percentage of oil beside imparting a flavor which makes it the finest delicacy and a health food of great nutritive and medicinal value.

My task therefore was not at all an easy one as I soon found there was another problem to solve in producing not only a good flavored olive rich with oil and of the natural dark color but the great problem was the keeping quality of the fruit, since olives furnished to the market had been found to decay within a short period of six to eight weeks after being delivered.

My first pickling plant was underneath the porch of the residence of my son-in-law in East Oakland. There was no water piped to the barrels so I had to carry all the water in buckets. I was up at all hours of the night to watch the olives coming through the process and after the first lot was done it was with a sinking heart that I

viewed the result. We obtained a formula from the head of the Agricultural Department of the University of California and I had strictly followed the rule. The olives were all colors of the rainbow and I felt that I had made a mighty poor beginning. I was so ashamed of this experiment that I sent my daughter out to the university at Berkeley with a sample but it was my surprise when the professor told her, "Why your mother has a fine olive and it is the best I ever tasted."

Not quite believing this to be true I took a sample to the largest grocer in Oakland and he gave me an order for the entire lot on the spot. Then followed a series of experiments lasting through the season under the most trying conditions but every lot seemed to come through better than the last and when there were no more olives to be sent down from our ranch I felt that I was in a measure more equal to the task of experimenting in a larger way. I decided to go East with samples and interview the largest trade.

It must be remembered that all the money which we had realized from our Eastern home had been swept away in an unfortunate real estate speculation and the olive ranch was all that remained. We had barely enough capital to make that Eastern trip and have a few dollars left. My previous experience had been as a physician's wife so you can imagine with what fear and trembling I approached some of the largest buyers in the United States.

I found that most of them were in the situation of the child with the burnt fingers and it was only by ut-

most persuasion I could get even a sample order. In New York it was particularly difficult, for several of the dealers informed me that they had received shipments of ripe olives which after being kept a few weeks "smelled to high Heaven" and they had to cart them off by night to be dumped in East River. Philadelphia merchants listened to my tale more favorably and I was able to make some contracts which were instrumental in bringing in good orders in other cities. I came home with contracts for over 10,000 gallons with about 1,000 gallons from our own ranch for supply.

To make a long story short I contracted for the crop of a grower at Oroville and filled these contracts using his equipment. We then formed a stock company and my son and son-in-law came into the business with me.

We built a factory at Oroville and to give you some idea of how the industry was still regarded the man who sold us the lumber for the vats told friends of ours, "Mrs. Ehmann must be crazy for she has ordered lumber enough for ninety olive pickling vats." We out-grew this factory in two years and have added on to it three different times. In 1908 we decided to rebuild the entire factory and now have a two story building 150x300 with the most modern up-to-date machinery and appliances of any factory in the world in our line.

In the meantime the Ehmann olives and olive oil were finding their way all over the United States and last year while in Europe I was successful in establishing agencies which will place our products all

over the world. We shipped on the same day to the Island of Java and London, two opposite extremes of the world.

As our experience in the business broadened we found that soil conditions and the situation of the orchards a vital point in the production of fine olives. The first olives had been planted hap-hazzard in valley and foothill soil but results proved that certain conditions of the soil and elevation together with an abundance of water for irrigating were the foundation for a successful olive grove and then came the right kind of care of the soil and the trees. While we have not solved all of these problems, still we have learned a great many methods which we are successfully using in our three large olive groves.

Going back to our early experience at the time I first commenced pickling, olives were in such disfavor that the growers were rooting out their trees. For years we found it cheaper to buy olives than to raise them ourselves, but suddenly there came a change. With the demand for the California ripe olive the price of the olive rose until it suddenly dawned upon the company that we had better commence to raise our own fruit.

The growers were beginning to realize a price which netted a handsome return on a value all the way from five hundred to one thousand dollars per acre. In 1907 we purchased one hundred acres, eighteen year old trees, paying \$40,000.00 cash, which six years before we could have bought for \$15,000.00. This gave us 120 acres of our own and we looked around for more. I found we could purchase a 120 acre olive grove which appealed to us very much indeed but it was necessary to buy the entire tract of 1800 acres to secure the grove. However, the balance of the land showed all evidence of being splendidly adapted for the raising of olives and other fruits and there was an abundance of water for irrigating, so we decided to buy the entire tract, and this spring we have planted eighty acres of olives with peaches between the trees to cut down the time and expense to when the olives will come into bearing.

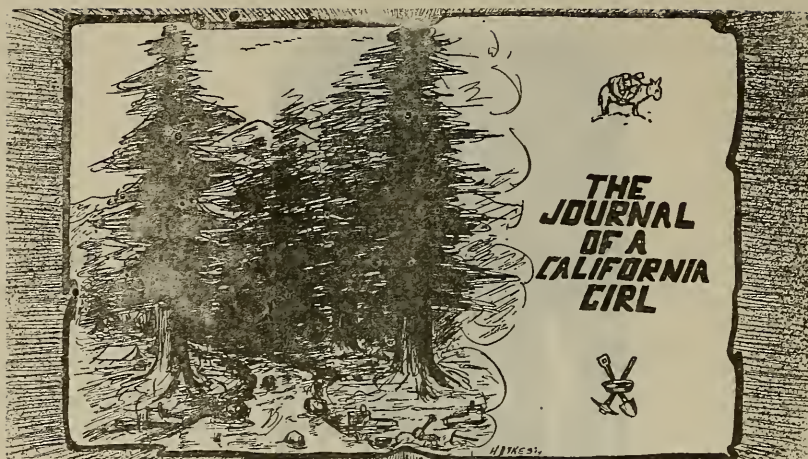
Now at a time of life when most women are content to peacefully spend their days at the family fireside I not only find my business venture reaching out all over the world but now also opening up a proposition of the subdividing and selling of a large tract of land.

EYES

BY W. T. FITCH

The eyes of the Russian girl
 Dark, with the night;
 The eyes of the Colleen,
 So round and so bright;
 The eyes of the English girl,
 Languid and bored,
 And the eyes of the French girl
 Which flash at a word;
 The eyes of the Chink—
 The lamps of the Jap,

The goggling orbs of the Hottentot;
 Are each and collectively
 Just to enable
 the owners of them,
 From the French to the Kaby;
 To see and admire
 In the Cinema's whirl,
 Or, mayhap in the flesh,
 The AMERICAN GIRL.



Continued from last Issue

Timbuctoo, Sat., Jan 28, 1871—This morning the rain poured down in torrents. Toward noon the clouds broke away, and at one o'clock James Vineyard came over, and we prepared to go to Pleasant Valley. After we had started when near Feeney's place, a smart shower came up. When we reached the Toll House, we stopped until it had passed over. When we reached the Anthony House, we called for cake and pie, just for a joke, but Ros and Sam came out, bringing both, turning the joke on us. Went on to Bournes, when we got near the place, I raised a flag of truce, on my riding whip, which caused much fun. They were all glad to see us, and we attended the "Lyceum" at the school house in the evening. I love Pleasant Valley, and all the kind hearts there.

Sunday, Jan. 29. This morning helped the girls with the house work. Then Tom and the rest of the hunters came home, laden with game. General rejoicing over the successful quest.

After lunch went out in the field, by myself, and wrote a poem.

When I came back, helped Mrs. Bourne pick ducks for dinner—it was delicious. After it was over and the dishes washed, Tom, Mary Connelly, Jim Vineyard Roswell Durkee, and myself, went down to Bridgeport. Had a splendid, old fashioned heart-lightening time—Took another dinner. Then started back to Pleasant Valley. Had a soul-inspiring spirit strengthening, glorious time, going back. I am grateful, and thankful for my friends and the rays of sunshine that their kindly presence throw across my clouded way. Were it not for such and their genial companionship, I would sink under my burdens of care.

Monday. Started home at noon today, saw Roswell as we passed the Anthony House. This evening Miles Vineyard called.

Tuesday, Jan. 1st. Received a "Golden Era" today, and a card and photo of B. H. Hollis—who writes under the name of "Valley Bard." The "Era" contains "Juanita's" letter, about me, and my work. In the afternoon Roswell Durkee came down, and we went over to town

in the evening, to a dance. Did not stay long—and mother and we two, sat up for father and the boys. Had a pleasant evening.

Wednesday, Feb. 1st. 1871. Durkee went home this morning. He says he is desperately in love with me. I am putting love and it's complications entirely out of my life. May God help me, and strengthen and sustain me, in my determination to better the condition of myself, and my family, before anything else is considered.

Days of drear sorrow and adver-

sity may yet be before me. I have suffered keenly, in not being able to complete my education. I am not selfish enough to take what I earn, for myself, when others need it so sorely. Why are so many undeserving people so prosperous? While I must struggle on, in self denial, and mental pain, and hunger for the better things. This is a beautiful sweet day, the wind blows softly through the trees, it makes me think, I know not why—of our trip to dear old Silver Lake. Miles Vineyard called this evening.

EDITORIAL

BY ANNA M. REED



"HAT I have been, I am, in principle and character, and what I am I hope to continue to be. Circumstances or opponents may triumph over my fortunes, but they will not triumph over my temper or my self-respect."—Daniel Webster.

Much of the matter contained in the leading article in the August NORTHERN CROWN was incorporated in the lecture given by Anna M. Reed, in the Congregational Church, Eureka, during August 1892. Of that lecture the "Humboldt Standard" said:

The lecture delivered at the First Congregational Church last evening by Anna M. Reed was very interesting, and commanded the rapt attention of her audience from her first sentence to its close. The description of the remarkable career of Ramabai, of India, proves her to be one of the most remarkable female figures in the history of the world.

The caste system in India and the hard conditions surrounding the women of that country, as portrayed by Mrs. Reed, touched a sympathetic chord in every listener's heart.

Every woman who listened to that lecture went away with a thankful heart that she was a native of this favored land, where women are treated with that regard, and her rights recognized in a manner found in no other country. The appeals of Mrs. Reed for a nobler and more self-sacrificing life for women will long be remembered by those who heard her. The lecture furnished food for thought to all, who will long remember and admire the remarkable life-work of Pundita Ramabai Sarasvati.

Upon reading the article in the NORTHERN CROWN, questions may

arise, in regard to the Ramabai and her work, which we will gladly answer, we have tried to keep in touch with all that concerns her, up to date, and can give information on all important points, upon application from those interested.

"THE POCKET BOOK"

A quarterly issued by D. W. Ravenscroft has reached its second number. Every man and woman, with the good of humanity at heart, should be a subscriber. Strange as it may seem there will be no spiritual or moral salvation for this world, until the problem of material values and exchange is equitably adjusted. Poverty and hardship are the result of an unjust condition, and poverty is the source of all crimes, except those of insanity and degeneracy—and possibly of those. Any plan of relief that can practically be applied, should be welcomed by fair minded men. The ordinary POCKET BOOK, under present conditions is the greatest reliance of all humanity, is very near to the public and private heart, and with some people, together with the check book is the alpha and omega of literature. But the "Pocket Book" of which we speak, has a value in the affairs of men, that if understood, would revolutionize and redeem them from confusion and despair. The following comment is from the "Petaluma Courier:"

"The second number of the Pocket Book has been issued by D. W. Ravenscroft of Petaluma. Its main contribution to political economy is a thesis upon the "Mathematics of Money and Currency." This book has been read and approved by Prof. T. J. J. See, in charge of the naval observatory and who Professor Poincare of France pronounced the greatest mathematician since the time of Archimedes. As Archimedes lived about three hundred years before Christ such commendation is sure going some. The treatment of the subjects in the thesis is strictly from the scientific standpoint. Heretofore they have always been handled from the commercial or political viewpoint. When raised to the eminence of science the money question is above and beyond opinion, dispute, expediency, belief or tradition. The application of the theory would develop our natural value measuring standard into a positive element of justice, prevent abuse, eliminate interest, abolish usury, promote industry, and add to governmental metrology a scientific demonstration of natural law. The system would gratify every object desired by the honest, earnest workers for a gold standard, for free silver, for greenbacks, for flat currency, for sound money, for asset money, for liberal or strict constructionists, and for all those desiring honest money and a forward step in scientific government. It would mean a currency furnished to the people, instead of capital furnished to the money trust. The book also contains one proposition which a leading geometer of southern California says is new to mathematics; that is a demonstration of the preservation of the equation between two unknown quantities. But one should read the book to get the full import of its teachings. It is on sale at the local bookstores, and with A. M. Robertson, of San Francisco, per copy 25 cents, yearly subscription \$1.00.



"Lawrence Zenda"

The California Girl Who is Winning Fame in the World
of Music

The Northern Crown

"Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness."

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NO. 4

"Lawrence Zenda" And Her Songs

BY ANNA M. REED



PSYCHOLOGICAL phenomena has been made evident in the songs and inspirational music of

"Lawrence Zenda." A California girl, born in an inland town, and her earlier years passed where only the ordinary and usual opportunities surround the student of music and literature.

With no practical knowledge of the art of musical composition she has suddenly taken her place among American composers of music, and writers of English prose and verse.

Accepted, appreciated and applauded, her songs have been sung by singers of national reputation, among them Mme. Bernice de Pasquali, Madam Rose, Prof. Bulotti and others, who have carried her music to worldwide centers in cycles of song.

She is an instrument that has been touched by the hand of inspiration, and is revealing in exquisite music, the treasures of the realm of melody.

The identity of "Lawrence Zenda," is known to her friends—to the world at large it does not matter.

The harmony, and melody is no less entrancing, because we cannot identify the songster, with the song of the wild bird of the forest.

Nor is it necessary for a full appreciation of the warmth and beauty of the ray of sunshine that falls across a troubled pathway, to identify that particular ray, or the flower, whose exquisite fragrance at an unexpected moment subtly comes to fill an hour with memories, and with dreams.

"Lawrence Zenda," throughout her compositions has captured "the word that grief would find, the word that love hath known," and the tender poems are combined with music equally appealing. Those who hear her own rendition of what she has written can never forget the weird and wonderful beauty of her songs.

They seem to be a part of her and of her life—yet widely applying to every understanding soul.

Three books of songs have been completed in as many years, and submitted to the public, through Sherman, Clay & Co., of San Francisco.

The first book contained six songs—five of them: "Her Sorrow," "Parted," "Beloved," "Roses In Rain," and "In A Church," combined with words of her own composition. One of the six, "Your Life And Mine," was set to the words of a poem by Anna M. Reed.

The second book, a collection of eight songs: "In The Mountains,"

"Spring" is adapted from a poem by Anna M. Reed.

Her last book, which is a collaboration with the Poet Sterling, prefaced by his exquisite and comprehensive apostrophe to "Music," is the best that she has attained.

There are nine songs in this book: "Before Dawn," words by Sterling, "Mediatrice," (with violin

Parted.

LAWRENCE ZENDA.

Poco Moderato

When at night my
dreams bring true All my day - time thoughts of you,
All the sor - row in my heart slips a - way and

Copyright 1913 by Roseline Travis.

"Kismet," "Kristna And His Flute," "On a Hillside," "Heart To Heart." "In The Silence," "To Him," and "Spring," show marked excellence in her interpretation of the message she has brought us from the world of harmony.

Of this collection, "Kristna And His Flute," are words from a poem by the late "Lawrence Hope," and

obligato,) also a poem by Sterling. "Holy River of Sleep," music and words by Sterling, "Night Fall," and "The Voice of The Dove," words by the same author, and "A Star," "Just to be Near," and the "Mist and the Far off Star," words and music by "Lawrence Zenda".

The press of California, Oregon and the East have been profuse in

admiring comment on the work of "Lawrence Zenda," and we could fill this article with quoted comments of praise, but prefer to present the music itself, in parts of the songs that have charmed audiences in California and the East and Cuba, where Mme. Bernice de Pasquali sang them to the acclamations of thousands.

which was used in the music given at the "Futurist's Ball," Sometime ago in San Francisco, which was the great event of the social season.

Much of her music has been arranged for bands and orchestras, and has been popular, and in demand wherever heard.

No tribute to her genius would be complete, without the appreciation

Roses In Rain.

LAWRENCE ZENDA

Tempo di Valse. Molto lento.

Ros - es in

sum - mers rain weep - ing Fra - grant and per - fect and

red, And your face thought - ful and smil - -

Copyright 1913 by Bernice Tramm.

Beside the books of songs that have appeared, two others have been published in separate sheets, "The Temptation Waltz," and "You Are So Beautiful." This last by competent judges, is pronounced the sweetest song that she has written.

She has also much music in M. S. Among these "An Oriental Dance,"

of D. W. Ravenscroft--journalist, philosopher and man of letters, whose Thesis upon the "Mathematics of Money and Currency," is attracting national attention. We give it entire, as no pen has done the music of "Lawrence Zenda, greater justice:

"Of late I saw a new light, and listened to the strains of a new song, in the written work of a recent and

THE NORTHERN CROWN

In the Mountains.

Words and Music by
LAWRENCE ZENDA

Moderato con espressione.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of music. The first system shows the piano introduction with a treble and bass staff. The second system begins with the vocal melody in the treble staff, with lyrics underneath. The piano accompaniment continues in the bass staff. The third system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The key signature is three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and the time signature is 4/4. Dynamics include piano (p) and mezzo-forte (mf).

All day long I've heard a ten-der song of
bird and bees and wind in the trees U -

Copyright 1918, by Rosalind Travis.

One of the Songs Sung by Mme. Bernice de Pasquali in California,
Cuba and the East

2

Kismet.

Words and Music by
LAWRENCE ZENDA.Andante angelocevole. $\text{♩} = 72$.

Some - - time, be -

lov - ed, i am brave in - deed, For I

have the mem - 'ry of your smile in life's great

p

rit. un poco

18

In the Silence.

Words and Music by
LAWRENCE ZENDA.

Andante con espressione.

In the si - lence fill'd with long - ing, Your call I
hear, Your call I hear. In the dark - ness
Fill'd with feel - ing I draw you near, I draw you
near! in the si - lence!

One of a Group of Songs Sung by Mrs. Clarence Connor before
the Pacific Coast Women's Press Association

present California composer, "Lawrence Zenda." It was a novel inspiration in harmony; a new joy in melody. Like the winds through the pines it sighed, and laughed as the wild waters that tumble over stones; stirring as the deeps, and soothing as the murmuring sea; in flashes of spirit that struggle to be free; sad as the soul that is not satisfied. It

innocence, with the brilliant flecks of poppies in the waving corn. It was bold as the bald mountain, yet gentle as the soft south winds of spring; soothing as the spooondrift that dances in the dappled sunbeams above the swell of the swinging sea, yet passing in power like the marching stars. It is broad with human sympathies, yet forceful in that

Before Dawn

Poem by
GEORGE STERLING

Music by
LAWRENCE ZENDA.

Moderato molto Affettuosamente (M. 80)

Spir - it of tears do - shed,

Speak, that the morn - ing come!

Mus - ic of words un - said,

Wake, for the night is dumb!

Copyright, MCMXVI, by Rosaline Travis

came as the afterglow through the passing storm of passion; sonorous as rolling thunder under the deep greys of low-hung clouds, but lighted with the magnetic sparks of living genius. It was the monody of meadows of long sweet grasses where the nemophila—the "babyeyes" of our childhood—look up in their first

sweet pain powerful unto death. Deep in its mystic murmurings like the dreams of youth come true, we wander hand in hand again with those we love through the golden glory of pied poppyfields, listening to the liquid notes of the blackbirds' song; then silent stand uncovered beside the open grave of some dead

joy, thankful to the last. Rich in and aspiring soul, this unique
the latent power of lasting love, music is a wondrous, weird and
with the longings of a hungering mournful mystery."

The Voice Of The Dove.

Poem by GEORGE STERLING
Andante con espressione.

Music by LAWRENCE ZENDA

Hear I the mourning dove, As
now the swal-low floats Low o'er the
shad-owed oats? Soft as the voice of
love, Hear I her slow and supp-li-cat-ing notes?

mf *p* *f* *molto rit.* *p* *dim. pp*



IN HER GARDEN



THE BINDING OF THE BEAST

BY GEORGE STERLING

He plotted in the den of his lordship over men;
He wrought his grim array and he hungered for the Day.
Then the loosing-word was spoken; then the seal of Hell was broken;
Then its Princes were assembled for the feast;
But against the Vandal night rose the star of Freedom's light,
And a world was called together for the binding of the Beast.

They have seen it for their star; they have come from near and far;
From the forges of the north go the men and young men forth,
Having found the holier duty, found the true, the final beauty,
As their brothers of the south and of the east.
In the forests of the west they are giving of their best,
With strong hands and patient for the binding of the Beast,
For his treason unto man in the War that he began,
For the rapine and the flame, for the hissing of his name,
Have the hosts gone up against him and with swords of judgment fenced
him,
With his coward clutch on woman and on priest.
For the children he has maimed, for the maidens he has shamed,
The nations gird their harness for the binding of the Beast.

Now frothing in his rage, a scourge to youth and age,
Caked with blood he stands at bay, with his feet upon his prey.
Ringed with surf of guns resounding, raw and fetid from the hounding,
Smites he still in baffled fury and the roar of hate releast;
But the huntsmen of the ranks with their steel at breast and flanks,
Give no truce nor sign of respite at the binding of the Beast.

He is cunning, he is strong, and the war shall yet be long,
 Where the seven thunders wake and the walls of Heaven shake.
 He is cruel, blind and ruthless; he is bitter, sly and truthless;
 By his will the Powers of Darkness are increast;
 But the shackle and the chain shall avenge the hurt and slain,
 Who have broken bread with heroes at the binding of the Beast.

For his pact with Death and Hell, let us bind the monster well,
 That the menaced world be freed from his arrogance and greed!
 By the pact he dared to sever, make we treaty with him never,
 Till the murder-venom in his blood has ceased!
 By his trust in force and war, end we those forevermore,
 As the nations sit in council for the binding of the Beast!

—"Town Talk," Sept. 1, 1917.



A BLESSING FOR THE HOUSE

From the Repertoire of Catherine du Pont -Dramatist
 and Reader

"Bless the four corners of this house.
 And be the lintel blessed.
 And bless the hearth, and bless the board;
 And bless each place of rest.
 And bless the door that opens wide,
 To strangers as to kin,
 And bless each crystal window pane,
 That lets the starlight in.
 And bless the roof-tree overhead,
 And every sturdy wall—
 The peace of man—the peace of God —
 The peace of love—on all."

A Hike To Mount Tamalpais

By Ruby McLeod Taylor

"Well," said I to my companion, as we alighted from the electric train in the village of Mill Valley, "Here we are at last." Releasing the dog from his strap, he bounded happily forth to freedom in much the same manner as does a human being, when he first scents the prospects of a day's outing among the hills.

For some time past we had talked of taking a hike up the mountain from Mill Valley, and now that we were arrived in the village at last, we wondered why we had not come over a long time before.

The village lay in a cupped out basin before us, surrounded by hills. And in the distance, high above, majestically loomed old "Tamalpais"—its form that of a reclining woman, silhouetted against a clear, blue sky.

Walking about a block from the station, we arrived at a small inn, known as the "Hikers' Retreat." Here the tourist may check baggage and change the apparel in which he has come garbed from the city, for the low heeled boots and more commodious clothing for climbing over the hills. Here, upon his return from the hike he may luxuriate himself with a hot bath or an invigorating cold shower before donning city clothes again.

Taking the first turn off to the left after passing "Hikers' Retreat," we began the ascent to the "Pipe Line Trail," which winds its way in and out among stately trees, across numerous streams and on every hand is surrounded by picturesque scenery. In walking along this trail we passed a dairy where there came to us in the early morning breeze all the fine smelly odors of the pasture, mingling with the wholesome scent of fresh milk which emanated from the creamery. Brilliantly colored wild flowers grew sprightly here and there on the hillsides, proclaiming the arrival of summer.

The sun was fine and embracing,

sinking its mellow warmth through our flesh into the very bone. The sky overhead was clear and blue, and our hearts leapt up within us in loving response to this cheerful, happy beginning of a perfect California day.

Some little children with tousled heads and in ragged overalls were fishing in a small stream just below a miniature waterfall, using common white cord for lines attached to pin hooks, and willow twigs for poles. So engrossed were these children in their sport that we were almost upon them before they either saw or heard us.

We continued on this road until the Muir Woods gravity track was reached, and this we crossed over by a bridge onto the trail leading up Mount Tamalpais. This is commonly known as the "Hog's Back" and takes one up to the observatory at the summit of the mountain.

The trail up the mountain at first ascended gradually and was not what one could call difficult until about two-thirds of it had been ascended, then, among steep rocks and ledges the real climb began. It was just before we reached this wall of rock that two deer, a buck and a doe, darted up across a small arroya within a stone's throw of where we stood.

It was an experience never to be forgotten. The proximity of the wild things caused the blood to rush wildly through our veins. Gracefully they took the distance in leaps about three feet high over the low manzanita shrub until they felt themselves safe and sound from our intrusion, and there in plain sight, thinking themselves quite hidden, they paused, the doe standing rigidly poised at the side of her mate, watching—watching and listening for every sound which might come wafted on the breeze to their sensitive ears, wondering what sort of creatures we were and what our mission could be to in-

trude ourselves upon their privacy and feel so free to trespass upon their domain.

Climbing on up the trail, over the wall of rock and boulder, we lost sight of the lovely, graceful creatures in the distance. At the top of these rocks we paused to rest and view the panorama around and below us.

Here I find words weak and inadequate in describing the view which met our gaze. But instantaneously we both realized that unless one has viewed the colossal magnificence of hill, valley and sea from this point of vision, one has seen and learned but little of the natural wonders of Marin county. I marvelled that so many San Franciscans could desire more extensive travel when they have not, as yet, glimpsed and felt the great magnitude of our own local surroundings.

From such a high point of view, there was little difference to the eye between land and sea, except that the hills which were of a vivid green, being carpeted with summer grasses, went rolling and tumbling down to the shore just outside the Golden Gate, and continued in a rhythmic series of beautiful silvery sand dunes of watery desert.

Inside the Golden Gate the bay was calm as glass—not a whitecap could be discerned from this height to mar the tranquil quiet of the scene. The masted ships anchored in the harbor of Sausalito formed a quaint and picturesque foreground to the clean, white ferryboats which plied their ways back and forth from San Francisco to the numerous bay cities.

Below us, on the right, lay the giant redwoods of Muir Woods. Here indeed was a spot never to be forgotten. On every hand was natural beauty—a beauty which was only intensified by the perfect weather conditions.

The mood came upon us to just sit there forever in the wonderful quiet of this place and dream dreams. The whole world was a most desirable and good place to live in, and the petty strivings of poor mortals seemed a mere nothing to us here—a condition quite apart from us as we sat and watched and rested.

A strong desire came over me to doze in the fine warm sun, and I

daresay I should have done so had not a glorious, shiney bumble bee with gaudy yellow sash come buzzing up from his nest at my very feet and insisted upon lighting on my head. He was a fat old bee too, just filled with the sweets from the blossoming manzanita. I don't know why he resented my presence so—I am sure there were no hostilities so far as I was concerned, but he insisted most emphatically that I move on, and I, poor mortal, obeyed this King of the Flowering Hillside and joined my companion in the now quite easy ascent to the summit, where the "Tavern", a modern hostelry stands, its glass enclosed veranda overlooking some of the finest scenery this world affords. Altogether we were two hours and thirty-five minutes reaching the summit.

Although a fire was roaring in the great fireplace, we preferred sitting and resting on the veranda until lunch time, viewing the never ceasing wonders below.

The little cog wheeled train snorted and puffed its way up the steep incline from Mill Valley, over what is known as the crookedest road in the world, landing its passengers at the "Tavern" in time for luncheon. These tourists put in their time (the schedule allows about an hour and a half at the summit) taking snapshots with their kodaks, walking around the path that encircles the mountain top and occasionally viewing the scene below through a pair of field glasses.

We, in our much used looking kakhis were regarded by these folks in much the same manner as an entomologist would inspect a newly discovered bug under a magnifying glass. I presume they thought by our appearance that a fitting place for us to lunch would be at the kitchen door, but the management at Tamalpais caters alike to the tourist and the hiker.

After lunch we took a last view from the observatory at the summit before we began the descent over another route leading down the highest and main ridge of the mountain. There is a steep drop down this trail, and the rocks are loose and rolling, and one's footing is very insecure. However, in an hour and thirty-five minutes, we were at the station at Mill Valley,

having come onto the village at Summit Avenue, a most beautiful and scenic walk at any time.

On both sides of this road were such artistic and homey looking residences that it appeared to us that each resident had vied to out-rival the others in the artistry and design of his home.

Home life is at its best among these hills. To be able to abide in

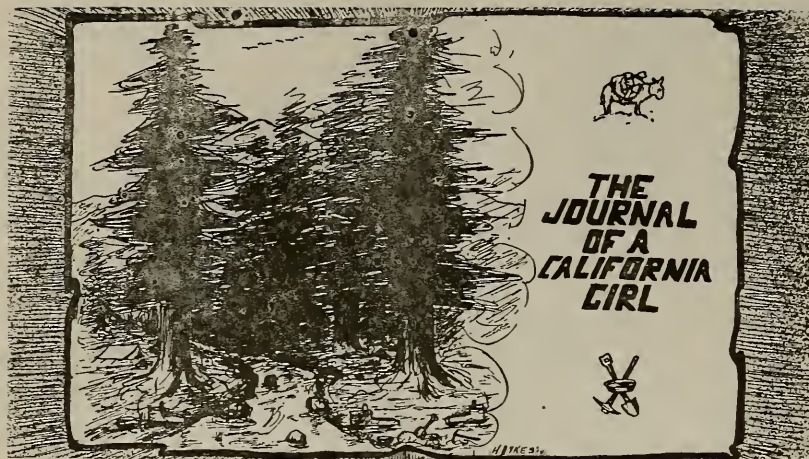
a nest overhanging the hillside where within is all harmony and happiness, and without is all scenery and sunshine, must be an ideal existence indeed.

Guarding these homes, in the village of Mill Valley, towering stately and serene, its great face overlooking the sea, "Tamalpais", a giant sentinel, stands ever eternally watching over its people.

THE NEW FARMER

By W. T. Fitch

"The farmer sat in his easy chair
Smoking his pipe of clay,"
Oh, no! My friend, this ancient air—
It is not true today!
He smokes a costly meerschauum pipe
And as he smokes, thinks he;
"My mortgage on the banker's home
Is overdue today!"
"My crops are safely in the barns,
With prices soaring high."
His face is wrinkled with a grin—
He laughs and slaps his thigh.
"While his hale, old wife, with busy care
Is clearing the dinner away."
No! no! old friend, you're wrong again!
She need not work today,
Nor does she go out on the wain
To help get in the hay.
She has her clubs and motor cars,
In politics a power;
She settles on election day,
The questions of the hour.
The higher life seeks not in vain,
Her children all enjoy
The things in education's train;
They're modern girl and boy!
L'Envoi;
Then let the songs of other days—
The sweet old songs of eld,
Rest with the things and times they sung;
Today's new story tell.



Continued from last Issue

Thursday, Feb. 2, 1871. Ves and I went to wheatland today, on horseback. Made arrangements for my lecture. Rode home after night, in the moonshine. On our return trip found a little lamb, out on the Wheatland plains. Ves picked it up for me and I carried it home. It was cold and hungry and almost perished.

Friday. I am very ill this morning, with a bad cold. Willie Vineyard called, to take me to lodge, but I was not even able to see him.

Saturday. Still sick, sent for Dr. McConnell. He gave me some simple medicine.

Sunday, Feb. 5th. It rained quite heavily this morning, but as it looked favorable for a clearoff this noon, Ves, Amy and myself started for Wheatland. Arrived safely, and I lectured to a good audience. My collection was \$7.00. After the lecture, Will Vineyard, who was here on his way back from Roseville, went back to Timbuctoo with Ves. Amy and I stayed over night, with the family of Mrs. Dam.

Monday. Came to Lincoln, Placer County. Amy is with me. Spoke in the evening. My collection was \$7.50. I had brought a letter of introduction to Mr. H. C. Niemyer. Was introduced to my audience by the representative from this county. It is still raining.

Tuesday. It is clearing off today. Visited the school here and spoke to the scholars. Lectured again tonight. Introduced by Mr. Cannon. My collection was \$11.50.

Wednesday. Spoke again tonight to a larger audience—introduced by Mr. Ed. Shearer. My collection was \$15.50.

Thursday. Came this morning to Roseville. Brought a letter of introduction to Mr. A. B. Shearer. Lectured in the evening in Pratt's Hall, to a good audience. Collection \$8.50. Sent \$20.00 home today. This is Amy's first trip away from home. She is enjoying it.

Friday. Came to a little place named Rockland today. Spoke to a crammed house in the evening. Collection \$12.00.

Saturday. Came back to Roseville—met Mr. Chandler and his niece, at the depot. Spoke tonight in Pratt's Hall, to an overflowing audience. Collection \$20.00.

Sunday. Feel half sick today. Hope to find letters at Rocklin. L lectured tonight in the church. It was crammed, forty or fifty people standing outside. My collection was \$16.50.

Monday. Came back to Roseville. Had a pleasant day. Sent \$20.00 home.

Tuesday. Had a splendid time all day, have met such lovely people here. L lectured this evening in Pratt's Hall. After the lecture there was a dance. "Pleas" Neff, son of the landlady at the hotel, saw me over to the hall, and was my partner at the dance. Will Vineyard arrived here this evening, Amy and I were glad so see him, with word from home. My collection tonight was \$14.50 This has been a pleasant St. Valentine's Day.

Wednesday. It has rained all day. Late in the afternoon, went to Sylvan District School House, and lectured to a small audience. Collection \$2.75. After the lecture returned to Neff's Hotel, at Roseville.

Thursday. Left Roseville today. Came to Auburn. "Pleas" Neff saw us to the cars, and said "good bye." He is well named "Pleasant," for he is a pleasant fellow. I am sad tonight, over parting with friends, and thinking of my last visit to this place.

Friday. Mr. Selkirk and Mr. Hollenbeck called today, to make arrangements for my lecture.

Saturday. L lectured tonight to a good audience in the Court House. Mr. and Mrs. Hollenbeck called for me and took me to the lecture room. My collection was \$16. 12½.

Sunday. L lectured again to a crowded house. Collection \$19.37½.

Monday. Rainy and cold. Made an attempt to reach the Sylvan District, lost Amy's hat in the gale. The wind was simply awful—so turned back and returned to Roseville.

Tuesday. Still stormy and raining, but very "Pleasant" in the house, as Mr. Neff does all he can to entertain us.

Wednesday. L lectured again in the Sylvan District School House, collection \$5.50. After the lecture went to a party, up in the brush beyond Roseville. A party of ten made the trip—six in the Ingall's wagon, and two in one buggy, and two and a half—my escort, Amy and myself in another. Ran into a brush fence, built a gap in the fence and went through, got lost, but finally found the road and reached the party at one o'clock p. m. "Pleas" Neff, George, and the rest of the Roseville crowd, were already there.

Thursday. Slept from 7 a. m. until 10 o'clock, then got up and rested, and enjoyed ourselves all day. Tomorrow we will have a long trip, to Folsom, by way of Sacramento.





"Thou shalt renounce, thou shalt renounce, that is the eternal song rung in our ears, which our whole life long, gray Time is hoarsely singing to us."—Goethe.

OLD LETTERS

Cummings, Cal.

June 18, 1894.

Mrs. J. S. Reed:

Laytonville:

Dear Madam: Preparations are in progress for a celebration to be held at Blue Rock, July 4th, and we ask if we can prevail upon you to act as orator on that day.

Hoping for an early and favorable reply.

We are very truly,

Program Committee: Cornelia Chittenden, Molly Ray, Selma Grothe, A. L. Tracy and W. F. Cummings. Per Ella Moore, Secretary.

Golden Gate, Aug. 24, 1893

Mrs. Anna Morrison Reed:

Met Mr. Boggs in the city today and during our conversation he informed me that the Governor had asked you to deliver the annual oration before the State Agricultural Society. Allow me to congratulate you on the compliment paid to you.

Yours very truly,

M. Biggs, Jr.

DARING

By Ira Hubert Sefton

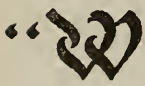


SOMETIMES, I wonder what it's all
about—
This life of ours—
So filled it is with sorrow, sin and doubt,
Whose weight o'erpowers
The modest good that we would do and be,
And holds us slaves—no man was ever free.
And, yet, I feel some purpose rules it all—
Some saving grace—
Some power there is to raise us when we fall.
Outreaching space
And time, some master Mind is in control,
And so I dare to live. Be brave, my soul.



EDITORIAL

BY ANNA M. REED

“ HAT I have been, I am, in principle and character, and what I am I hope to continue to be. Circumstances or opponents may triumph over my fortunes, but they will not triumph over my temper or my self-respect.”—Daniel Webster.

THE following sentence from Daniel Webster, the great expounder of the Constitution, cannot be printed too often, referring to fanatics of his day. Webster knew these men, and his comprehensive mind penetrated into the future, revealing clearly what we now behold.

He painted them with the pencil of an artist. He said:

“If the infernal fanatics ever get the power in their hands, they will override the constitution, set the Supreme Court at defiance, change and make laws to suit themselves, lay violent hands on those who differ with them, in their opinions, or dare question their infallibility, and finally bankrupt the country and deluge it with blood.”

This was said before the civil war, which exemplified the prophetic truth of the utterance.

The new law now proposed by the Prohibition fanatics, will only lead to hardship and new crime. Every fair minded citizen knows, that some provision should be made for those who will be impoverished by the confiscation of the liquor traffic, in which "Uncle Sam" has been a partner for years. Under the sanction of the highest council of the nation—the U. S. Supreme Court—all liquor dealers are now engaged in the traffic. Is there no protection for the men who have made their investments, under such circumstances? We believe in compensation, when a legal and lawful business is confiscated, as witness the following, from the "The Fort Bragg Advocate" of August 22, 1917.

"The first plea for a Liquor Dealer's Compensation Law was made by Anna M. Reed, to an audience in Redman's Hall Monday evening last. Mrs. Reed expects to speak throughout northern California before and during the campaign of 1918. She is an advocate of justice, and her work appeals to many. She has a broad sympathy for humanity, and her statements speak for themselves. All fair minded people, there is no doubt, will give her an unprejudiced hearing."

"Speaking of "Uncle Sam" as a "partner in crime," if such the professionally good," consider the Liquor Business, we are not sure but what the old gentleman's MORALS need looking after, as well as his position on the liquor question.

WHO IS "UNCLE SAM'S WIFE? He has acknowledged to the fatherhood of a numerous progeny of girls—the states of America—we remember a very effective cartoon which appeared after the San Francisco earthquake of "Uncle Sam" with his STRICKEN DAUGHTER in his arms—we know, that according to all traditions, the Goddess of Liberty is a "bachelor girl"—WHO IS UNCLE SAM'S WIFE?

THE following from the San Francisco Call of Nov. 9th, 1917 shows the emancipation of the French people, from the fanaticism of Prohibition.

French Set Lesson For U. S. Troops on Moderate Drinking

By Daniel Dillon, Staff Correspondent of the International News Service.

Paris, Nov. 9.—The question of national prohibition in America may be settled in France. If the war lasts until we have a million men along the fighting front, certainly the liquor question is going to be noticeably affected by the new experiences in living that our soldiers will take back with them to America.

With few exceptions, all American soldiers in France are daily drinking a certain amount of wine and beer. Drinking water in the greater number of the camps has been pronounced unsanitary and the men prefer the light wines to the more or less distasteful sterilized water provided them.

On every side Americans see the French men and women and even

children sipping large carafes of wine with every meal that is eaten, and in restaurants he is served invariably with wine or beer.

There is no war prohibition of wine or beer in France. They can be bought at any hour of the day. Spirituous liquors can be purchased for two hours at noon and two hours in the evening. Closing hour for all cafes and buffets is at 9:30.

Oza And Uda Waldrop

These two talented souls once lived, and had their being in Ukiah, but when we remarked that fact to Uda, his reply was—"We Existed There." And so, could say, every hungering and aspiring and gifted genius, that has dwelt in these peculiar environments. We clip the following from the "Town Talk," of Sept. 1, 1917, reproduced from the "New York Times."

What's in a name? Sometimes more than is apparent on the surface if it's a stage name. He who runs and reads the theatre news must frequently have marveled when he beheld the name Oza Waldrop. "There ain't no such name," many a reader must have argued, and yet there it stood in type. The next deduction was probably that since it was there it must be a real name, because no one would deliberately choose it.

Oza Waldrop is really the name of the star actress playing the title roll in "Friend Martha," and this is how it happened. Joe Waldrop, a Southern minister of much originality of thought as well as oratorical brilliance, was so incensed that his parents had named him Joe and that his wife's folks had called her Sally that he decided if there should ever be any little Waldrops they would not be handicapped with bromidic names. The Waldrops lived in the Ozark Mountains in Arkansas, when the baby was born, and with the assurance of new fathers Mr. Waldrop decided to call the child Oza, an abbreviation of Ozark, on the assumption that it would be a boy. The Rev. Dr. Waldrop guessed wrong the very first time; he was not given a man to match his mountains, but he had become attached to the name, so the girl baby fell heir to it.

Mr. Waldrop continued coining original names, and his three other children, all boys, were named Uda, Yda and Oda. In Oza, Uda and Oda only six letters have been utilized, so if Mr. Waldrop needs any more unique names he still has the major portion of the alphabet to draw on. Uda Waldrop composed the incidental music of "Friend Martha," and he has served as an accompanist for Fritz Kreisler, Mischa Elman, Nellie Melba and other artists. Among them "Lawrence Zenda," at her anniversary reception, in San Francisco, Jan. 30, 1917."

STATEMENT OF THE OWNER-SHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC.

of the Northern Crown Magazine Published at Ukiah, California for October, 1917.

Name of:

Editor Anna Morrison Reed, Ukiah, Cal.,
Managing Editor, Anna Morrison Reed,
Ukiah, Cal: Business Manager, Anna M. Reed
Ukiah, Cal., Publishers Northern Crown
Pub. Co. Ukiah, Cal.

Owner: Anna M. Reed, (no corporation)
Ukiah, Cal.

Known bondholders, mortgages and other security holders, holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities: None.

Anna M. Reed, owner and manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 10th day of October, 1917.

G. E. REDWINE,

Court Commissioner

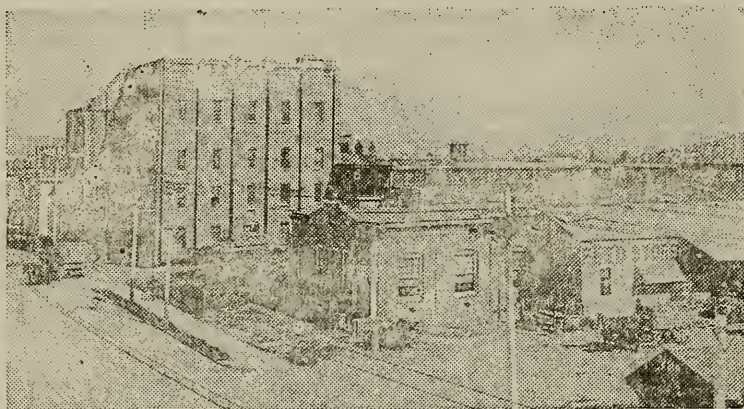
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Palace of Fine Arts and Lake

“The Soul of California ”

The Northern Crown

"Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness."

VOL. VII.

UKIAH, CAL., DECEMBER 1917

NO. 5

"The Soul Of California" The Palace of Fine Arts

BY ANNA M. REED

Lord Dunsany, in his book of wonderful stories, "The Sword of Wel-leran," tells us of the "Little Wild Thing, that lived in the English Marshes, and was kith of the Elf-folk, but wanted a soul, "to worship God, and to know the meaning of music, to see the inner beauty of the marshlands, and to imagine Paradise." Then the oldest of the "Wild Things" said:

"I have no soul to give you; but if you got a soul, one day you would have to die, and if you knew the meaning of music, you would learn the meaning of sorrow, and it is better to be a "Wild Thing," and not to die."

But the "Little Wild Thing" only answered: "I WANT TO HAVE A SOUL."—and went weeping away.

And Lord Dunsany tells us:

That they that were kin to the Elf-folk, were sorry for the "Little Wild Thing," and they went abroad by night to make a soul for her. Away over the marshes, till they came to

the high fields among the flowers and grasses. And there they gathered a large piece of gossamer, that the spider had laid by twilight, and the dew was upon it.

Into this dew had shone, all the lights of evening, and the marvellous gleam of the stars. And they gathered a piece of the gray mist, that lay by night over the marshlands. And into it they put the melody of the waste—the whirr of the golden plover—the wonderful song of the rushes—and each of the "Wild Things," gave some memory of the marshes.

And to all this, they added a few of the star images, gathered out of the water. Still the soul that they were making had no life.

Then they added the low voices of two lovers that went walking in the night—wandering late—alone, and the myriad song of birds—and then the SOUL LIVED.

When the Spanish Fairy, California, danced through the pictur-

esque days of "49," and beckoned the men of every land to seek her fickle, golden heart, the song of a siren was on her lips, and the best of all the world, went mad with the beauty of her allurements, and yielded to the spell of her coquetish charms.

Young—beautiful—alluring—her feet were in the sea, her temples emerald crowned by primeval forests, her fair bosom veined with gold. BUT SHE HAD NO SOUL. Her smiles were fickle as her treasure.

Prosperous towns grew as by magic and died in a day—the golden harvest gathered, no interest centered in the ravaged regions, and they were left to the abomination of desolation.

But the Genius of the land rebelled at its desecration, and began to make a soul for California. She took for its foundation the Cloth of Gold, from her poppy fields, touched by the shades of evening, and the miracle of dawns. The tears and smiles of the first mothers who came over the plains, around the Horn, or across the Isthmus, with the Early Pioneers.

Then added the laughter of the children—the song of birds, wings of the bee and butterfly; cry of the kildee and note of the mourning dove. Adding the prayer of inspiration and the broken hearts of the poet and the artist.

Through the long years she wove these things, patiently into the fa-

bric of a dream, through which we were permitted to wander, in the magic days of 1915. Where the good, and the great, and the gifted of every land brought of their best, that the soul of California might live, immortal for time and for eternity.

When the most of this dream, faded in a night, one Palace of enchantment was left, in which to nourish this wonderful soul.

Here at a shrine, more beautiful than words can tell, are gathered the treasures of art and music, in a realm of spiritual and mental things.

Here memory lies asleep, but wakens to every touch of THOSE WHO REMEMBER, and tells her dreams of other days.

Centered here are the things that never die—the work of the sculptor, the poet, the artist and the musician.

Here blooms like a flower, the face of the Spanish Fairy. She has kept her golden heart—and gained a soul. SHE is young, but her SOUL, is centuries old, made up of things worth while; and housed for all time, in the Palace of Fine Arts, standing in the heart of a dream, where gulls are winging across the wide lagoon, where waterfowl dive beneath the sedge, and play among the lilies, and back of it all the opal mists of the hills of Marin, drifting beyond the silent bay. And here one may learn: "to worship God, and to know the meaning of music, and to imagine paradise."



Duado And "The Sorry Scheme"

By Maud Eldridge

Duado was in love. Duado was sixteen. But thanks to his Latin blood, Duado took small count of years, or lack of them. What concerned him most at present was the utter perversity of circumstances, their invariable refusal to stay put.

In the instance of the particular moment Duado's father was the unputting force. If he only hadn't—but he had—decided in his bullet-headedness that the best use to put a growing son to was real man's work, and, possibly, that the time was not far distant when arbitrary measures might not be pursued with impunity. Anyway, without warning he had taken Duado from school and hired him to his uncle "down the hill." And morning and evening, he must pass the home of the pink and golden Lena Spelmier. How he loathed the girl the morning he was forced to turn his face in the opposite way from his strenuous wrestling with American learning, and his glorified devotion to star bright teacher. But the smiling and all unsuspecting Lena quite overlooked his surly return of her cheerful greeting.

For days afterward he sneaked by the house unobserved; he felt he could not bear again that broad-faced complacency. Besides it would take a world of pink-and-goldiness to balance the jarring harshness of that name, Lena Spelmier. Le-na. It meant just nothing at all. And

the rest of it—his music loving soul refused to consider it. Oh, for his beloved books, and tiny dark-eyed teacher! Teacher's name was Florence—he couldn't recall the rest of it. He had addressed her even as "Mees Tich." But Florence—he had whispered it softly as he scrawled it in red ink across the green map of Italy in his geography. And for a month he had been making prodigious strides in that somewhat dull subject, that he might speak that name aloud before the school. Ah!

And now, the second Saturday evening found him, weary with the heat and dust of the road, stopping for a drink from the big tin dipper that hung on the dripping water barrel under the spreading tan oak in the Spelmier back yard. The dipper polished to such brightness as to show a trembly reflection of his swarthy handsomeness as he tipped it to his eager lips.

"Lo, Duado," greeted a hearty voice from the kitchen door. Duado frowned behind the rim of the dipper, and deigned a full-mouthed grunt in reply.

"Say," Lena pursued, "don' you go fillin' up on that cold water, such a hot day yet. Come an' have a cup coffee an' a piece pie."

Duado took the dipper from before his face and looked his disgust. But Lena had disappeared.

Pie! That triangular stuff he had once traded Bill Jones a handful of good almonds for. Dried apples in-

cased in paste of ravioli, very poor ravioli, and baked to a dryness, all. A cup of coffee? We'll he would have a cup of coffee.

He tiptoed into the kitchen turning his floppy old hat by the brim between restless brown fingers. Lena gave him a chair at the white oilcloth covered table and set before him a generous portion that forever banished the dry and bitter memory of the pie of that cheater, Bill Jones.

Such unctious, spicy sweetness, such a dream of pastry as hardly waited the setting of gleaming white teeth!

And Lena! The glowing pink face above the shining coffee pot; the shining paleness of her hair touched by a vagrant sunbeam; the plump pink arm in its gingham sleeve that brushed his shoulder as she brimmed his cup! Duado's heart came back to him with a mighty thump. Down from the heavens; but the descent was wrapt in clouds of pink and gold, and perfumed with the substantial incense of apple pie.

Obtuse Lena!

"I'm givin' you apple," she explained, pointing to the window sill where the pies cooled under their protective white netting, "'cause I only got one huckleberry. Savin' it for Sunday lunch. There ain't many berries 'round here this fall.

Duado sipped a spoonful of the hot coffee.

"Hucklen ber,'—lot up our place" his face grew suddenly animated, "I,"—but Lena had rushed out the door in answer to an alarm from her chicken yard. She came back laughing.

"You wouldn't believe," she exclaimed, "how smart them sassy

blue jays gets. They scare them hens so they don't eat nothin' hardly. Jus' holler like a hawk an' then fly down an' stuff themselves. Such fools is hens, anyhow. Have 'nother piece pie," as Duado made to get up from the table.

"Na, I tank. But et is good, your pie, ver' good." But he failed to finish his interrupted speech, as he backed out the door and almost to the road before he managed to call "goo' bye."

Such a funny kid," commented Lena.

Duado's path homeward ceased to be a mere sun-spotted, dusty road through the redwoods, up hill at that; it became the gold studded highway to the great adventure in a new and jeweled tinted world. Albeit a very tangible, and man-comforting world. And straightway he bethought him of means to make good his preemption. Even he had the timerity to glance at the past for possible suggestion. But the past had been too ethereal. He could recall but one instance.

He had once practiced faithfully, many hours, on his brother Joe's accordeon, when Joe was not at home, till he had achieved a somewhat wheezy rendering of "The Stars and Stripes Forever." Only at the culminating point, when he had walked half the mile to teacher's boarding place, at an unheard of hour, to play in the moonlight beneath her window, to be suddenly overtaken by the indignant and restless Joe. No, the past was not promising.

Duado sighed deeply. Then so engrossed he became as he trudged along, as almost to meet himself re-

turning with the magic wand to turn his dream to reality. And presently he arrived at a spot where a rift in the trees gave to his gaze the scene he had so shortly left. He grasped the overhanging limbs of a sturdy fir sapling on the outer bank of the grade, and swung himself up to a better view.

Though he had come quite a quarter of a mile by the road, he could have easily, from where he now stood tossed a stone among Lena's fat chickens. Only he did not think of such a boyish trick. It was a man, with a man's practical interest at stake, whose eyes searched out the practical Lena herself. She was taking the last of the pies from the window. The huckleberry pie. He remembered it sat just there. The pie he had not tasted. Ah!

Alas for the untrustworthiness of well-laid plans that reckon not with that unsatiable ogre, the family wood pile. It was quite eleven o'clock the next day before Duado found himself on his way to his magic wand--materially a bucket of huckleberries, dwindled by necessity to half its nebulous bulk.

But they were clean, those huckleberries, very clean. Also was Duado. Each had been duly immersed in the county horse trough beside the road. When the ripples were stilled, it made a very good mirror too, that horse trough. Duado's black hair was smooth to his head, save where it escaped in moist and unruly little drake tails about his ears. Under the collar of his clean gingham shirt he knotted a bright silk handkerchief, and hitched the belt of his new corduroys up a notch. When one went to call on a

lady, even of the odious name of Spelmier, one must appear as trim as possible. Also by the expediency of this roadside beautifying one escaped the prying and jocular eye of brother Joe.

Down the road a bit Duado again sought the aid of the friendly sapling for a preparatory survey of the Spelmier premises. He hoped the old folks were gone to church down in the valley. He leant forward in breathless anticipation.

The sunlight that in the density of the redwoods only pierced in rainbow needles, or fanned in liquid golden bands touching here and there the yellow gray dust of the road, down there settled to a shimmering, golden pool, into which the whitewashed shacks of the homesteader seemed to have tumbled by regrettable accident. It should have held only the emerald and carnelian of the madronas, the frosted gold of the fallen tan oak leaves.

But Duado sensed no incongruity of landscape effect. He only looked; and his body drew automatically to a catlike crouch. His head sunk tense into quivering shoulders.

Yes, Lena was there, on the porch in her Sunday white dress. And before her, a little table, a round little table with a white cloth, and cups of coffee. Duado knew it was coffee, and pie; the pie! He could see the color where part had been cut away. And he had to see at last, it had really been first. Big Swede Larss across the table, comfortable in shirt-sleeved intimacy, pink shirt-sleeves! And Lena was laughing up at the blond giant as he held her hand. They seemed to have forgotten for the moment even

the charms of huckleberry pie.

A smothered invective quivered the Sabbath calm of the woods, emphasized by a picturesque Italian cus word rather more foolish than shocking in its English translation. Perhaps it tickled the American humor of the blue-jay in the redwood just below the road. Anyway, he skidded arily down to the very tip of a bough, roughed his feathers—and "T'wa, t'wa-ed" a mock re, proach to the offender. Ignored, he smoothed himself, ducked his head, and gave utterance to his fake hawk cry, "Kew-u." No effect. Then as though suddenly frightened by the perfection of his own mimicry, he was off. In another moment to be heard giving his rollicking password to the woodpecker fraternity down in the oaks, "Wa-hoo, wa-hoo."

The tin bucket flashed across the intervening space and dented itself against the tree, there was a patter as of a sudden shower on the underbrush.

"I shall steek him wida knife!" ground out Duado. He meant the blue-jay, of course. Teacher had made it very plain that such was no American way of settling a difficulty between man and man. In fact "it wasnt being done." Teacher had, a bit tremulously, said so upon the occasion of a threatened musing up of the anatomy of the notorious Bill Jones. Besides, who could endure being laughed at by a bird?

In the interval of concentration of forces, Duado's reluctant attention was being drawn to the sound of a musical whistle. Painfully, as though that whistle was being blown

by the breath of defeat itself. Joe was coming—was here. Duado faced about with dully comprehending eyes, and no outward descent to smaller brother attitude.

"Where goin'?" he demanded beligerently.

"Dutch Lena's" Joe grinned meaningly, and held forth a bucket of huckleberries.

Now, one does not "steek" ones brother with a knife. Though, if said brother be bigger, one may, on provocation, take such advantage as one happens to be standing upon, to spring on him with the ferocity of a wildcat. Duado did not think it out, ethics were submerged in necessity, he simply did it.

The boys plumped down in a puff of cool, impalpable dust. There was a moment of uncertain and promiscuous waving of arms and legs. Then, a speedy yielding of inferior forces. Larger brother bowed his back, and smaller brother found himself in the brush below the road. Not, as it happened, to pick himself out at leisure. He had encountered a yellow jacket's nest in transit.

And yellowjackets; one is a painful incident; half a dozen, calamity. Thanks to the coolness of fall nights, Duado escaped calamity by two or three. But though the stings might have been endured in stoic silence, they gave much needed excuse to lately acquired man's soul for the voicing of his deep and bitter agony. Blindly he scrambled back into the road, to sit rocking his head in his arms, and pouring out a hoarse and wordless woe. Job himself, with all his poetic sublimiay, could be no more eloquent.

Even Joe looked on in impressed,

if somewhat skeptical silence. When the climax seemed passed he reached and picked the bucket from the jumble of berries and dust.

"Say, you keed; whaz matter—crazee?" he demanded grimly. "Big Larrs, he say:" 'Breeng ten poun' bucket hucklen ber' my Dutch girl's house, geeve you four beets. "Now, you crazee, spilla da bean." Joe loved American slang, he grinned appreciatively. "You teenk four beets he grow on boosh, huh? Hucklen ber' boosh, mebbe. You come peek him, damn queek," he made a dive for the doleful patriarch.

Duado lurched away from the clutching hand with a reviving howl, in the movement revealing his damaged countenance. One eye was nearly closed, one cheek looked like the toothache, and the tip of his handsome nose bore livid evidence of stubborn resistance of like distor-

tion.

Vengeance gave place to mirth that woke the solemn redwoods to diabolical glee. "Goo' Lor'," Joe gurgled, as he cleared his eyes of tears, "Some bambino."

And from the redwood below the road joined in a saucy "Wa-hoo, wa-hoo, wa-hoo."

Duado saw red, also yellow, blue, and their several intermediates in the splitting of a sunbeam on the lashes of his drooping eyelid. A celestial keleidoscope beyond which dangled and bobbed that bit of intenser indigo, maddening atom in a maddening, ungraspable scheme of things.

Duado bared his white teeth, and wrung his clenched fists together in impotent rage.

"Ha-a!" he choaked, "I catcha, I breaka da dam neck!"

"Cr-r-?" inquired the blue-jay.

TO THE STENOGRAPHER

By W. T. Fitch

The Stenog. sat with a vacant stare,
She chewed her gum and arranged her
hair,

You could almost have said there was
nobody there;

But what could she do when she's loafing?

You will think as you read the verse above,
That my heart's full of guile, with naught
of love,

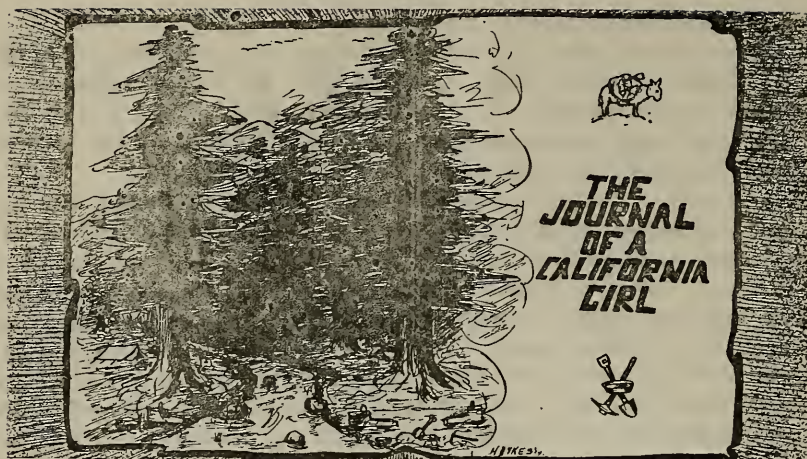
And that nary a harp will I get above;
Tut! tut! Friend, the writer's just spoof-
ing.

The stenog. I sing is the one that is
funny,

For Poets and writer folk all need the
money,

The stenog. of fact's always pretty and
sunny;

And this will not need any proving.



Continued from last Issue

Friday, Feb. 24, 1871. Came from Roseville to Sacramento, then on to Folsom. Amy is very tired.

Saturday. Made all arrangements for my lecture, and spoke tonight to a good audience. Collection \$9.75. Have met many fine people here.

Sunday Eve. Lectured again to a crowded house. Collection \$12.50.

Monday. Lectured again to an appreciative audience. Collection \$13.50.

Tuesday. Came from Folsom to Placerville. Sent \$20 home.

Saturday, March 4th. Spoke to a crammed audience in the Placerville Court House, tonight, Mr. McMurry introduced me. Collection \$30.00.

Friday 10th of March. Came to Coloma, and lectured, was introduced by a Mr. George Ingham. Senator John Miller took me to the lecture room, his daughter "Tenne" Miller was a class mate of mine at Mrs. Perry's Seminary, in Sacramento. My collection was \$10.00.

Sunday. Lectured again at Coloma. Collection \$9.75.

Monday. Amy and I came from Coloma to Georgetown today. Was glad to meet the Creque family again especially Fred.

Tuesday. This morning went to the funeral of a Mr. Davis, sang at the church and at the grave. Fred Creque walked back with us to the hotel. Tonight I lectured to a good audience at the church. My collection was \$7.55.

After the lecture I was serenaded at the hotel, by the Georgetown Band. They came in front of the hotel and played "America." It was the most beautiful call that I had ever received. I stepped out upon the balcony, and spoke as one inspired. After my response they played another beautiful selection. Never in my life have I received a tribute that was more acceptable, than this very unexpected compliment.

Wednesday. Lectured again. Collected \$5.62½.

Thursday. Had a delightful day, in the evening the band practiced and marched. Bid Mr. Creque's folks goodbye---shall never forget this evening---never. Fred played beautifully on the piano, he is a very gifted boy.

Friday. Started at 4 o'clock a. m., in a pouring rain, to come to Pilot Hill. Lectured in the school house, tonight. Collection \$2.75.

Saturday. Have worked all day, made a skirt for Amy, ironed and did various things. Met with Clifton Lodge of Good Templars this evening.

Sunday. Still at Pilot Hill, am staying in Fred's old home. Had dinner and spent the evening with the family of C. H. Jones.

Monday. Have sewed all day, on clothes for Amy and myself.

Tuesday. Left Pilot Hill today, and came to Placerville.

Wednesday. Today the Georgetown Band came down to Placerville, in the morning early, to take part in the Peace Celebration, as the Franco-German War has ended. I have had a glorious time all day, looking at the procession, listening to the music, and talking to my friends. After the exercises of the day were over, Fred Creque called on me, at the Central House. He stayed until half past seven p. m. At eight Mr. Griffith, Amy and myself went to the skating rink. When the rink closed all of us went to the dutch, or rather the German Ball. Had a good time. Danced first with Mr. Griffith and last dance with Fred. This is his birthday. Got back to the hotel at 2 o'clock a. m.

Thursday. This morning I awakened early, notwithstanding the dis-

sipation of last night. Fred came and bid me goodbye this morning. He is one of the dearest friends that I have ever known. He cares for me so much. But I have no time to live my own life. Too much depends upon me. But the sunshine has gone out of the day---and those beyond seem dark and cold and dreary. Sometimes I think that if I must give up all the joys of my youth, I cannot live. To fold my hands under the coffin lid, in a lasting rest, would be relief. I told Fred that I would see him again, but I must not, I might not send him away.

Saturday. Spoke in Placerville tonight. Collection \$12.50.

Sunday. Took a walk through the Methodist cemetery with Nellie and Amy. This afternoon went to the city cemetery with Georgia and Alzadia Congdon. Mr. Griffith came up after us. In the evening I went to church with Mr. Griffith and Amy. After church Mr. Hill called.

Monday. Came to Pilot Hill. Fred Creque came down on the stage, at noon. Lectured at the school house tonight. Lawrie Bayley introduced me. My collection was \$4.75.

Tuesday. Fred here all day, we passed the evening at the home of Charley Jones---had music and singing. I heard Fred play the "Peri Waltzes" and "The Whisperings of Love," for the last time perhaps. Fred took Amy and I back to the house. I put Amy to bed, and then talked until after midnight, with Fred, and tried to make him understand how I felt about my duty to my people. He thinks that I am

mistaken, in giving all my youth to them, and I promised to think of what he said, and write to him often.

Came from Pilot Hill to Auburn. Fred came with us, as far as the Auburn station. In the afternoon came on to Dutch Flat.

Thursday. Lectured at Dutch Flat. Collection \$4.75.

Fred sent a beautiful boquet of roses by express, from Auburn, they reached me after the lecture. He is so thoughtful, and so gifted and refined, yet big and strong and manly. I may never see him again, for I am here and there, and he will not know when or where to find me, no matter how much he wishes to do so.

MYSELF AND I

By Ira Hubert Sefton



UNDER the stars we go walking together,

Communing in silence we hope and we plan,

He is so real that I oft wonder whether

I am the shadow or really the man.

Arguing, counseling, chiding for error,
That other self of mine leads me along,
Darkness and loneliness lose all their
terror,

Silence is filled with the sweetest of song.

So when this day of mine reaches its setting,
And the red west is aglow on the sea
Earth and its sorrows and perils forgetting
Out of its chaos he'll travel with me.

Out where the stars self-sufficiently gliding
Circle alone through eternity's day,
Out to the One, who forever abiding
Throughout the ages has shown us the way.

Who then can say that the fate of the
lonely.

Needs other blessing than loneliness gives,
For if he walks with his other self only.
Largely and nobly and truly man lives.



“Thou shalt renounce, thou shalt renounce, that is the eternal song rung in our ears, which our whole life long, gray Time is hoarsely singing to us.”—Goethe.

OLD LETTERS

Fort Bragg, Cal., May 25, 1893.

Mrs. Anna M. Reed

Laytonville, Cal.

Dear Madam:

I am instructed by our Committee to offer you (25.00) twenty-five dollars for Oration here the coming 4th, July 1893.

Our finance committee find it very dull in making collections, hence the above amount is all they feel that they can appropriate this season.

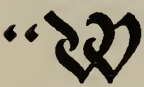
Owing to our program for the day being so long they would not want to devote over thirty to forty-five minutes for the oration, so your duties will be short and soon over. Please let me hear from you at your earliest convenience.

Yours Respectfully,

Eri Huggins,
Chairman of Committee.

EDITORIAL

BY ANNA M. REED

“ HAT I have been, I am, in principle and character, and what I am I hope to continue to be. Circumstances or opponents may triumph over my fortunes, but they will not triumph over my temper or my self-respect.”—Daniel Webster.



Register Before
July 27, 1918

And Vote at the Primaries

— For —

ANNA M. REED

Candidate for the

ASSEMBLY

From the Sixth District

WILL RUN FOR ASSEMBLY

Mrs. Anna Morrison Reed of Ukiah, has announced herself as a candidate for the Assembly for this county. Mrs. Reed is a very capable woman, and is very well qualified in every way for the position. Mrs. Reed is a public speaker of more than ordinary ability, and has made a number of lecture tours.—Willits News January 11, 1918.



“She has a host of friends in Mendocino county, and these friends are seriously thinking of sending her to the legislature next year. Mrs. Reed would render good service for her people there, and the Mendocino people would make no mistake if they selected this clever and capable woman to represent them at Sacramento —San Francisco “Everywoman.”

BROTHERLY love was the one original concept of the man whose birthday we celebrate at the winter solstice. He discovered no new law of nature; he formulated no new principle of philosophy. He added nothing to science, nor did he reveal the least mystery of the unseen world. When in the bitterness of his cruel death he reproached the Almighty with deserting him, science, philosophy and theology stood exactly where, on that starry midnight thirty-three years before, when the heaven opened before the eyes of the wondering shepherds shining angels proclaimed his birth. But one thing was not the same, and that thing was enough to make all the difference between the ancient world and the modern. No Confucius with all his golden rule had ever dreamed of it. No Socrates had dragged it from the depths in the net of his dialectic. No stoic pondering on the highest good had conceived it. Of all the crucified saviours of the world not one had revealed it. The shepherd of Galilee alone of all the human race perceived that MEN ARE BROTHERS. In the solitudes of the desert with struggles which the imagination can only typify as fought soul against soul with the living principle of incarnate evil, he wrestled the truth from the secret archives of the Almighty. Despised and rejected by men and unfed and unvisited, he taught the truth by word and deed. Nailed to the cross, he proved it by his death.—Willits News.

Laytonville, Calif.

Dec. 4, 1917

Anna M. Reed

Ukiah, Calif.

My Dear Mrs. Reed:—It is with reluctance and even sorrow that I demand the discontinuance of my subscription to the Northern Crown. If my three score years have taught me anything, it is to make no covenant with the liquor traffic and I will no longer knowingly support a publication espousing the liquor interests.

With kind wishes, I am very truly yours,

J. H. Clarke

THE NORTHERN CROWN does not stand for the Liquor Interests, except as they represent the interests of humanity, liberty and justice.

It is opposed to Prohibition and all sumptuary laws, that make for intolerance, as they are Un-American, and opposed to personal liberty.

We have no respect for the people who are only as good as they HAVE TO BE, and only restrained by legisla-

tion, from acts of vileness and excess. We are more opposed to Prohibition, as it has always been a failure. From the time of the PROHIBITED APPLE, in the Garden of Eden, to the present prohibitive laws, that are broken continually, until replaced by saner measures. Those who advocate Prohibitive laws, generally do so to control "the other fellow," and consequently hypocrisy

misrepresentation and crime, are the fruits of Prohibition. Its advocates quote from the Old Testament—never from the new one, and never the following verses from the Old Testament:

“And thou shalt bestow that money for whatsoever thy soul lusteth after, for oxen, or for sheep, or for wine, or for strong drink, or for whatsoever thy soul desireth.”—Deuteronomy XIV, 26.

“Give strong drink unto him that is ready to perish, and wine unto those that be of heavy hearts. Let him drink and forget his poverty, and remember his misery no more.”—Proverbs XXXI, 6-7.

“Drink no longer water, but use a little wine for thy stomach’s sake and thine often infirmities.”—I Timothy V, 23.

“Corn shall make the young men cheerful and new wine the maids.”—Zachariah IX, 17.

“They shall build the waste cities and inhabit them; and they shall plant vineyards and drink the wine thereof.”—Amos IX, 14.

“He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle, and herbs for the service of man; that he may bring food out of the earth; and wine that maketh glad the heart of man.”—Psalms Civ., 14, 15.

“And the vine said unto them, Should I leave my wine, which cheereth God and man, and to go be promoted over the trees?”—Judges IX, 13.

“In the holy place shalt thou cause the strong wine to be poured unto the Lord for a drink offering.”—Numbers XXVIII 7.

“The meat offering and the drink offering is cut off from the house

of the Lord; the priests and the lord’s ministers mourn.”—Joel I, 9.

“Go unto the house of the Rechabites and speak to them and bring them into the house of the Lord, into one of the chambers, and give them wine to drink.”—Jeremiah XXXV, 2.

Much more of like tenor might be quoted from the same volume, which also tells how Noah, the one patriarch saved from destruction, celebrated his amicable relations with Jehovah by planting a vineyard, making wine and becoming disgracefully drunk.

If there, is such flagrant contradiction in the scriptures, it should be admitted and discussed, and no portion used to deceive an ignorant public. Such methods are not honest or truthful, much less holy, and a repetition of the, fate of Annanias and Saphira would seem in order, for the Prohibition Reformers.

Prohibition and prohibitory laws, have been adopted and then reversed, in many states of this Union, Maine being the only exception among those adopting such between 1850 and 1860.

That Prohibition visits this country in “waves” is proven easily by an examination into history. It is the same old story. Like heroes, peoples and nations, mother-in-law jokes, smallpox and religious revivals it rises and falls from time to time, as the world rolls merrily on.

From 1850 to 1860 the Prohibition wave, semi-tidal in force, struck the country and swept powerfully over our national dikes. It left its wake of ruin and subsided after a time. The public got together in those States where its fury had been most

disastrous, and the reconstruction began.

Let us look at the running narrative of the flood:

Connecticut---Adopted Prohibition in 1854; repealed it 1872.

Delaware---Adopted Prohibition in 1855; repealed in 1857.

Illinois---Adopted Prohibition in 1851; repealed in 1853.

Indiana---Adopted Prohibition in 1855; declared unconstitutional; adopted model license law 1911.

Maryland---Adopted Prohibition in 1855; only a few months trial; repealed in 1855.

Massachusetts---Adopted Prohibition in 1852; repealed in 1868; re-adopted in 1869; repealed in 1875.

Michigan---Adopted Prohibition in 1855; repealed in 1875.

Nebraska---Adopted Prohibition in 1855; repealed in 1858.

New Hampshire---Adopted Prohibition in 1855; repealed 1903.

New York---Adopted Prohibition in 1855; declared unconstitutional.

Ohio---Adopted Prohibition in 1855 annulled by a license tax law.

Rhode Island---Adopted Prohibition in 1852; repealed in 1863; re-adopted in 1886; repealed in 1889.

South Dakota---Constitutional Prohibition in 1890; repealed in 1896.

Wisconsin---Adopted Prohibition in 1855; vetoed by Governor.

Vermont---Adopted Prohibition in 1850; repealed in 1903.

Could anything be plainer? It is to be hoped that we are just about at flood tide again, and that the ebb is not far distant.

Every SANE man and woman believes in the REGULATION of the LIQUOR TRAFFIC. No JUST man or

woman believes in its CONFISCATION without COMPENSATION.

The vast sum of Five Hundred Million dollars, is paid in taxes annually, to the Federal Government, by the people in the liquor business, which represents an investment of Eight Hundred Million Dollars.

Here is a great economic problem for the sane and the just to solve. Let such citizens consider it, without prejudice, hysterical sentiment, or moral hysteria.

Prohibition would confiscate the investments made under the sanction of "Uncle Sam," and shift the burden of taxation, from the shoulders of the liquor dealers, to the public in general, now already too heavily burdened. We are in the midst of a very critical period, in our country's history. As a war measure, Prohibition will react upon itself. It is a bad time for any such radical change.

Old Abe Lincoln said it was bad policy to "swap horses while crossing a stream."

We are not only now in a turbulent stream, but a resistless and relentless flood of fate, it is no time to "dicker" with destiny.

Abe Lincoln was not a Prohibitionist, he once kept tavern, and sold liquor over the bar himself. And General Grant at middle life was financially and otherwise, a miserable failure, AND TOO FOND OF WHISKEY. But personally, we are perfectly satisfied with these two great Americans.

We believe in Temperance. In the USE, and NOT ABUSE, of everything.

To true men, whiskey, like love, is an incident—they can recover

from either. The monotony and loneliness of life is a hard proposition, sometimes it drives even the best to excess, but if the world points them to some heroic task, worth while, they are equal to it. Men who have accomplished such, have not belonged to the hordes of Fanaticism and Prohibition.

The only nation of Prohibitionists on the face of this earth, are the Turks---the cruellest and vilest of people. Should a Christian people follow any standard that they have set?

We believe implicitly in the philosophy of Christ. We recommend to a world distraught, THE NEW TESTAMENT, the only record that we have of His life and works---the history of the one perfect character, whose

doctrine is the only hope of humanity HERE OR HEREAFTER.

It is the perfect philosophy---needing neither creed, dogma or ceremony, to interpret its meaning, or convey its comfort to the human race.

Through the wilderness of conflicting beliefs, and false doctrines, isms and unbelief, it points to the only possible way toward the ultimate design of the Creator.

From the unspeakable cruelties and injustice of this existence, it leads to equitable conditions, dominated by justice, mercy and love, even here---and to the greater perfection hereafter. In it you will find no INTOLERANT COMMANDS AND IT DOES NOT SAY ONE WORD ABOUT PROHIBITION.

For City Clerk

Mrs. Ruby E. Dowson

*Subject to the Decision of the Voters at
the City Election*

MONDAY, APRIL 8, 1918

For City Clerk

Albert M. Hardie

(Incumbent)

Subject to the Decision of the Voters
at the City Election

Monday, April 8, 1918.

For City Treasurer

Julius Roller

(Incumbent)

Subject to the Decision of the Voters
at the City Election

Monday, April 8, 1918



At the Linotype

The Northern Crown

"Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness."

VOL. VII.

UKIAH, CAL., MARCH & APRIL 1918

NO. 6 & 7

AT THE LINOTYPE

BY ANNA M. REED

(From The Typographical Journal)



HILE all the city sleeps; in the hour before the dawn,
In thought I am beside you, who may not think of me;

I see the shadow on your face, the light upon your hands.

That trace upon the keyboard the news of many lands.

O, restless heart! that holds me not, I know your silent pain;

I see the tired eyes bending above the restless hands,

Through all the long night's weariness, I never leave your side

In thought, I share your loneliness, and loyally abide.

Those hands with deft alertness, upon the pliant keys,

May sometime give to everyone these words I write for you,

And deem them only part of things, recorded swift and plain

By the type that tells the stories of this old world's joy and pain.

Dear face within the shaded light—dear heart not touched by me,

O hands that I would hold and keep! but it is not thus to be;

As these words shape beneath your touch, a thought you can't define

May flit across your memory, subtle, tender—of "Lang Syne."

"The Soul Of California"

The Palace of Fine Arts

Reproduced by the Request of Many

BY ANNA M. REED

Lord Dunsany, in his book of wonderful stories, "The Sword of Welleran," tells us of the "Little Wild Thing," that lived in the English Marshes, and was kith of the Elf-folk, but wanted a soul, "to worship God, and to know the meaning of music, to see the inner beauty of the marshlands, and to imagine Paradise." Then the oldest of the "Wild Things" said:

"I have no soul to give you; but if you got a soul, one day you would have to die, and if you knew the meaning of music, you would learn the meaning of sorrow, and it is better to be a "Wild Thing," and not to die."

But the "Little Wild Thing" only answered: "I WANT TO HAVE A SOUL."—and went weeping away

And Lord Dunsany tells us:

That they that were kin to the Elf-folk, were sorry for the "Little Wild Thing," and they went abroad by night to make a soul for her. Away over the marshes, till they came to the high fields among the flowers and grasses. And there they gathered a large piece of gossamer, that the spider had laid by twilight, and the dew was upon it.

Into this dew had shone, all the lights of evening, and the marvelous gleam of the stars. And they gathered a piece of the gray mist, that lay by night over the marshes. And into it they put the melody of the waste—the whirr of the golden plover—the wonderful song of the rushes—and each of the "Wild

Things," gave some memory of the marshlands.

And to all this, they added a few of the star images, gathered out of the water. Still the soul that they were making had no life.

Then they added the low voices of two lovers that went walking in the night—wandering late—alone, and the myriad song of birds—and then the SOUL LIVED.

When the Spanish Fairy, California, danced through the picturesque days of "49," and beckoned the men of every land to seek her fickle, golden heart, the song of a siren was on her lips, and the best of all the world, went mad with the beauty of her allurements, and yielded to the spell of her coquettish charms.

Young—beautiful—wonderful — her feet were in the sea, her temples emerald crowned by primeval forests, her fair bosom veined with gold. BUT SHE HAD NO SOUL. Her smiles were fickle as her treasure.

Prosperous towns grew as by magic and died in a day—the golden harvest gathered, no interest centered in the ravaged regions, and they were left to the abomination of desolation.

But the Genius of the land rebelled at its desecration, and began to make a soul for California. She took for its foundation the Cloth of Gold, from her poppy fields, touched by the shades of evening, and the miracle of dawn. The tears and



Palace of Fine Arts and Lagoon

“The Soul of California”

smiles of the first mothers who came over the plains, around the Horn, or across the Isthmus, with the Early Pioneers.

Then added the laughter of the children—the song of birds, wings of the bee and butterfly; cry of the kildee and note of the mourning dove. Adding the prayer of inspiration and the broken hearts of the poet and the artist.

Through the long years she wove these things, patiently into the fabric of a dream, through which we were permitted to wander, in the magic days of 1915. Where the good, and the great, and the gifted of every land brought of their best, that the soul of California might live, immortal for time and for eternity.

When the most of this dream, faded in a night, one Palace of enchantment was left, in which to nourish this wonderful soul.

Here at a shrine, more beautiful than words can tell, are gathered the treasures of art and music, in

a realm of spiritual and mental things.

Here memory lies asleep, but wakens to every touch of THOSE WHO REMEMBER, and tells her dreams of other days.

Centered here are the things that never die—the work of the sculptor, the poet, the artist and the musician.

Here blooms like a flower, the face of the Spanish Fairy. She has kept her golden heart—and gained a soul. SHE is young, but her SOUL is centuries old, made up of things worth while; and housed for all time in the Palace of Fine Arts, standing in the heart of a dream, where gulls are winging across the wide lagoon, where waterfowl dive beneath the sedge, and play among the lilies, and back of it all the opal mist of the hills of Marin, drifting beyond the silent bay. And here one may learn: "To Worship God, and to know the meaning of music, and to imagine paradise."



FRAGMENT

Said a woman's soul to a woman's heart,

"I live forever, but dust thou art:
For despite the fire that today doth burn,

Tomorrow you die and to dust return."

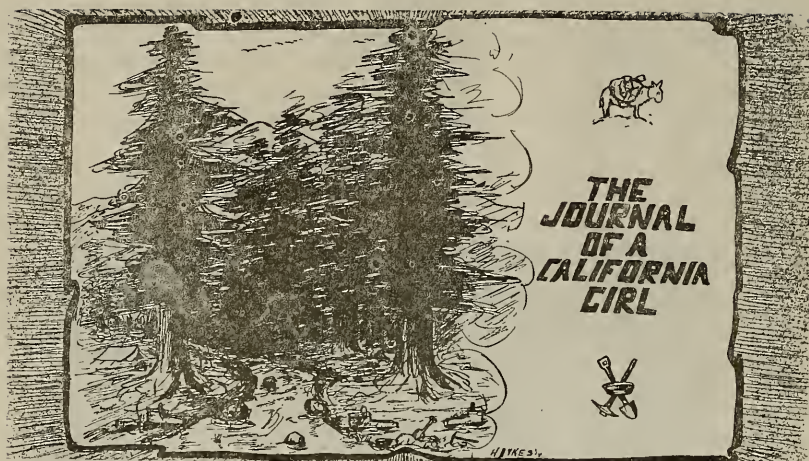
And the heart replied to the soul and said:

"Though alive today and tomorrow dead,

My hour of life is worth to me
More than your years of eternity.
For I'll love and I'll laugh and I'll sin, and say:

'What shall it matter? The soul will pay.'"

—Anonymous.



Continued from last Issue

Friday, Mar. 31, 1871—Lectured again at the Methodist church Dutch Flat. Introduced by Mr. McClure. Collection \$9.25.

Saturday, April 1.—Came to Gold Run, and lectured in the evening. Collection \$6.75.

Sunday—Will Liddell came over today from Iowa Hill. Was glad to see him, but have had a severe headache all day. Lectured tonight. Collection \$13.50.

Monday—Came to Colfax. Did not go to Iowa Hill, as intended, but had to remain over night at Colfax, on account of stage connections.

Tuesday—Reached Iowa Hill today. Lectured once at Iowa Hill, collection \$12.50. Went on to Damascus, lectured there, collected \$9.75. Returned to Iowa Hill, and on Monday, April 24th, left for Grass Valley.

Tuesday—Lectured at Grass Valley, introduced by Mr. Delano. Collection \$16.75.

Thursday—Came to Washington, Nevada county, away up in the Sierra Nevadas. Met nice people here. Was introduced to Frank Hathaway, a friend of Mr. Boody. Lectured this evening. Was intro-

duced by Mr. White.

Friday—Spoke again tonight. Mr. Hathaway took Amy and I to the lecture room.

Saturday—Lectured again. This afternoon took a long walk to Rocky Bar. Enjoyed it very much.

My collections for the three lectures at Washington amounted to \$30.00.

On Sunday went to Omega on foot. Over steep trails, and rough ways, but enjoyed every moment. Spoke at Omega tonight.

Monday—We are staying with Mrs. Jack Perry. Lectured again.

Tuesday—Spoke again at Omega. My three collections came to \$35.00.

Wednesday—This evening Frank Hathaway came up from Washington.

Thursday—We said goodbye to Omega, and returned to Washington. Found much excitement, as the bridge over the Yuba, at this place, was reported unsafe, and about to fall.

Friday—This morning started by mule back, for Magenta Flume. Frank Hathaway took Amy behind him. Had a pleasant trip over. Everything is so sweet and bloom-

ing—and birds singing everywhere. After arriving at the Flume, we waited for the stage. When it arrived, said goodbye to Mr. Hathaway, who was to take the animals back to Washington, and Amy and I went on to Eureka South.

Saturday—Lectured tonight in Eagan's Hall. After the lecture, we had a dance. Met Kite Robinson.

Sunday—Spoke again. My collections at Eureka amounted to \$35.

Tuesday—Came to Relief Hill.

Wednesday—Lectured at Relief Hill. Collection \$13.00.

Thursday—Came to North Bloomfield. Spoke here. Collection \$14.

Saturday—Came to Grass Valley. Stayed with Mary Anderson, my nurse of years ago. She and her husband have a good business, and are getting well off. They have three nice children, the youngest named for me.

Monday—Came home to Dreamland, Timbuctoo. Found everyone well, and glad to see us.

DRIFTING

By Ira Hubert Sefton

Though I may drift and drift away,
A fleck upon life's ocean wide,
A guideless mass of floating spray,
There is a master of the tide;
And he doth rule the wind and wave,
And calms the deep when tempests
rave—

No matter in what seas I ride,
I need no other guard nor guide,
For Love is there to help and save.

Though I may drift from sun to sun
And still go on into the night,
And yet drift on till night is done,
I need no moon nor star to light
My way to Love. No matter where
I seem to go, Love, Love is there;
Is holding, guiding me aright—
There is no other power nor might.

For Love is present everywhere.
I cannot drift beyond the rim
Of God's unchartered, boundless sea.
And all my ways but lead to Him
Who loves and loves eternally;
Though far, far out my course may
go,
And with Life's tides may ebb and
flow,
The Father's love is with me still,
To guard me from all harm and ill,
And all my wavering he doth know.



"Thou shalt renounce, thou shalt renounce, that is the eternal song rung in our ears, which our whole life long, gray Time is hoarsely singing to us."—Goethe.

OLD LETTERS

Mendocino, Dec. 18th, 1883.

Mrs. Reed.

Dear Madam:

I received the volume of "Earlier Poems," and can assure you that I value the gift highly, not alone because I appreciate the genius of its author, but also as a souvenir from those whom it is a privilege to know and a pleasure to remember.

I remain, dear Madam,

Yours very respectfully,
W. A. McCormack.

State Board of Agriculture
Secretary's Office

Sacramento, Cal., Aug. 11, 1893

Mrs. Anna M. Reed,
Laytonville, Cal.

Dear Madam:

The President has directed me to extend to you in behalf of the State Board of Agriculture an invitation to deliver the Annual Address at the California State Fair of the current year.

Thursday evening, September 14th, at 8 p. m. is the date fixed upon for address, and the time consumed in delivery should be not more than one-half hour.

Hoping to receive a favorable response, I remain,

Yours truly,
Edwin T. Smith
Sec'y.

THE NAVAL RESERVE

Old Uncle Sam has a fine new boy,
The youngest of all in blue;
He's the Naval Reserve, with lots of
nerve
And plenty of courage, too—
So give him a place in the fami-
ly, lads, we've plenty for him
to do.

* * *

At sea he chaffs the sailor-men
And joins in their daily work
With all his might (though he'd
rather fight),
For he never was built for a
shirk,
So sling his hammock up for'ard,
lads, and teach him to use the
dirk.

* * *

On land he elbows and jostles about,
Or marches all day in the sun
With a cheery smile for every mile
And with a frolic when day is
done—
But when you get in a skirmish,
men, he doesn't know how to
run.

* * *

Then fill your mugs to the young'n,
lads,
Who mixes with every crew
On land or sea, wherever he be,
We'll always find him true,
And we'll give him a place in the
circle, lads, for there's plenty
for him to do.
—New York Evening World.

The Service Flag

Dear little flag in the window there,
Hung with a tear and a woman's
prayer,
Child of Old Glory, born with a star
Oh, what a wonderful Flag you
are!

* * *

Blue is your star in its field of white
Dipped in the red that was born
of fight,
Born of the blood that our forebears
shed,
To raise your Mother, The Flag,
o'erhead.

* * *

And now you've come in this fren-
zied day,
To speak from a window, to speak
and say:
"I am the voice of a soldier son,
Gone to be gone, till the victory's
won."

"I am the Flag of the Service, sir,
The flag of his mother—I speak
for her,
Who stands by my window and waits
and fears,
But hides from the others her un-
wept tears."

* * *

"I am the flag of the wives who
wait.
For the safe return of a martial
mate,
A mate gone forth where the war
god thrives,
To save from sacrifice other men's
wives."

* * *

"I am the flag of the sweetheart,
true,
The often unthought of—the sis-
ters—too,
I am the flag of a mother's son,
And won't come down till the vic-
tory's won."

* * *

Dear little flag in the window there,
Hung with a tear and a woman's
prayer,
Child of Old Glory, born with a star,
Oh, what a wonderful flag you are!
—Hirschell.





The Late Mrs. Annie K. Bidwell

Rancho Chico, Cal.
May 16, 1901

To whom it may concern:

This is to say that I have known Mrs Anna Morrison Reed for a score of years or more, and always as a brave, gentle, honorable, industrious woman, ever to the front in whatever tends toward the betterment of the home and the State.


I believe her worthy of all confidence, and therefore commend her to the public, without hesitation, in whatever matters she may have to present to it.

Annie R. Bidwell

(Mrs John Bidwell.)

EDITORIAL

BY ANNA M. REED

“ HAT I have been, I am, in principle and character, and what I am I hope to continue to be. Circumstances or opponents may triumph over my fortunes, but they will not triumph over my temper or my self-respect.”—Daniel Webster.



Register Before

July 27, 1918

And Vote at the Primaries

— For —

ANNA M. REED

Candidate for the

ASSEMBLY

From the Sixth District

WILL RUN FOR ASSEMBLY

Mrs. Anna Morrison Reed of Ukiah, has announced herself as a candidate for the Assembly for this county. Mrs. Reed is a very capable woman, and is very well qualified in every way for the position. Mrs. Reed is a public speaker of more than ordinary ability, and has made a number of lecture tours.—Willits News January 11, 1918.



“She has a host of friends in Mendocino county, and these friends are seriously thinking of sending her to the legislature next year. Mrs. Reed would render good service for her people there, and the Mendocino people would make no mistake if they selected this clever and capable woman to represent them at Sacramento —San Francisco “Everywoman.”

UKIAH EDITRESS TO RUN FOR ASSEMBLY

PETALUMA, January 12--Mrs. Anna Morrison Reed, formerly editor of the "Morning Independent," Petaluma, and who is now publishing the magazine known as the "Northern Crown" in Ukiah, has announced her candidacy for the assembly from Mendocino county. Mrs. Reed is a member of the San Francisco Press Club and well known in the literary world.--S. F. Examiner Jan. 12, 1918.

Palm Sunday—and the greatest battle of the world raging. Nineteen hundred and eighteen years ago, The Prince of Peace rode into Jerusalem, to be betrayed, as the world has been betrayed by the lust of greed and power.

He came, "not to bring peace, but a sword." And his prophetic words are verified

We do not know the reason why, but every GOOD to HUMANITY has been HERALDED by SACRIFICE

Let us hope, and if we can, have

faith, that this is the last great penalty demanded, by a Power that seems as remorseless as omnipotent.

Fable tells us that we inhabit the only sorrowful star.

May this holocaust of sacrifice and suffering be our last, and may we be allowed to take our place with those morning stars that sang together, at the dawn of creation.

Then from the grave of time, will He indeed have arisen, to proclaim "Peace on Earth to Men of Good Will, on an Easter that is everlasting in a resurrection eternal

The reception by the California press, of "A SON OF THE GODS," Grover C. McGimsey's latest book, is a verification of our prophecy that it will live as long as the memory of Jack London lives in the hearts of the people.

Many beautiful tributes of criti-

cism have been given it, which will appear in our next issue, as we are short of time and space in this number.

The Northern Crown Publishing Company, have received a generous share of acknowledgement, as to the artistic make-up of the book.

Judge Thomas J. Lennon, Presiding Justice of the First District Court of Appeal, sitting at San Francisco, has announced his candidacy at the fall election for Associate Justice of the Supreme Court.

Judge Lennon will present his candidacy to the electorate of the State upon a record of fourteen

years as a general practitioner in the State and Federal Courts, as a member of the San Francisco Bar; eight years on the Superior Court Bench of Marin county; and eight years as Presiding Justice of the District Court of Appeal of the First District.

A TRIBUTE

To the Memory of Mrs. A. K. Bidwell

By Mary A. Partridge

Death cannot rob your spirit of its grace,
 Nor its white garment of its loveliness.
 Among the early flowers, your gentle face,
 A rarer flower blooms for the fields of God.
 A legacy within the common heart
 You leave, that lands and woods could ne'er be-
 stow,
 The fragrance of a wondrous life, in part
 The spirit of a Golden Long Ago.
 When twilight came with a round tenderness,
 Low singing rain lulled you to peaceful rest,
 While down a vast aisle of pines, to the sunset,
 trod,
 An Indian woman, beating her dusky breast.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

D. W. ChilsonCandidate for
CONSTABLE

Subject to the Decision of the Voters at the August Primaries. Primary Election, Tuesday, August 27, 1918.

Joe Weselsky

Candidate for CONSTABLE
 Subject to the Decision of the Voters at the August Primaries. Primary Election, August 27, 1918.

C. C. Brewer

(Incumbent)

Candidate for CONSTABLE
 Subject to the decision of the voters at the primaries. Primary election, August 27, 1918.

T. M. Cleland

Candidate for COUNTY TREASURER
 Subject to the decision of the voters at the primaries. Primary election August 27, 1918.

Lee Cunningham

(Incumbent)

Candidate for TAX COLLECTOR
 Subject to the decision of the voters at the primaries. Primary election August 27, 1918.

Hale Prather

(Incumbent)

Candidate for COUNTY CLERK
 Subject to the decision of the voters at the primaries. Primary election August 27, 1918.

James R. Elder

(Incumbent)

Candidate for COUNTY RECORDER
Subject to the decision of the voters at the August primaries. Primary election August 27, 1918.

Clair Smith

Candidate for COUNTY TREASURER
Subject to the decision of the voters at the primaries. Primary election August 27, 1918.

Mrs. J. J. Mathews

(Incumbent)

Candidate for COUNTY AUDITOR
Subject to the decision of the voters at the primaries. Primary election August 27, 1918.

Mrs. Anna Porterfield

(Incumbent)

Candidate for COUNTY SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS
Subject to the decision of the voters at the primaries. Primary election August 27, 1918.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNER-SHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC.

of the Northern Crown Magazine Published at Ukiah, California for October, 1917.

Name of:

Editor, Anna Morrison Reed, Ukiah, Cal.,
Managing Editor, Anna Morrison Reed, Ukiah, Cal.; Business Manager, Anna M. Reed Ukiah, Cal., Publishers Northern Crown Pub. Co. Ukiah, Cal.

Owner: Anna M. Reed, (no corporation) Ukiah, Cal.

Known bondholders, mortgages and other security holders, holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities: None.

Anna M. Reed, owner and manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 2nd day of April, 1918.

G. E. REDWINE,

Court Commissioner

Transient Work a Specialty

PHONE 70-W

Ukiah Steam Laundry

BIRDIE J. KNUDSEN, Prop.

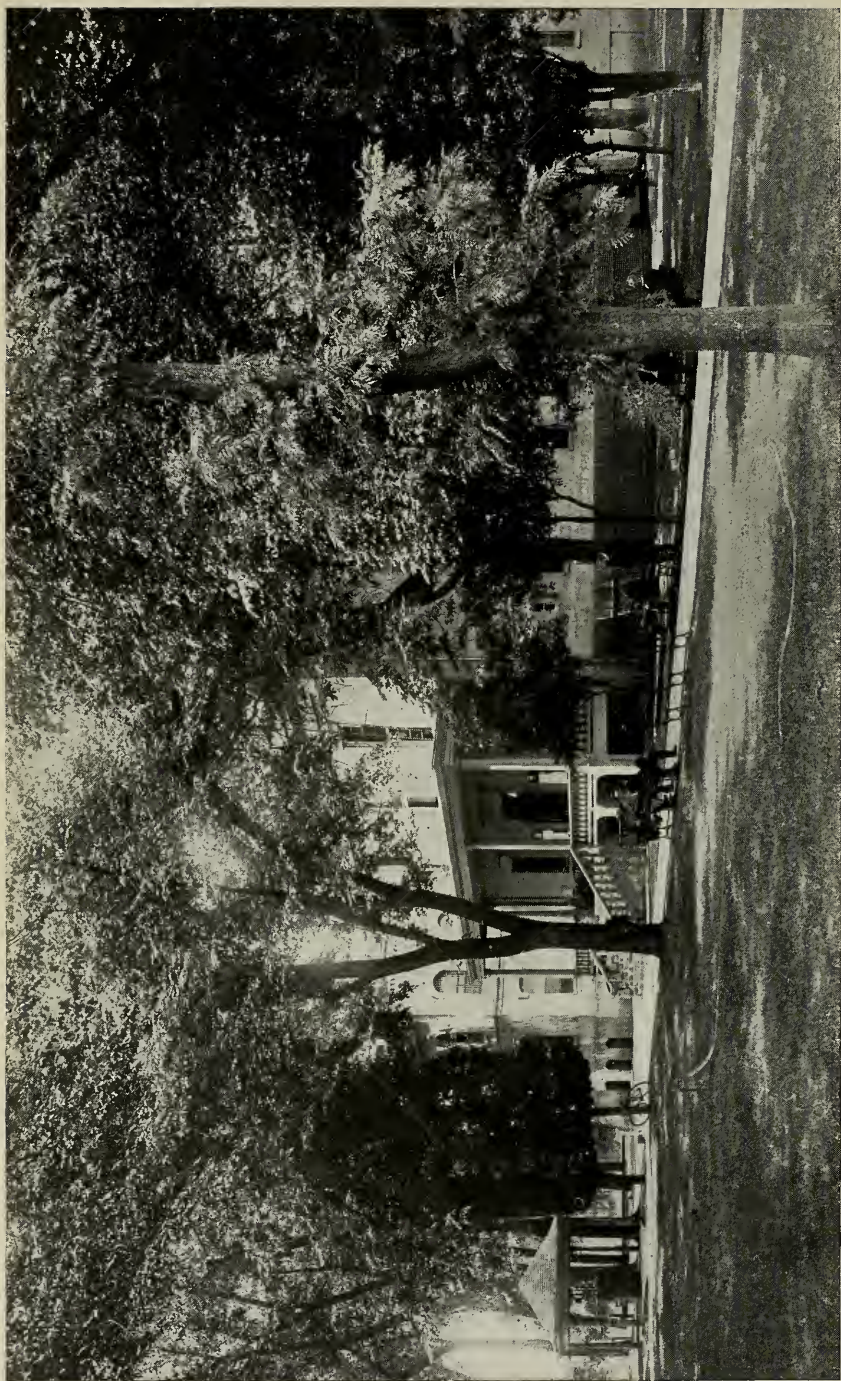
First-Class Finished Work

Rough Dry—Family Washing

Ukiah

California

Advertise in the Northern crown---Get Results



COURT HOUSE AND GROUNDS OROVILLE

The Northern Crown

"Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness."

VOL. VII.

UKIAH, CAL., JUNE 1918

NO. 8

Millions Left Under Table Mountain

So Says James Lafferty

That one of the largest and best paying drift mines in the world is buried under Table mountain is the opinion of Judge Lafferty, one of the best drift miners in the state, who, in his younger days was at the famous Cherokee mines and who has since retired from active mining life and who has no interest in mining except through the desire to see Table mountain developed and its drift mine treasures given to the world.

Skilled in Mining.

Judge Lafferty's opinion is well worth considering as he is skilled in and experienced in all mining within forty miles of Oroville. The Banner and the Bumblebee mines are now being worked in the district and the latest report from the Bumblebee proves that there is a rich body of ore that the miners have tapped there.

"Beneath Table mountain, only three miles north of Oroville, there lies more gold to the square mile than in any other part of the world,"

says Judge Lafferty, in speaking of its possibilities. "I mean 'square miles' for this bed of gravel can be measured by square miles. Goldfield the Klondyke and the Rand have never yielded the precious metal that will be some day brought to light from under the rugged front of this tableland. Wherever a shaft has been sunk or a tunnel run on any side of Table mountain, north, south, east or west, be in quartz or gravel, gold has been found in paying quantities. Since 1842 it has been known that an immense body of rich auriferous gravel lies under this mountain. But no attempt from the right direction has yet been made to work this gravel.

Tunnel Needed.

"To open up and tap this rich bed of gravel, say a thousand acres in extent, a tunnel should be run from the west side of Table mountain. The probable cost of this tunnel would be about \$300,000, but it is highly probable that after it had been extended 300 yards, that gold enough would

be struck to pay for the expense of drifting the tunnel.

Includes Quartz.

"The riches of Table mountain include gold bearing quartz as well as auriferous gravel. There are several quartz mines adjoining the bed of gravel that were worked in the early 50s. But in these early days there was difficulty in obtaining machinery for deep working and in those days of rushes to other fields these quartz mines around Oregon City were abandoned. These old mines were the Bloomingdale, White & Nutter, Standard, Mascot, Louisiana, Rock River, Bumblebee. The last named mine is now being developed again with most promising prospects. In 1890, the Standard was reopened. Owing to disagreements among the stockholders, the mine was shut down, notwithstanding that good quartz was being taken out. Now-a-days with the application of electric power these mines could be worked profitably. The power line of the Great Western Power company passes over these old mines. The story of the richness of the Banner group is so recent that it is familiar to all.

"But to get back to the gold-bearing bed of gravel under Table mountain, there is the Treasure Box on the southwest corner of Table mountain. In this mine, G. W. Dyer, took out one ounce a day in sinking a shaft of eighty-six feet deep. Owing to the deaths of some of the stockholders this rich mine is not being worked. The Butterfly in Morris Ravine on the east side of the mountain, has paid dividends and is doing so yet."

Old Cherokee Proves Gold Here Yet.

That the table mountain district is still rich in gold, is proved by the history of the adjoining country, the famous Cherokee mine, whose his-

tory is told today by Judge James Lafferty, the retired miner who declares that the treasures under Table mountain are still to be mined and will yet make some capitalist many times a millionaire.

In opening his story, Judge Lafferty quotes the report of the working of the Cherokee mine by the then State Mineralogist, William Ireland, Jr., from 1870 to 1886, as follows:

Cost of ditches, reservoirs and pipes	\$510,850.50
Mining plants and tunnels	199,780.55
Mining ground purchased	419,396.18
Land purchased	461,435.87
Cost of canal	270,821.48
Mining expenses, including care and repair of	
ditches	1,759,853.77

Total expense \$3,622,108.62

The same report estimates that the value of gold mined was, \$5,008,108.35, from 1849 to 1870, \$500,000 in gold was taken from the same locality.

Found by Indians.

"In the spring of 1852, sixty-five years ago, a party of Cherokee Indians attracted to California by the wonderful tales of gold, pitched their camp on the east side of Table mountain, hence the name, Cherokee, which afterwards became one of the famous mining camps of the world. The great amount of the precious yellow metal which was found at Cherokee made it famous. Without taking into calculation the richness of the early placer diggings, this great mine during the hydraulic mining period, dating from 1871, has produced over \$10,000,000 in gold. At one time in its existence Cherokee was the seat of the world's greatest hydraulic mine. At this greatest hydraulic mine, at this time the first large brick of gold was

cast. This glistening brick of yellow metal weighed about 225 pounds and was worth \$73,000. Of course many in Cherokee went to look at the big brick of gold. In a joke, Louis Glass, secretary of the company, said to a woman, who kept a hotel across the street from the mining company's office: 'Mrs Chambers, if you carry that brick across the street, it's yours.' The woman made a great lift. It looked as though she would have to be bought off.

Armed Parties.

"The gold was shipped in bricks to San Francisco. Two parties well armed were sent out by different roads to Oroville. Only one man knew in which carriage the brick was carried. Black Bart, the noted bandit, laid twice to rob the company but he afterwards said in prison the risk was too great to take a chance on the wrong party and the bricks were too large to dispose of without suspicion.

Had Long Canal.

"During the year of hydraulicing the company was at great expense maintaining the long canal down Dry creek to carry off the slickens to the dumping grounds in the Butte creek marshes, west of Gridley. Year after year the banks of the canal would break and the company had to settle for damages to the lands by the slickens, and in some cases had expensive law suits. Tiring of this expense, the board of directors in New York, decided to work the rich ground by drifting. The monitors in washing down the banks had proven there was a body of rich blue gravel 800 feet in width, and averaging thirty feet in depth. This, with the coarse gold on the bedrock, they felt satisfied, would make one of the richest drift mines in the world.

Bedrock Tunnel.

"As a preliminary to the work, a bedrock tunnel 900 feet under the mountain was run, this tunnel struck the blue lead which prospected five dollars per cubic yard. An incline was then upraised fifty feet through the blue gravel. From the top of the incline another tunnel 700 feet long was run to the face of the diggings. On the completion of tunnel No. 2 orders were received from New York to make a test of the upper level which as stated above, was fifty feet above the bedrock. A block of ground 180 feet by 120 feet and seven feet high was drifted and the gravel was washed in to the 'little flume' to keep it apart from the hydraulic washing. When the cleanup was made the gold retorted and measurements taken it was found that \$2.60 a cubic yard was realized. This was very satisfactory as the ground could be easily worked and would pay \$7 to \$8 per man. N. S. Walker, Jr., secretary of the board of directors who had been sent from New York to report on the drifting sent such an encouraging account that orders came from New York to drive the tunnel ahead and open up the channel on a large scale. This was good news to the old mining town, as it meant that Cherokee would become a permanent place with work for hundreds at high wages. Everybody was happy and the drifting was rushed day and night with three shifts of miners when the news came that the company was involved in a lawsuit and the mine was shut down. The miners who were drifting when the bad news came, reported that the ground they were opening was richer than that taken for the test. Could the lawsuit have been postponed a few months a great drift would have been opened that would have paid

the owners good dividends and given employment to hundreds, and made Cherokee the largest and most prosperous mining town in California.

Good Chance Still.

"Capitalist have taken their chances in spending thousands in running prospect tunnels where there was not a color of gold in sight. In some instances the money spent produced good mines, in others it was lost. In the development of a drift mine at Cherokee there would be no chances of loss, as the ground has been proven. The gold is there and hundreds living in Eastern Butte will confirm this statement. To open a great drift mine near Cherokee would not involve the expenditure of a great amount of capital. Some capital and labor are necessary to bore into the hills and could be utilized profitably under Table mountain which some day will prove a veritable treasure box. A well managed company with some capital can re-open this mine advantageously by running a tunnel from the west, say at Flag canyon, 200 feet lower on

a grade of five inches to the rod, for drainage. This tunnel could be completed in a year when 200 men could be put to work at once. Old miners agree on the estimate made that the gravel taken out of the tunnel would pay one third of the expense of running it."

To understand the magnitude of the Cherokee mine, these figures are given.

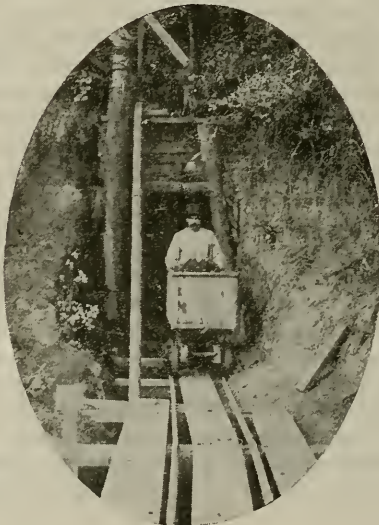
The ditch and pipe line that was built to furnish water for the Cherokee mine was started in 1870 and finished in 1873.

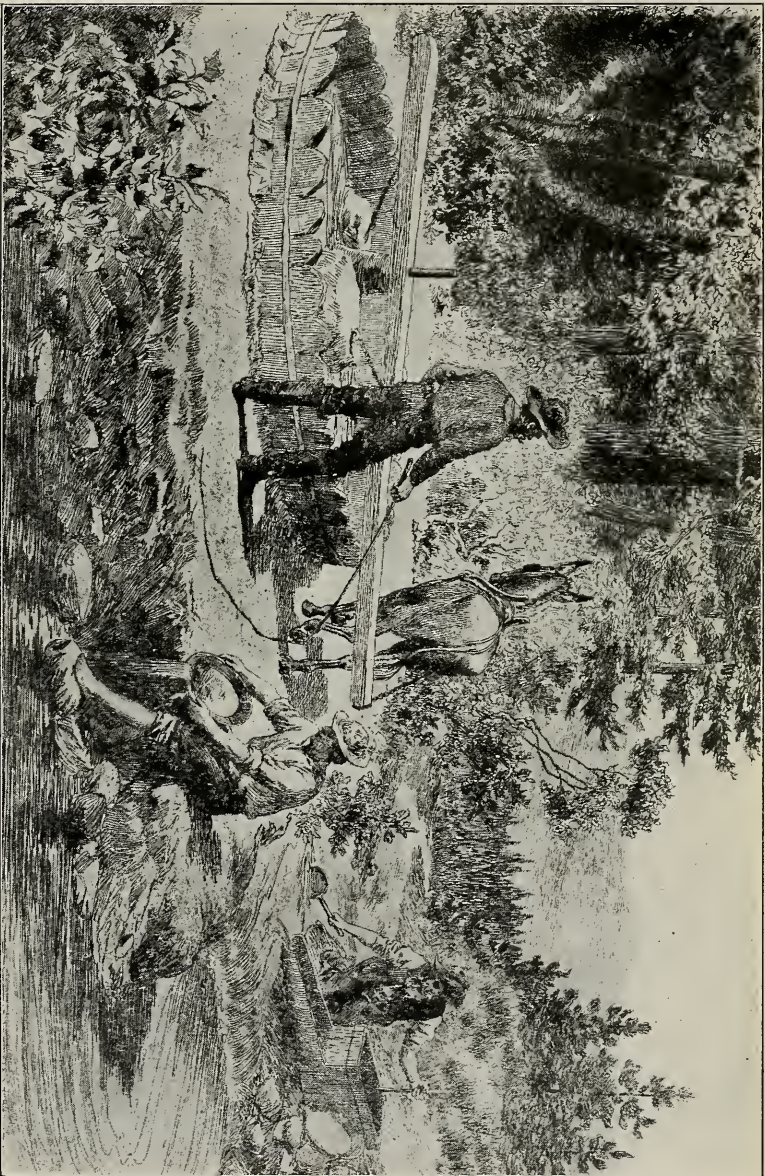
Length of ditch and flume thirty-four miles, six feet wide, three feet deep, pipe line 15,600 feet, thirty inches in diameter, capacity 2,000 inches.

The supply was taken from the head of Big Butte creek.

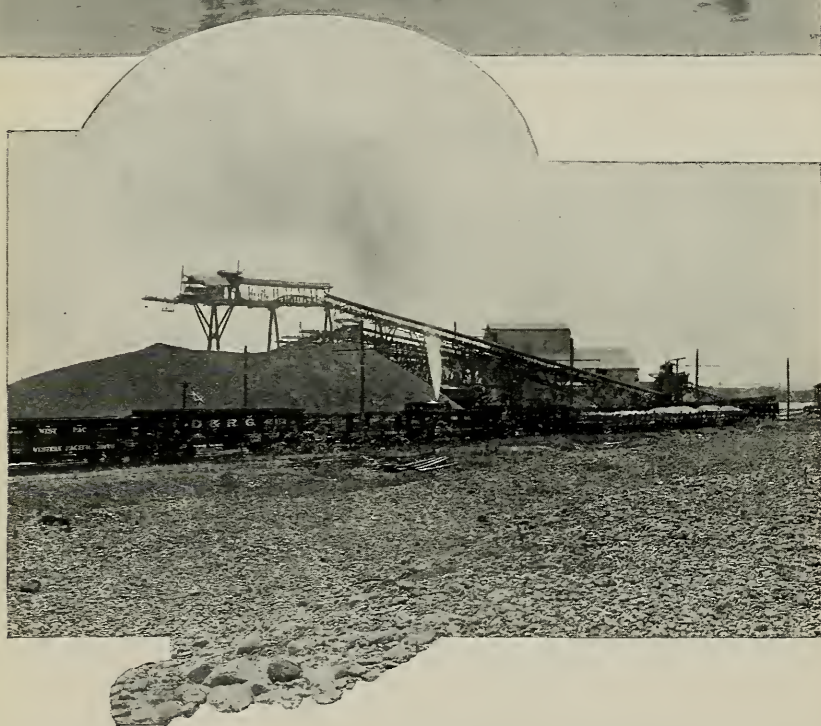
A portion of the pipe to stand the heavy pressure was $\frac{3}{8}$ of an inch thick.

—From the Oroville Daily Mercury, Tuesday, January 22, 1918 and Wednesday, January 23, 1918.





Early Day Mining



Dredger and Rock Crusher

Early Day Mining in Butte County

By Henry E. Vail

I can only speak personally from 1855. The most remarkable thing about these earlier days, is the fact that from 1849 up to 1853 the early prospectors located, prospected, and named every important mining section, from the valley to the summit of the Sierra Nevada mountains. Every river, creek or ravine they prospected, and its good or bad qualities were known.

These old prospectors always made me think of a hive of bees. You place a hive in a new field, and in a very short time they will locate every honey-making flower within their reach, but the bee is small, and the man is large. Yet he covered the same ratio of territory as the bee, and found nearly all the rich places.

The evolution of the mining industry has been wonderful. I will take my own experience as I travel the mining trail:

First—pick, pan, shovel and iron spoon.

Second—the rocker, pick, pan, shovel and sometimes buckets if you had to carry your dirt any distance.

With the rocker you could do as much work in an hour, as you could do in a day with a pan. Then came the sluice-boxes, into which you turned a flow of water, then placed riffles, either cross-wise or length-wise in the bottom. If you had all the water you required you could do about as much work in an hour, as you could do in a day with the rocker.

The Long Tom was in use about this time, but it was short lived, and but little improvement over the rock-

er, and I think not as good a gold-saver.

Then came the ground sluicing idea, this was the first important step forward in placer mining. In the first place it was used to get rid of the over-burden of valueless material, lying on the top of pay gravel or bedrock dirt. This was a great help, but this idea soon developed into the fact, that unless the over-burden contained clay that would pick up and carry off the gold, it was just as well and I think better, to arrange, if possible to have your ground sluice on the bedrock, and wash everything into it, for in this way, you have developed a gold-saving device, that has never been equalled, and in my judgement, will never be surpassed.

The next step in advance was the hydraulic. It began in a small way. At first canvas hose was used, like that which fire companies use only larger, and sewed by hand, but soon sewed by the sewing machine. In a very short time, iron pipe came into use, rivited together, in twelve, sixteen and twenty foot lengths, six and seven inches in diameter.

Then the possibilities began to be understood and larger pipe and greater pressure was used until it looked as if there was no limit to its possibilities.

About this time the surveyor and engineer were brought into the field, as long ditches and larger storage dams were required, and it would not do to use guess work. I know of banks of gravel and earth over four hundred feet in depth that have

been successfully washed down in this way.

We have an object lesson at the Cherokee mine in this county, by this method many millions of dollars have been taken from the ground, that never could otherwise have been recovered.

There is one more invention called the hydraulic elevator. This invention has been used successfully where no other process could have been made to pay. That was where there was a lack of drainage and grade. I have no doubt but there are still some places where this method could be used to advantage, if the required amount of water, and pressure were available. As it requires ten feet of pressure to one foot of raise, or if you wanted to raise your material twenty feet you would need 200 feet of pressure.

There is still another method. That of getting the gold from the old river channels, some of which are covered thousands of feet with lava, and have to be reached by long and expensive tunnels.

Butte, Yuba, Nevada and Plumas counties have produced millions of dollars from these old channels. Notably, the Magalia Ridge, Butte county, where the celebrated Persh-becker mine is situated. This mine has undoubtedly produced more gold for the amount of dirt washed, than any other mine in the world, and there are yet untold millions of dollars hidden away in these old channels, awaiting the advent of the right man, with the capital to open them up.

In this vicinity there has been more large nuggets found, ranging in value, from one hundred dollars to over ten thousand, and there are more left.

Now comes the last but not the least in importance, the gold dredg-

ing machines. These were first introduced into California through the efforts of W. P. Hammond and his associates. The first machine was small and rather crude, but they have gradually been improved both in design and capacity, until today they are a model of efficiency. They have made it possible to get millions of dollars, that could have been gotten in no other way.

From statistics at hand it is pretty safe to say that the product of these machines, has been approximately forty millions of dollars; and Butte county has had to its credit between two hundred and eighty and three hundred millions of dollars.

I regret very much, that I have to leave out two important items, viz: the quartz mining industry, and the early history of the Feather river mining, and the methods used in working its bed.

From Oroville up to Enterprise and Randolph Point on the South Fork a great portion of this work was done before I came on the scene, therefore I asked E. W. Slater to write up the history, knowing that he took a very active part in this early river mining. He has a bright and retentive memory. I know that his part of this article, would have been interesting and valuable. Unfortunately he was taken ill, and unable to write it up on time.

There are several other "old timers" that could add valuable data to this phase of the early days: Judge Lott, Dan Hilton and George Dyer, and perhaps others. I know the last two named took an active part in the river mining, and if each of these men could be induced to give their personal experience, it would be a great help to the future historian that will some day write up Butte county's history.

If you will go out on the Feather

bridge when the water is at its lowest stage (and, mind you, in those days there were no ditches or restraining dams to divert or hold back any of the water, as there is now,) then think, handicapped as they were, with lack of material, and machinery, they had to build their dams, (and they were well built) build their flumes, to carry that immense volume of water and build their pumps, to dry the bed of the river, in order to work it. Now understand this all had to be done practically in one hundred and twenty days. Yet they did it and did it well.

In about five years many miles of the river was worked in this way, and if we had any accurate account of the amount of gold taken out, it would be astonishing, for there is no question but that Feather river

and its south branch was the richest river in California.

The possibilities for men with capital, to acquire and develop splendid mining properties are great. There is a vast area of undeveloped lava-capped gravel deposits, that await the man with energy and the means to open them up in proper shape.

Then there is untold millions of tons of low grade quartz in large veins, that, with proper development, and the low cost and plentiful supply of electric power, with modern machinery and methods, can be made to yield a profit on every ton handled, and those who live to see ten or twenty years ahead, will wonder at the change from what it is today.

—Oroville Daily Mercury.





A Golden Dream

(In Memory of Leon)

"There's not a joy the world can give like that
it takes away."



HERE the yellow Feather river
Rolls its tide afar,
With its fruit, an Orange laden,
Grew at Bidwell's Bar.

There a little maid, one morning,
Looking on the scene,
Tree and flower and fruit were mingled
In a summer dream.

Steep the garden terrace-- steeper
Was the mountain side,
Where the scarlet Trumpet Creeper
Trailed above the tide.

Not more scarlet was the blossom
Than her dainty lips,
Like twin rose leaves, curved and folded
With exquisite tips.

And so soft and brown and changing
Were her tender eyes,
Like a pool seen late in summer
Where a shadow lies.

In her hands were Tiger lilies,
Gathered ere the sun
Had the time to kiss each chalice—
Golden, every one.

As she gazed with gentle longing
Through the lambent air,
A boy came running down the hillside,
Crowned with tawny hair.

Blue his eyes—yes blue as heaven,
And his form and face
Promise bore of manly beauty,
In their strength and grace.

O'er the garden wall he bounded,
Plucking fruit and flower,
Tossed them to the little maiden
In a fragrant shower.

Blushing, then, she thanked him
sweetly,
With a glad surprise
Dimpling all her smiling features,
Shining from her eyes.

While a lady from the mansion,
High above the tide,
"Leon, Leon," softly calling,
Called him from her side.

* * * * *

As she bore her treasures homeward
Over hill and stream,
All her pure young soul was lifted
In a sunny dream.

Through the future rode to meet her,
On a steed so rare;
A blue-eyed prince, in royal velvet,
With long golden hair.

And so shrined in her fond mem'ry,
Lived from day to day,
Crowned with curls of rippling splendor,
Her own prince away.

On life's sea, uneven drifting,
Each the others face did see
Seldom; and death's fiat falling,
Parted them eternally.

* * *

Not one orange tree, but thousands,
Grace the plains of Butte,
And like sands upon the sea shore,
Lies their golden fruit.

But one tree, where miners, delving,
Left but seam and scar,
Crowning all the desolation
In the past afar.

With its fruits and creamy blossoms,
Each a separate star,
One no other tree can rival
Grows at Bidwell's Bar.

And, alas! Time sees the passing
Of all, good and fair—
Cold his heart—low in the grave mold
Lies his golden hair.

---Anna M. Reed in "Later Poems"






Mrs. Derrick's Garden




A MEMORY

By Anna M. Reed

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever:
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health and quiet breathing."

— Keats

A flower garden in perfect taste, with perfect care, in an ideal location, supervised by a Parisian gardener, was an unusual and unique thing in the early Fifties, among the mountain mines of California, yet one such there was, containing every choice rose and flower and shrub, then known, and arranged with taste and skill, by the deft hands that had been busied by similar tasks, for the fair ladies of the nobility of France, before the man Saurette had followed the fortunes of an adventurous, and beloved son, to this land of gold.

This garden was located at Oregon City, six miles from Oroville, on the top of a mound of rich black earth, that had been the site of an Indian "Campoodie," and had been graded off for about 200 feet square, where a picturesque cottage had been built for the occupancy of Mr. and Mrs. Derrick and their only daughter Kate, a child of some 6 years of age, at the time.

Mr. Derrick was the superintendent of several prosperous mines thereabout, in the gala days of the White and Nutter regime. Water from Oregon Gulch was raised by a

hydraulic ram to capacious tanks, connected to one of the most ingenious and efficient pipe systems that was ever utilized in irrigation.

Preforated pipes were laid throughout the garden and by the turning of a wheel, each day at sundown, the whole garden was transformed into a fountain filled by fragrant bloom and crystal spray. Thus utility and beauty were combined in the perfect care of a peerless gardener, for his perfect garden.

From the front gate to the front entrance of the cottage were long wide borders of Clove Pinks—red and white—of unusual perfection. The more modern Carnation was then unknown.

Outside these borders at intervals along the way, every variety of the roses of the time, bloomed in their season. The "Giant of Battle" The "Red Velvet Rose," and the "Safrano," with its rich cream color and exquisite perfume, the only Tea Rose then cultivated, and last but not least, the "Castilian Rose," sweetest of all, and truest in rose fragrance. Lilacs purple, white and lavender, were in

every corner of the garden and beds of "Sweet William," "Mignonette," "Marigolds," and "Snap Dragons" bloomed in profusion.

"Rose Geranium," and all the then known varieties of the "Washington Geranium," were there and "Lemon Verbena, and "Oleanders" were appropriately placed.

Over the veranda climbed "The Belle of Baltimore," a running rose mingled with "Madera Vine" "Honeysuckle" and "Jasmine."

To eyes young as my own, no field of "Ardath" blossoms could have been fairer, and the years have not robbed me of the passionate desire to feast them upon that most unusual, and marvelous thing, whose color and fragrance and exquisite being, gave me my first discovery and gratification of the sense of beauty. Because I have known and remembered Mrs. Derrick's garden I understand the words of ecclesiastes when they say:

"That which hath been, is now; and that which is to be, hath already been:—and God requireth that which is past."

It has been to me a wonderful satisfaction and the inspiration of many things.

The little child, Kate, that in the heart-hunger of those earlier years, I almost envied her environments, has long since sat in darkness, for she is blind, and tragic sorrow has touched her life. Mr. Derrick is long since dead.

In a far away Mendocino valley lies the lonely dust of the beautiful woman, who in that early time dwelt in a beautiful garden, and whose taste and desire for the fairer things of life, gave me my first revelation of the beautiful, where my dreams, and desires for the intangible and spiritual, were first made incarnate, in Mrs. Derrick's garden.



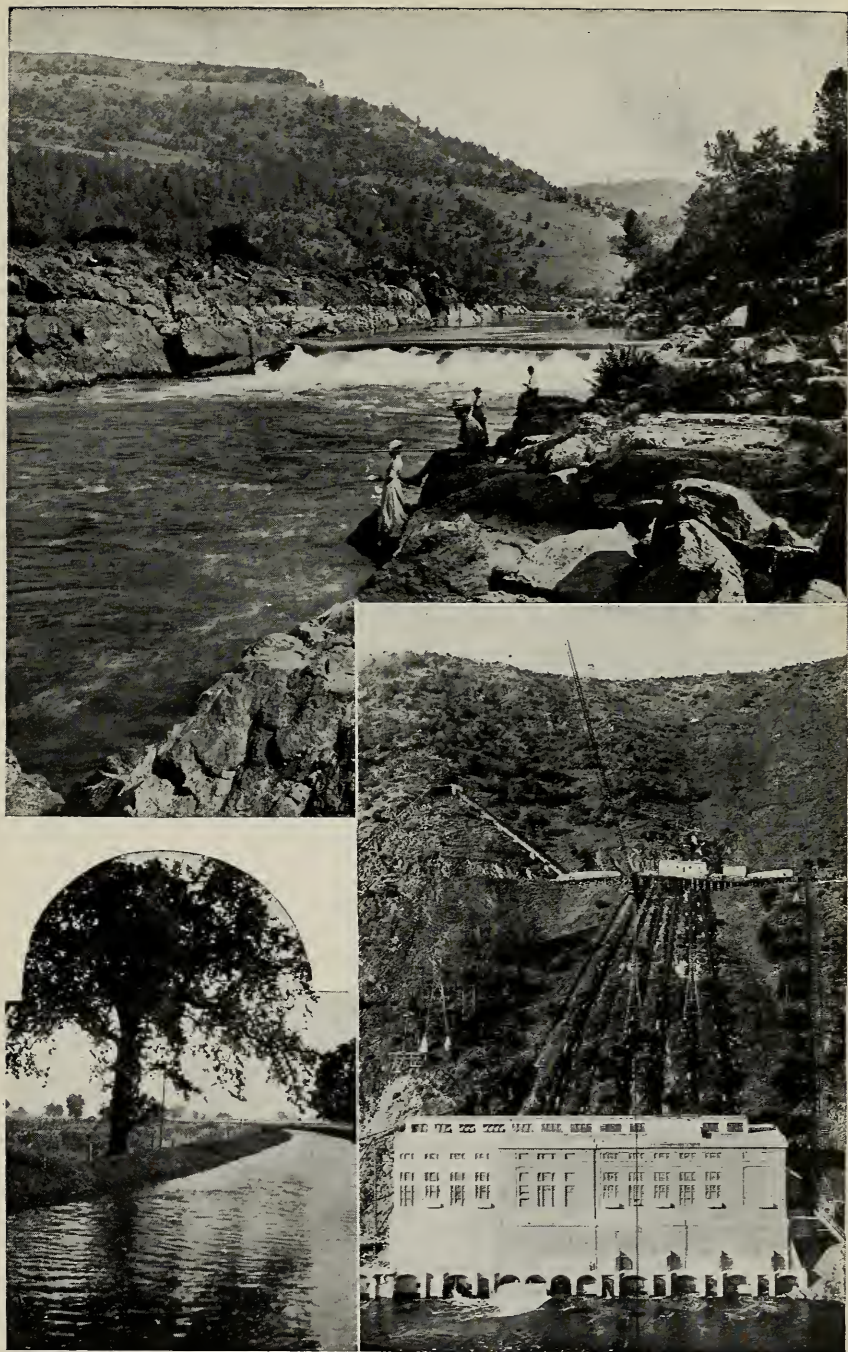
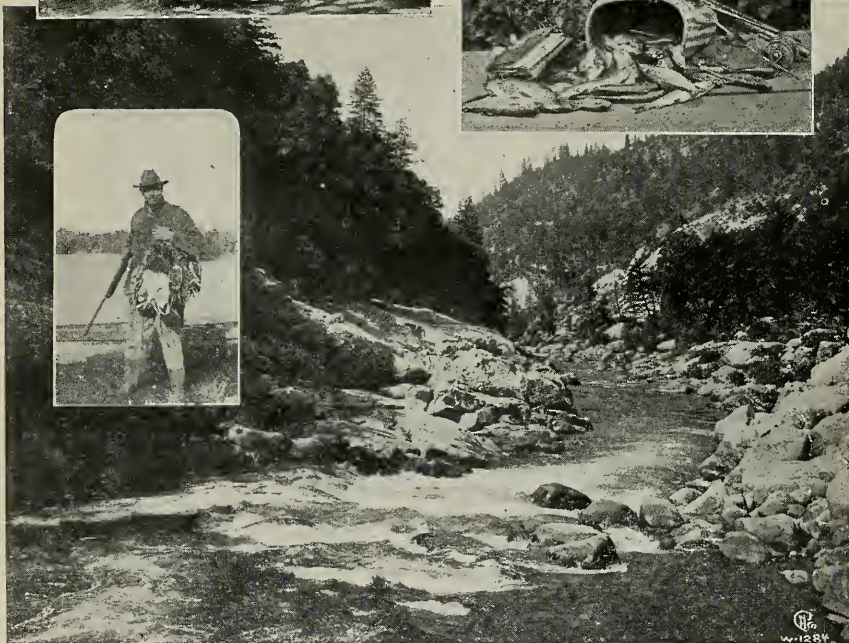
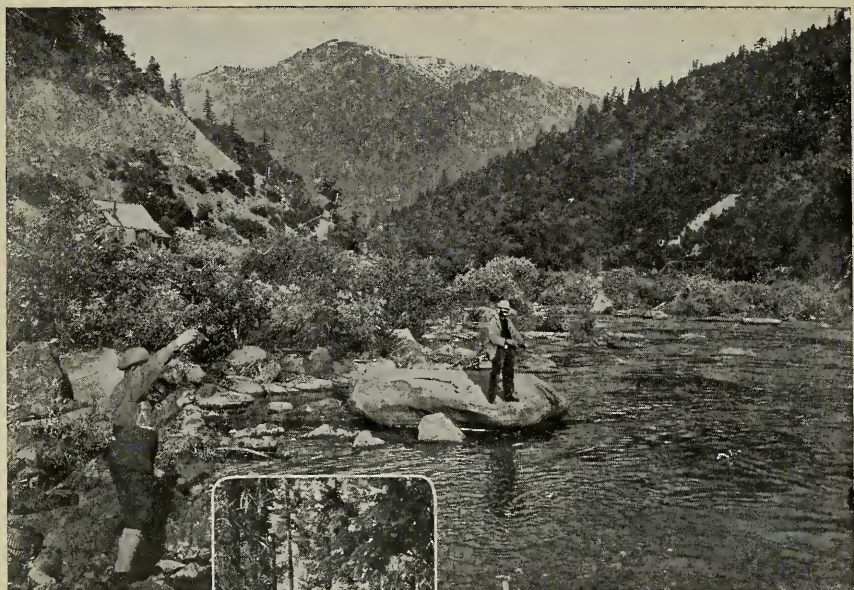


Table Mountain and Scenes in Butte



W1284

Out of Doors in Butte



"Thou shalt renounce, thou shalt renounce, that is the eternal song rung in our ears, which our whole life long, gray Time is hoarsely singing to us."—Goethe.

OLD LETTERS

Department of State
STATE OF CALIFORNIA
Sacramento

William C. Hendricks, Sec'y of State
H. B. Davidson, Deputy

May 18, 1890

My Dear Friend of a Family of Friends.

Mrs. Anna M. Reed:

Through your favor of the 25th ult., enclosing news paper slips and cuts of yourself, I was much pleased to hear once more directly from you. I was feeling that time with forgetfulness on its wings had worn my name from the tablets of your memory, but found pleasant

relief to the contrary in yours as above.

A peculiar combination of causes has prevented more prompt acknowledgement. My deputy's wife died about the time of the reception of your letter. Two other clerks were called out of office on account of sickness. I had an old engagement to attend the celebration of the unveiling of the Marshall Monument at Coloma. Immediately on

return from the unveiling I was called to Oakland and San Francisco. While I have been unusually and excessively busy, when at home, yet that which I suppose has most tended to break up good intentions of promptness, and promoted procrastination, was the fact that I knew I had some where among old scraps, a description of the Butte Table Mountains, answering as fully as I could, all the questions you ask, perhaps giving other facts that might be of interest for you. The thought to write you has been in numberless instances consumed in hunting for that paper and then other causes would intervene to swell the gaps between good intents.

In looking for the above, I found an old mine report from which you may perhaps cull a portion of what you want. I have no use for it, and after you look it over please destroy. Owing principally to the difficulty between the farmers and the miners, on top of natural difficulty, our enterprise (Morris' Ravine Mine) was an entire failure and the property all went to the creditors. I being one of them have still a pretty considerable interest, and will try (am trying) to put it in shape to realize. I started to copy from the enclosed report such parts as I thought you might desire, but concluded best to send you all to look at and destroy.

The Morris' Ravine Co., and myself personally own more of the surface of North Table Mountain than any others perhaps. The mountain is only valuable for grazing on top, and its probable mineral wealth underlying the surface—comparatively little mining is going on at either end. At the upper end,

Cherokee, the bed rock falls away from them towards Morris' Ravine, at the lower end, where nothing is doing except by individual, straggling miners, since our company quit. I fear that mining at Cherokee (the upper end) is on its last legs, principally because the bed-rock is falling from them and you are miner enough to know that working down hill is "up hill work" in mining.

Morris' Ravine though quite dead now, will some day be the scene of wonderful mining results; because the gold is concentrated in heavy leads on or near a bed-rock rising constantly ahead clear through Cherokee Flat, where the rock is several hundred feet higher than at Morris' Ravine—a natural outlet for drift as well as hydraulic mining in the past.

I do not know anything about the Oro Fino Mine, but do know that nearly if not all the old mines and mining companies about Cherokee were merged in and became a portion of the Cherokee or Spring Valley Mine. By actual level by myself the lower point of North Table mountain—over the Monte de Oro Mine is 1100 feet above Feather River, and the upper end over Cherokee, is at least 200 or 300 feet higher. As I say in enclosed report I estimate average width of mountain at $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles, which I now feel is rather over than under and on farther reflection I do not think it is. The volcanic cap-rock with all the underlying strata commence at Nothing on the Oregon Gulch—north east side—swelling wedge shape to from one to in

some instances, several hundred feet on the south west.

When I (we) arrived in Ukiah, with the Grangers I was much disappointed not to meet you and saddened to learn of your misfortunes by fire. I had missed seeing an account of the fire in the papers and only learned of it at Ukiah—Saw Mr. Seawell and other friends there, but did not see Senator Yell.

At the Marshall Monument Celebration I met with a rather remarkable coincidence connected with you and your name. A poetess named

Mrs. Anna Reed read a poem. Her husband's name is John and they came to this state from Iowa and I think the same year you did. Sorry you have gotten so far up from my connection. Am afraid I will not meet you any more. Send with this a paper prepared before hand for the Marshall Celebration, which may interest you; and another containing remarks I did not read upon that occasion. I have written under many interruptions—be charitable. In lengthy haste sincerely your friend,
W. C. Hendricks.

SPRING VALLEY MINING AND IRRIGATING COMPANY

Location of Mine, Cherokee, Butte County

R. Abbey, President
Louis Glass, Secy.

Cherokee, December 26, 1879

My Dear Mrs. Reed:

I am ashamed to return this paper with so scanty a list, but nearly all the old residents have gone from Cherokee—some to the grave yard on the hill, others to younger and more prosperous mining camps—and in their places have come a host of laborers who are not literary in their tastes.

I hope you may obtain a sufficient number of subscribers to warrant the publication of your book, and also that it may contain your little poem of long ago "Dreaming Among the Flowers" which floats dreamily in my memory whenever I hear your name.

With pleasant recollections of years gone by, I am respectfully your friend,
Louis Glass

Cherokee, Nov. 1880

Mrs. Anna M. Reed:
Ukiah, California,

You must pardon my negligence. I obtained the inclosed postal order a month ago and thought I had sent it, but find it still here and fear you will think I am to say the least—not punctual.

Mrs. McDanel lives in Oakland—All the old people have gone from Cherokee—some to better futures elsewhere and some to the grave yard over the hill. You probably know the whole mining interest of the place has been gathered into single hand, and sold to a company in New York.

Of course I received the books, and can only say I am proud that I had once known the author.

Respectfully and hurriedly yours,
Louis Glass

Bidwells Bar, February 9, 1891

To Mrs. John S. Reed:
Laytonville, Mendocino County, California.

The Bidwell's Bar orange tree was raised from the seed of an orange that came from Acapulco, Mexico, by Jesse or John Morrill, Sacramento, 1855. Five dollars was paid for it, and it was in a ten inch plant tub. It came here in March 1859, was transplanted in very rich ground. The first year of bearing was 1865, ten years old, 56 inches in circumference 6 inches above the ground, and is forty-two years old this Spring.

Office of

LEON D. FREER

District Attorney, Butte Co., Cal

Oroville, Cal., Jan. 21 1880

Mrs. Reed:

x

Dear Madam,

Mother requests me to write you and tell you that she was badly hurt by being thrown from a buggy some three years ago and has been very nervous ever since and not able to write or she would have answered your letter before this.

She is now on crutches and it is hard to tell when she will be able to walk without them.

She may have some of her friends sign your subscription list, she will do the best of her ability.

When you can find it convenient take the children and come over and make us a visit.

Love from all to all, sincerely yours,

Louis Freer

P. S. Mother says be sure and come.

Reardan & Freer
Attorneys at Law

Oroville, Butte County, Cal.

April 29, 1882

Mrs. Anna M. Reed—

Dear Madam:

Sometime since I had the unexpected pleasure of receiving in book form, (because I was not aware they were in print) a volume of your poems, and to you I presume I owe my thanks for the welcome surprise,

A pressure of Court trials at that time, and for the last four weeks, my confinement to the "Great House," has prevented a more prompt acknowledgement. In perusing its very interesting contents, I came upon the well remembered lines: "The world has said that Cleon cares not for gold or fame, He loves his dogs and hunting horn, The cup and the social game."

I hope to be in Ukiah, this year, sometime and hope to renew the pleasureable acquaintance of "Auld Lang Syne."

I send you herewith a cut of the "Great House," now my property one of "Cleon" and an extract from the "Oakland Mirror, that you may compare them, with the above quotation.

With kind regards to yours and yourself and hoping you are in the enjoyment of good health and prosperity, permit me to remain,

Yours obeid'

L. D. Freer

Edna Poppe Cooper

"Death is the opening—and the closing—of a Door."

Like a ray of light and love, on a wandering perfumed wind, that rippled over the flowers of May, she has slipped across the threshold of June, into a silence where none may follow, until the "Door" opens for those she left behind.

Gifted, young and beautiful, we shall not see her like again. But her songs are left, to echo always in the hearts she loved. "With God," is one of her last and best, and a message of comfort for all who knew her.

WITH GOD

By Edna Poppe Cooper



I saw a gold and a crimson glow
In the western sky afar;
And I saw a pillar of cloud move
slow

In the way of a silver star.

Oh, it seemed that I stood with my
soul alone

On a path where the angels had trod;
And the reason it all so wonderful
seemed---

I was up on the hill with God.

I lifted a shamed and a broken heart
From the byways of strife and sin;
And I led one on up to the heights
with me

For a glimpse of the great within.
And the reason my whispers of love
and peace

Were as seed on a fruitful sod---
I had broken the pride that had chained
my soul---

I was up on the hill with God.

And here, where the lowliest hearts
find peace,

Is Heaven enough for me---

Nor strive I from sorrow to seek release
With a promise of things to be;

For life is all beauty and love is law---

And Faith is the healing rod---

The Now is the Heaven long waited
for---

I am up on the hill with God.

The Oldest Olive Mill

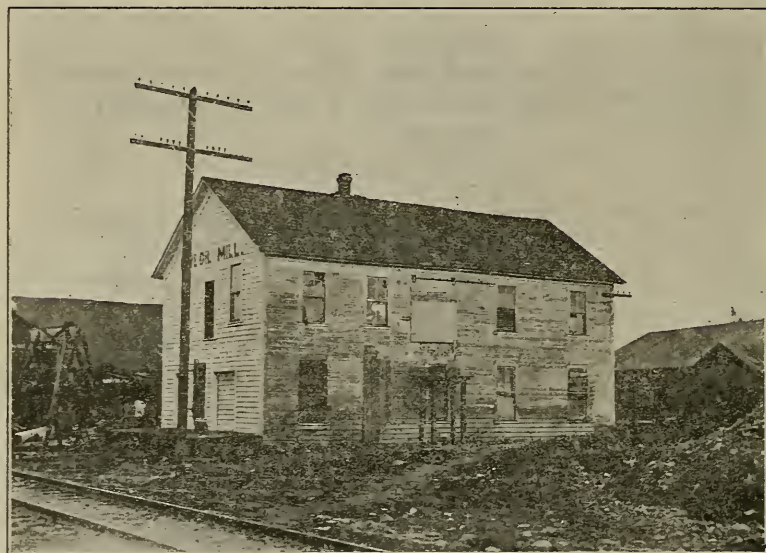
in Northern California

The original and oldest olive mill in Northern California, situated at Oroville, is now owned by J. C. Martin, of San Francisco and his business associates.

St. Louis Expositions, and in many other exhibits, as their numerous medals and trophies attest.

It is to be regretted that the business founded by Adolph Ekman, a Swedish gentleman, of great fore-

We present with this and exter-



ior and interior view of the plant. It was established in 1893, by Ekman and Stowe, whose "E & S" brand of Olive Oil, was famous the world over.

sight, and an assayest and druggist of national reputation, should have passed from the hands of the original management. But the death of Mr. Ekman, seemed to make it

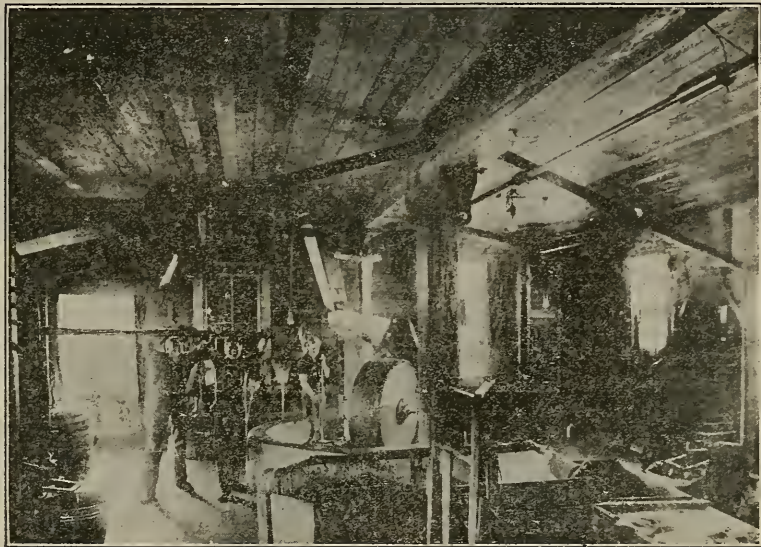
It took the prize at the Paris and

necessary that it should revert to

other ownership. But the plant still stands a mute and unique witness to the judgement and foresight of its founder. And the forerunner of a giant industry that is giving Oroville an enviable fame as the

center of the production of the world's best olive oil.

The capacity of the several plants now established there, with all the more modern appliances, is about 150,000 gallons of olive oil annually.

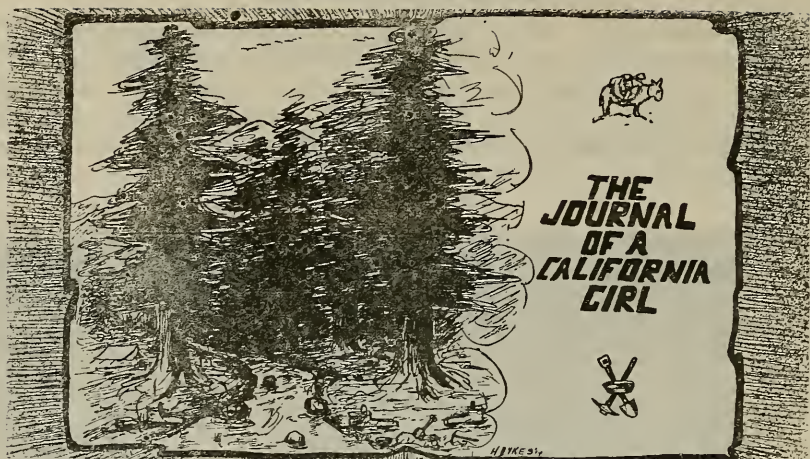


CALL ME NOT

By Anna M. Reed



all not, as in those days forsaken,
 For senseless dust again would
 waken,
 Do not grieve that I'm asleep,
 Hearts are hopeless that despair,
 Stand not at my head or feet,
 I would know that you were there.
 I have learned beyond the pale
 Of your world; the worth of things,
 Butterfly and blossoming,
 And the birdsong of the springs,
 Love is wondrous here — and there---
 Love is all that is worth while,
 Knowing love is best of all,
 I would waken at your call.



Continued from last Issue

May 17, 1871. Went to the picnic today. In the afternoon Will Vineyard came after me and took me to Hulings. Wally Huling, Sarah Atwood, Will Vineyard and myself attended the party in Smith's hall in the evening.

[From May 17th to July 16th find no entry in the "Journal of a California Girl," except that on the 16th of June she sent to her aunt Mary Morrison the sum of \$50.00, and to her father \$20.00, and find that her earnings lecturing in May were \$39.12½. Those in June \$216 25. To July 16, 1871, \$182.62½—Editor.]

July 16th. Traveled from the Mountain House to Camptonville, then took a saddle horse and went to Brandy City. Addressed a temperance meeting for the benefit of the Orphan's Home Fund. Gave \$10.00 to the cause. Sent \$30.00 to Aunt Mary at Oroville. Have paid her nearly all that she loaned me to help pay for Dreamland Home.

Monday, July 17th. Came from Brandy City to Indian Hill and lectured in the evening. Collection \$10.35. Had a good think going over by myself.

Tuesday. Came on horseback to Camptonville. Flew around and made my arrangements and came to the Mountain House. Had telegraphed for a conveyance, which met me and brought me to Alleghany Town, where I am very tired as I covered much ground today.

Wednesday. Today I am resting to be in trim to speak tonight. I feel weary and worn by the travel in the heat of summer. My collection on Wednesday evening was \$18.50.

Thursday July 20th. Came over to Forest Hill today with Mr. Plummer. Spoke in the evening. Collection \$9.75.

Friday. Came to Pike City—lectured. Collection \$13.00. Spoke again on the 22nd. Collected \$7.75.

Sunday. Came back to Camptonville, went to church in the evening with Ben Hugg. Sent \$10.00 home.

Monday. Mrs. Napier, Ellen Sharp and myself went up to the photograph gallery to have our pictures taken. Had a glorious time. This afternoon at sundown, Tom and I went out to the orchard and had a

good talk. Later went up to Variels to get Amy.

Tuesday. This morning said goodbye to Camptonville and all my dear friends there. Came on to San Juan and spoke in the evening. Collection \$7.25.

Wednesday. Came to dear old Moore's Flat. All glad to see me, but oh! how much I miss my dear old friend, who lies asleep on the hillside. The last words he ever


said to me were "God bless you," and they follow and bless me, even now, when the lips from which they fell, are cold and still. One after another those that I have called "friend" are going over the threshold, and they leave me lonely—so lonely—only God knows. If I could only be at rest—but where is it found? The whip of care and responsibility still drives me on, and will for many days.



Fall River Falls

EDITORIAL

BY ANNA M. REED

“ HAT I have been, I am, in principle and character, and what I am I hope to continue to be. Circumstances or opponents may triumph over my fortunes, but they will not triumph over my temper or my self-respect.”—Daniel Webster.



Vote at the Primaries

— For —

ANNA M. REED

Candidate for the

ASSEMBLY

From the Sixth District

— If my name is not on your ballot, write it in. —

That all may understand my attitude in regard to the Sheppard Amendment, and also Temperance and Prohibition I have this to say: Being the author of the first Local Option Bill ever passed in California, all people of intelligence must know that I believe in the just regulation of the Retail Liquor Traffic. But not in confiscation without compensation for actual loss. Am opposed to all drastic Prohibition law for California, as it would ruin the Grape and Hop industry and bring undeserved hardships. In all of this I stand upon economic principle, as opposed to hysterical sentiment, and common sense as opposed to prejudice, hypocrisy and fanaticism. I am the only genuine Temperance candidate for the Assembly that the 6th District has ever had. Believing that I am a Christian, and knowing that I am an American, I can take no other stand.

Anna M. Reed

Editor Times:—

I have known Mrs. Anna Morrison Reed for over thirty years. I have watched her career during all of these years, and as I read some of the things appearing in the Times. I recall some of the many noble deeds she has done in our midst.

Some thirty years ago a poor old man was arrested and convicted on circumstantial evidence and sentenced to be hung. Mrs. Reed, believing that there was a miscarriage of justice, circulated a petition, carried it to the governor, and secured the old man's pardon. It turned out afterwards that the man was not guilty. The wife of the dead man, whose false testimony convicted the old man, confessed that she and not the old man killed her husband.

When Mrs. Reed was prosperous, she helped the poor and needy with

clothing, food, money, cheer and comfort. She has been generous toward public institutions, and helped the public every way she could. She gave of her means and time to get the railroad into Mendocino county. She gave entertainments, held public meetings, and vigorously promoted the enterprise.

To my way of thinking, Mrs Reed would make a very fine representative of Mendocino county. She is fearless, a fighter for what she thinks is right, a woman of wide experience in matters of public weal, she has been loyal to this county in every way possible. I predict that the people will express their gratitude to this brilliant, conscientious, progressive and devoted citizen, by giving her an over-whelming vote in the August primaries.

—Ukiah Times

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

EMMET DONOHUE

Candidate for ASSESSOR

Subject to the Decision of the Voters at the August Primaries. Primary Election, Tuesday, August 27, 1918.

Joe Weselsky

Candidate for CONSTABLE

Subject to the Decision of the Voters at the August Primaries. Primary Election, August 27, 1918.

C. C. Brewer

(Incumbent)

Candidate for CONSTABLE

Subject to the decision of the voters at the primaries. Primary election, August 27, 1918.

T. M. Cleland

Candidate for COUNTY TREASURER
Subject to the decision of the voters at the primaries. Primary election August 27, 1918.

Lee Cunningham

(Incumbent)

Candidate for TAX COLLECTOR

Subject to the decision of the voters at the primaries. Primary election August 27, 1918.

Hale Prather

(Incumbent)

Candidate for COUNTY CLERK

Subject to the decision of the voters at the primaries. Primary election August 27, 1918.

James R. Elder

(Incumbent)

Candidate for COUNTY RECORDER
Subject to the decision of the voters at the August primaries. Primary election August 27, 1918

Clair Smith

Candidate for COUNTY TREASURER
Subject to the decision of the voters at the primaries. Primary election August 27, 1918.

A. N. RAWLES

(Incumbent)

Candidate for

SUPERVISOR FIRST DISTRICT

Subject to the decision of the voters at the Primaries. Primary election, August 27, 1918.

HALE McCOWEN, JR.

(Incumbent)

Candidate for DISTRICT ATTORNEY
Subject to the decision of the voters at the Primaries. Primary election, August 27, 1918.

EDWARD G. BROWN

Candidate for SHERIFF

Subject to the decision of the voters at the Primaries. Primary election, August, 27, 1918.

Mrs. J. J. Mathews

(Incumbent)

Candidate for COUNTY AUDITOR
Subject to the decision of the voters at the primaries. Primary election August 27, 1918.

Mrs. Anna Porterfield

(Incumbent)

Candidate for COUNTY SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS

Subject to the decision of the voters at the primaries. Primary election August 27, 1918.

E. L. WILLIAMS

Candidate for

SUPERVISOR FIRST DISTRICT

Subject to the decision of the voters at the Primaries. Primary election, August 27, 1918.

R. L. CLEVELAND

Candidate for

CORONER AND

PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR

Subject to the decision of the voters at the Primaries. Primary election, August 27, 1918.

Transient Work a Specialty

PHONE 70-W

Ukiah Steam Laundry

BIRDIE J. KNUDSEN, Prop.

First-Class Finished Work

Rough Dry—Family Washing

Ukiah

California



MARIANA BERTOLA, M. D.
President, San Francisco District
C. F. W. C.

THE NORTHERN CROWN

"Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness"

VOL. VII

UKIAH, CAL., APRIL, 1920

NO. 9

San Francisco District Convention

C. F. W. C.

To Meet In Ukiah, California, April 15, 16, 17, 1920

Dr. Mariana Bertola, president of the San Francisco District, C. F. W. C., has set the date for the Northern District Convention for April 15, 16 and 17, 1920, to convene at Ukiah, California. The following is the announcement program:

Program

District officers, presidents of all Clubs in the district and district chairmen will make written reports. The presidents of the County Federations will report, and assist in presiding.

Speakers of note will address the Convention on the live topics of the day.

Miss Jennie Partridge,
Chairman.

Credentials

Credentials must be presented in person, duly signed by the president and secretary of the Club, to the Credentials Committee, which will be in session at the Convention on Thursday morning, April 15, 1920.

Mrs. W. J. Wright,
Chairman, 3779 25th St., S. F.

Mrs. W. L. D. Held,
Mrs. C. D. Flowers,
Mrs. J. J. Thomas.

Resolutions

All resolutions must be presented in writing, signed by the delegates of at least one Federated Club. All resolutions must be in the hands of the Committee by the close of the Thursday afternoon session. Resolutions of thanks may be presented later.

Miss M. B. Curry, Chairman,
616 Buchanan St., S. F.

Revision of Constitution

Article VIII, Section 1, shall be changed to read: The annual dues shall be ten cents per capita.

Mrs. Annie L. Barry,
Chairman.

Hotels

The Palace Hotel will be headquarters. Reservations must be made at once. Private homes will welcome guests. The Hotel Cecille will have rooms, but its dining room will be closed.

Rates, Palace Hotel

In Annex, which is steam heated:
Room with bath for two, \$2.50.
Room with bath for one, \$2.00.
Room without bath for two, \$2.00.
Room without bath for one, \$1.50.
Rates in the main part of the Palace Hotel:

Room for one without bath, \$1.25.
 Room for two without bath, \$1.75.
 Room for three without bath \$2.25
 Room for four without bath \$3.00.
 All meals 75 cents apiece.

Hotel Cecille Rates

Room with bath for two, \$3.00.
 Room with bath for one, \$1.75.
 Room without bath for two, \$1.75.
 Room without bath for one, \$1.25.

Mrs. Wm. Bromley,
 Chairman, Ukiah.
 Mrs. L. H. Foster.

Transportation

Trains for Ukiah from San Francisco leave at 7:15 a. m. and 3:15 p. m.

If over one hundred delegates are present, the round-trip fare will be \$4.86, provided the railroads are under U. S. control.

Mrs. Ernest Hawn,
 Chairman, Ukiah.
 Miss Doris Boggs.

Excursions

Friday afternoon the Local Board have arranged an automobile ride to Willits, where we will have lunch and the afternoon session will be held. The Local Board have planned an enjoyable time, full of interest every minute of the time.

Mrs. George Jamison,
 Chairman, Ukiah
 Mrs. F. T. Barker.

During the last year our aim has been to increase the strength of existing clubs. Membership has increased from five to two hundred per Club. A report on membership from each Club will be interesting and inspiring. The work done in Americanization, Child Welfare, Home Economics, in fact all of the departments will be reported. Delegates cannot afford to lose this opportunity to give and receive inspiration.

Let us consider the issues of the

day with calm sense, increasing a true comradeship and enabling us to carry home a greater and a better patriotism.

Mariana Bertola, M. D.,
 President, San Francisco
 District, C. F. W. C.

Officers

The officers of the San Francisco District are as follows:

President—Dr. Mariana Bertola, of San Francisco.

First Vice President—Miss Jennie Partridge of San Francisco.

Second Vice President—Mrs. Finlay Cook of Berkeley.

Corresponding Secretary — Mrs. Stanley Vernon Wilson of San Francisco.

Recording Secretary — Mrs. Herbert Whitton of Santa Rosa.

Auditor—Mrs. George Penniman of Santa Clara.

Treasurer—Mrs. H. M. Tenney of Watsonville.

Many fine speakers have been secured, including Mr. R. Justin Miller Assistant Executive Officer, State Commission of Immigration and Housing of California who will speak on "Problems of the Immigrant." As Americanization is one of the most important problems which the District has taken up during the past year, this subject will have a conspicuous place on the Convention program. Mrs. Edward J. Wales, president of the To Kalon Club of San Francisco, is chairman of Americanization in the San Francisco District. She has placed a home teacher in San Francisco in a district in which it is said every nationality except the Chinese and Japanese is represented. The home teacher's salary is paid out of the Alice Fredericks Memorial Fund for Americanization to which almost every Club in the District has contributed.

Child Welfare will also have an important place on the Convention program. Miss Florence Musto and Mrs. C. F. Lewis of San Francisco are the chairmen of this department and they will report the great work accomplished at the Child Welfare Week held in San Francisco under the auspices of the San Francisco District, March 23rd to 27th.

Other departments of the San Francisco District and the chairmen are as follows:

Art—Mrs. Edith Smith of San Francisco.

California History and Landmarks—Mrs. J. H. Andresen of Salinas.

Civics—Mrs. C. H. Godfrey of Burlingame.

Conservation—Miss Nellie Denman of Petaluma.

Country Life—Mrs. A. F. Thomas of Mill Valley.

Education—Miss Margaret Curry of San Francisco.

Home Economics—Prof. Mary Vail of Mills College.

Industrial and Social Conditions—Mrs. A. Stokes of San Francisco.

Legislation—Miss Gail Laughlin of San Francisco.

Literature—Dr. Anne Nicholson of San Francisco.

Music—Mrs. Hope Swinford of Santa Cruz.

Press—Alma S. Reed of San Francisco.

Public Health—Dr. H. Crabtree of San Francisco.

Federation Emblem and Extension—Mrs. J. McGinn of San Mateo.

Endowment—Mrs. Lizzie Fletcher of Blue Lake.

Indian Welfare—Mrs. J. C. Worthington of Hoopa.

International Relations—Mrs. J. Hildreth, Ukiah.

These will all make reports at the Convention.

The State President, Mrs. Aaron Schloss of Berkeley will address the Convention on Thursday evening, April 15th, and it is possible that Governor Stephens may speak the same evening if he can arrange to be present.

The president of each club will give a report. These reports will prove interesting and will throw out ideas from one club to another. There are almost one hundred clubs in the District. Fourteen counties are represented from Del Norte to Monterey.

There are four county Federations in the District—Humboldt, Marin, San Mateo and Santa Clara. Their presidents will speak at the Convention. The Humboldt County Federation has for its president Mrs. L. M. Eastburn of Eureka; Marin County's president is Mrs. Thomas Foley of Anselmo; San Mateo's president is Mrs. John M. Vickerson of Burlingame, and Santa Clara County's president is Mrs. F. H. Eastey of San Jose.

The State Board of Health hopes to send an exhibit to Ukiah during the Convention time. This exhibit will be in charge of Dr. H. T. Crabtree of San Francisco, Chairman of Public Health.



Spring In Carmel

By GEORGE STERLING

Not Published Before



'ER Carmel fields in springtime the sea-gulls follow the plow.
White, white wings on the blue above!
White were your brow and breast, O Love!
But I cannot see you now.
Tireless ever the Mission swallow
Dips to meadow and poppied hollow;
Well for her mate that he can follow,
As the buds are on the bough.

By the woods and waters of Carmel the lark is glad in the sun.
Harrow! Harrow! Music of God!
Near to your nest her feet have trod
Whose journeyings are done.
Sing, O lover! I cannot sing.
Wild and sad are the thoughts you bring.
Well for you are the skies of spring,
And to me all skies are one.

In the beautiful woods of Carmel an iris bends to the wind.
O thou far-off and sorrowful flower!
Rose that I found in a tragic hour!
Rose that I shall not find!
Petals that fell so soft and slowly,
Fragrant snows on the grasses lowly,
Gathered now would I call you holy
Ever to eyes once blind.

In the pine-sweet valley of Carmel the cream-cups scatter in foam.
Azures of early lupin there!
Now the wild lilac floods the air
Like a broken honey-comb.
So could the flowers of Paradise
Pour their souls to the moring skies;
So like a ghost your fragrance lies
On the path that once led home.

On the emerald hills of Carmel the spring and winter have met.
Here I find in a gentled spot
The frost of the wild forget-me-not,
And—I cannot forget.
Heart once light as the floating feather
Borne aloft in the sunny weather,
Spring and winter have come together—
Shall you and she meet yet?

On the rocks and beaches of Carmel the surf is mighty today.
Breaker and lifting billow call
To the high, blue Silence over all
With the word no heart can say.
Time-to-be, shall I hear it ever?
Time-that-is, with the hands that sever,
Cry all words but the dreadful "Never!"
And name of her far away!

March, 1919.



The Late
MRS. ALICE FREDERICKS
Former President San Francisco District
C. F. W. C.

Mrs. Derrick's Garden

(Republished by Request)

A Memory

By Anna M. Reed

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever:
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health and quiet breathing."
—Keats.

A flower garden in perfect taste, with perfect care, in an ideal location, supervised by a Parisian gardener, was an unusual and unique thing in the early fifties, among the mountain mines of California, yet one such there was, containing every choice rose and flower and shrub then known, and arranged with taste and skill, by the deft hands that had been busied by similar tasks for the fair ladies of the nobility of France, before the man Saurette had followed the fortunes of an adventurous and beloved son to this land of gold.

The garden was located at Oregon City, six miles from Oroville, on the top of a mound of rich black earth, that had been the site of an Indian "campoodie," and had been graded off for about 200 feet square where a picturesque cottage had been built for the occupancy of Mr. and Mrs. Derrick and their only daughter, Kate, a child of some six years of age at that time.

Mr. Derrick was the superintendent of several prosperous mines thereabout, in the gala days of the White and Nutter regime. Water from Oregon Gulch was raised by a hydraulic ram to capacious tanks, connected to one of the most ingenious and efficient pipe systems that was ever utilized in irrigation.

Perforated pipes were laid throughout the garden and by the turning of a wheel, each day at sundown, the whole garden was transformed into a fountain filled by fragrant bloom and crystal spray. Thus utility and beauty were combined in the perfect care of a peerless gardener, for his perfect garden.

From the front gate to the front entrance of the cottage were long wide borders of Clove Pinks—red and white—of unusual perfection. The more modern carnation was then unknown.

Outside these borders at intervals along the way, every variety of the roses of the time bloomed in their season. The "Giant of Battle," the "Red Velvet Rose," and the "Saffrano," with its rich cream color and exquisite perfume, the only Tea Rose then cultivated, and last but not least, the "Castilian Rose," sweetest of all, and truest in rose fragrance. Lilacs purple, white and lavender, were in every corner of the garden and beds of Sweet William, Mignonette, Marigolds and Snap Dragons bloomed in profusion.

Rose Geranium, and all the then known varieties of the Washington Geranium were there and Lemon Verbena and Oleanders were appropriately placed.

Over the veranda climbed "The Belle of Baltimore," a running rose mingled with Madera Vine, Honey-suckle and Jasmine.

To eyes young as my own, no field of Ardath blossoms could have been fairer, and the years have not robbed me of the passionate desire to feast them upon that unusual and marvelous thing, whose color and fragrance and exquisite being gave me my first discovery and gratification of the sense of beauty. Because I have known and remembered Mrs. Derrick's garden I understand the words of ecclesiastes when they say:

"That which hath been, is now; and that which is to be, hath already been—and God requireth that which is past."

It as been to me a wonderful sat-

isfaction and the inspiration of many things.

The little child, Kate, that in the heart-hunger of those earlier years I almost envied her environments, has long sat in darkness, for she is blind, and tragic sorrow has touched her life. Mr. Derrick is long since dead.

In a far away Mendocino valley lies the lonely dust of the beautiful woman, who in that early time, dwelt in a beautiful garden, and whose taste and desire for the fairer things of life gave me my first revelation of the beautiful, where my dreams and desires for the intangible and spiritual, were first made incarnate, in Mrs. Derrick's garden.



Memory

By IRA HUBERT SEFTON



YEAR ago to-day, Dear Heart,
You still were living, living,
And fighting on to do your part,
Without a dark misgiving;
But Death came in and stole away
The figment made of mortal clay,
And life became a yesterday,
But still our love is living.

Tomorrow I shall love and live
And sing, in spite of sorrow,
And give the flowers I used to give,
Ah, yes, I'll love tomorrow;
For Death can never take away,
The sacredness of yesterday,
The flowers that bloomed along our way,
For mem'ry is love's morrow.

March 21, 1920.





OLD LETTERS

CALIFORNIA MIDWINTER INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION

San Francisco, July 26, 1893

Mrs. Anna M. Reed,

Laytonville, Calif.,

Dear Madam:

You are doubtless aware that a Committee are busy at work endeavoring to raise a sufficient amount of money to create a sufficient interest to have a Midwinter Fair in this city, commencing next January and

continuing for six months. It seems as though success was almost sure.

I write to invite you to take an interest with us, and co-operate, not only in your own county, but in the State at large, and shall be pleased to learn your views upon the subject.

Hoping to hear a favorable response, I am,

Yours very respectfully,

ALEXANDER BADLAM,

Executive Secretary.

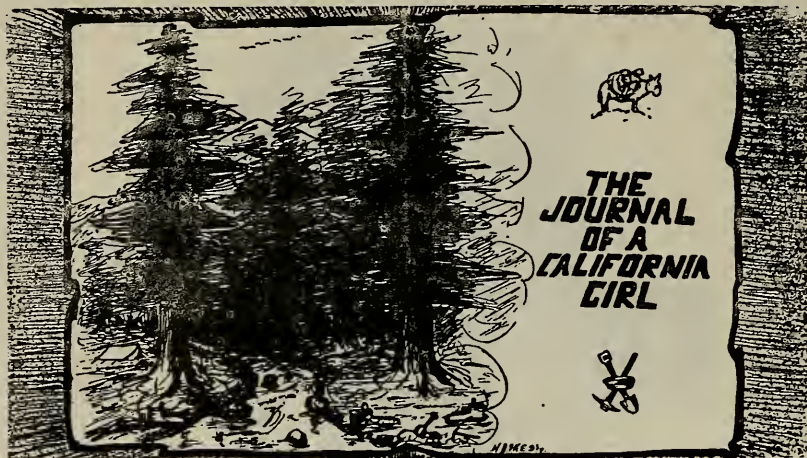
Last Night

By May S. Greenwood



LAST night the storm-wind breathed
your name;
The hissing tongues of silver flame
Touched the sea with a fleeting grace
I seemed, Beloved, to see your face.
You were so near, I seemed to hear
Your voice outside the window-pane
In speaking floods of silver rain. . . .
My heart throbbed with remembered pain
Dreaming that you were near again.





(Continued From Last Issue.)

Thursday, July 27, 1871.—Lectured tonight in the new Masonic Hall at Moore's Flat. It seems strange that I should lecture during both my visits here, in an unfinished hall.

After the lecture had a dance. Mr. Blackwell was my chairman at the meeting, and my partner at the dance. My collection was \$14.75.

Friday.—Lectured again this evening, had another dance. S. L. Blackwell again my partner. Collection \$13.25. This afternoon took a ride to Buck's orchard, and Snow Point. Had a spirit-strengthening time.

Such days live in the heart forever. They will cheer and bless us, when Life's winter chills our being with its storms.

The party this afternoon was composed of S. L. Blackwell, Anna M. Morrison, Frank Morrow, Mrs. McKinney and Ida Morrow.

Saturday.—Today Amy was quite sick. She still has malaria; I took care of her all day.

Sunday.—Today wrote all the forenoon. This afternoon went with a party of young folks over to Orleans

Flat. Later in the afternoon, Mr. Blackwell and myself, Amy and the little girls from the hotel, went to the graveyard, to visit Mr. Boody's grave. We stayed until after sundown. I lectured in the evening to a full house, collection \$14.25.

Monday.—Came by way of Lake City to Cherokee. Frank Henry brought us in a buggy as far as Lake City. Lectured tonight. Collection \$7.75.

Tuesday.—Lectured again at Cherokee. Collection \$3.00. A small place this time and my lecture was not advertised.

Wednesday.—A wagon-load of people went with Amy and I to Columbia Hill. After my lecture there was a dance, and after the dance we went back to Columbia Hill. My collection was \$8.75.

Thursday.—Have sewed all day, until 3 p. m. Then came down to San Juan.

Friday.—Ben Hugg came to San Juan after us, and took Amy and I to Camptonville. He came in a beautiful buggy, with a splendid team. I had promised to go with him to the

ball at the Armory in Camptonville. It was a fine party and I had a lovely time.

Saturday.—Had a good time today with my old friends here. Went to the photograph gallery this afternoon with Helen Sharp and Mrs. Nahor, and had some pictures taken.

Sunday.—Everybody came to see me today, to say good-bye. God bless old Camptonville, and all my friends, for I have true friends there. After dinner we started for Sweetland and arrived safely. I came to make ar-

rangements for my lecture here, on Monday.

Monday.—Went back to San Juan, and returned to Sweetland and lectured here tonight. Collection was \$12.75.

Tuesday.—Came to French Corral and went to political speaking; heard some of the candidates.

Wednesday.—Spoke at French Corral. Collection \$4.75.

Thursday.—Came home to Timbuctoo. Shall stay at home a few days; am tired.

(Continued in next issue.)



EDITORIAL

By ANNA M. REED



“WHAT I have been, I am, in principle and character, and what I am, I hope to continue to be. Circumstances or opponents may triumph over my fortunes but they will not triumph over my temper or my self-respect.”—Daniel Webster.

After months of silence, we are glad to greet the friends and readers of the Northern Crown once more. It is natural that those interested should wish to know why the magazine had not appeared, as usual, with comparative regularity.

Death—just death. The young man, Edwin P. Myers, who had been for several years foreman of the Northern Crown Publishing Company, and chief mechanical worker on the magazine, was stricken with sudden decline, and laying down the implements of his trade, passed through the Door that opens once for every one of us, and closes, not to open in this world again.

At the time of his passing, March 3, 1919, on account of recent war conditions, we could not fill the place that he had left vacant, but at last we have succeeded, and an efficient, capable young man, Robert Lee Stanleigh, has taken up the work where he left it, and we feel sure that the old friends of the publication will be glad to see it again.

The magazine was established in 1904. We intend to devote the last energies of our life to extending the circulation and the influence of the Northern Crown and will remain at our post, until we, too, shall lay down the burden of life, and pass over the threshold. You who care to read the message that we are trying to give to the world, help us by your appreciation of the effort, and if you are glad to see us back again in the active mission that is the expression of our intention, say so, by word or deed. It will help us and we will deserve your kindness, if faithful, fearless work can make deserving such a venture.

From April 12th to April 17th, a Wild Flower Show will be held at the Free Public Library, Ukiah, Calif., under the supervision of Mrs. Burrey, the librarian.

Flowers are the eyes of Spring—look into them, ye weary of Time!

If the pain and sorrow and tragedy of life have left you a single dream, look into them for refreshment and enjoy the vision while you may. They are the expression of the opulence and generosity of Nature. There is no selfishness or greed in inanimate things.

Earth shows her care for animate things in many ways—only by flowers can she show her love for her children, of that she has no other way of expression.

"Joy," the poet tells us, "is the mother of spring," and of joy has it not been said that there is "no more ancient God?"

What fitter symbol for the divine uplift of the year than flowers, and the birds whose ecstasy in song, makes the very word Spring an intoxication in our ears.

We have a Gaelic legend that the first word of God, spoken to the world, became a lark—the eternal joy translated into a moment's ecstasy.

It is but a symbol of the divine joy "That most ancient Breath—the spirit of whose least thought is creation, whose least motion is beauty—whose least glance is the eternal miracle, which we, seeing divinely and in the rhythmic rise of the long cadence of the hours, call by a word of outwelling—of measureless affluence—"The Spring."

Then "consider the lilies of the field, how they grow, for Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed as one of these."

The Physiognomist may read much of character, disposition, habits and lives from the faces of men.

But we would rather trust the testimony of the hands. Wise indeed are the fortune tellers who read the palm, for there is the index to every life - the record of its past and present, and possible future.

We are not dealing with the lily-fingered - the velvet hands of the idler and the adventurer in this article, for thank God, there are few such in our land today.

But we are thinking of the calloused, mis-shapen hands of the prematurely old, crippled and disfigured by the unequal conflict with the demons of iron and steel machinery with which they deal.

And the seamed and wrinkled and shrunken hands of the really old - shrivelled with long

hours and years of service, to the pitiless and strong. And we are reviewing the story of man's inhumanity to man, in the long hours of toil, of not only men and women, but of little children, warped in mind and body, fainting and failing at the unjust tasks imposed upon them by unnatural conditions, poverty and avarice.

Thinking of these things we realize the divine sympathy, the understanding and humility of the Christ when He washed the feet of His weary disciples. And supremely touched by that Divine love, one could kiss the twisted, calloused, blackened hands of the toilers of the world.

How will it be in that last great day, when the toilworn, battlescarred hands of a sin-cursed world, in a last appeal for justice are raised to God?



"Ecce Homo"

By Oscar Wilde.

The silver trumpet rang across the
Dome;
The people knelt upon the ground
with awe;
And borne upon the necks of men
I saw,
Like some Great God, the Holy Lord
of Rome.

Priest-like he wore a robe more
white than foam,
And, King-like, swathed himself in
royal red,
Three crowns of gold rose high up-
on his head,

In splendor and in light the Pope
passed home.

My heart stole back across wide
wastes of years,

To one who wandered by a lonely
sea;

And sought in vain for any place of
rest:

"Foxes have holes, and every bird
its nest,

I, only I, must wander wearily,
And bruise my feet, and drink wine
salt with tears."



"BUNCHED"

THE NORTHERN CROWN

"Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness"

VOL. VII

UKIAH, CAL., MAY, 1920

NO. 10

The Three Greatest Books

By Anna M. Reed

The three greatest books are the Bible, Webster's Dictionary and Shakespeare.

With these every vital truth may be learned, and expounded, and every variation, to express human principle, sentiment or passion, played on the gamut of language.

They should be in daily use, in every home of those who claim to be enlightened and civilized.

But where are these books found, if found at all, in the ordinary home?

The Bible, particularly if it is a family Bible and a large one, is in some inaccessible spot, in the most inconvenient bookcase, or carefully laid away in a closet, only to be "dug out," when a discussion as to the date of some marriage, birth or death is to be settled, or it is used as a sort of "piece de resistance" on the parlor table, carefully covered with a tidy.

The dictionary, unabridged and up-to-date, is a ponderous volume. Most families find a vest pocket edition more convenient.

So the young student who is preparing his thesis, or the "sweet girl graduate", who must write her valedictory, hie themselves to the public library, for access to the thing

that should be consulted by them, every day of their educational period and their closest and most intimate reference through their schoolastic days.

And Shakespeare—if a complete edition can be found in the ordinary home, it is usually carefully hidden from the "young folks," in the fear that some of the rising generation might read the poem of "Venus and Adonis."

If they are very young they could not understand it—if they are old enough to understand it, it will do them no harm. We all sooner or later must face knowledge. It is a very short sighted policy that hopes to keep the race virtuous through ignorance. "The only amaranthine flower on earth is virtue."

And the only soil in which it can live and survive, is **absolute truth**.

Knowledge of right and wrong is the only power that can hedge it about, and save it from the world's desecration.

"The Bible—written by its numerous authors during the space of fifteen hundred years, in the sands of Arabia, in the deserts of Judea, in the rustic schools of the prophetic, in the palaces of Babylon, in the

bosom of pantheism and its sad philosophy, the Bible comes to us the oldest offering of sanctified intellect, the highest effort of genius, the effusion of truth and nature, the overflowing of genuine feeling, the utterance of undisguised sentiments.

It is essential truth—the thoughts of heaven.

This volume was conceived in the councils of eternal mercy. It contains the wondrous story of redeeming love.

It blazes with the luster of Jehovah's glory.

It is calculated to soften the heart; to sanctify the affections; to elevate the soul.

It is adapted to pour the balm of heaven into the wounded heart; to cheer the dying hour; and to shed the light of immortality upon the darkness of the tomb."

In life or death, you cannot afford to do without it, or a constant reference to its precepts, or their practice in your daily life, for it is the only hope of the human race here—or hereafter.

"Shakespeare—was an intellectual ocean, whose waves touched all the shores of thought; within which were all the tides and waves of destiny and will, over which swept all the storms of fate, ambition and revenge; upon which fell the gloom and darkness of despair and death, and the sunlight of content and love, and within which was the inverted sky lit with the eternal stars—an intellectual ocean, toward which all rivers ran and from which the

island continents of thought receive their dew and rain."

So says Robert Ingersoll, and so thinks every intelligent reader of the works of the greatest single intellect this world has ever produced.

"The Dictionary—Here is the treasury of all the practical information necessary to an English speaking world.

If everyone who wishes a practical education, would take each day, five, three—or even one word from Webster's dictionary, learn to spell it—its derivation, look up its uses and the place it fills in intelligent expression at the end of school-going, grammar, high and university, we would have scholars with minds filled with general knowledge and much better spellers and grammarians, than those institutions now turn out.

It is not too much to say, that with the exception of the higher branches of the science of mathematics, a perfect practical education can be secured through a complete edition of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary.

So in the opinion of the writer, the three greatest books in the world are the Bible—Shakespeare and Webster's Dictionary.

They contain all the knowledge necessary for the sane demands and uses of life.

To go beyond them is only to specialize and add to the confusion of understanding, for "of making books there is no end, and much learning is a weariness of the flesh."



The Iris-Hills

From the Dramatic Poem "Rosamund"

By GEORGE STERLING

Up to the hills of iris, we two went yearning.

O youth and youth's heart burning!

O winds of Spring!

Far on the hills of iris two lay forgetful.

O kisses unregretful!

O joy of Spring!

Down from the hills of iris we wandered slowly.

O lilies crushed and lowly!

O tears of Spring.



Report of Anna M. Reed

Representing the P. C. W. P. A. Before the San Francisco District Convention, C. F. W. C., at Ukiah, April, 1920

Published By Request

Madam President, officers and members of this assembly:

Through the courtesy of my dear friend, Mrs. Emmeline North-Whitcomb, and the kindness of Ina B. Weston, president of the Pacific Coast Women's Press Association, I have been delegated to represent that organization in a report to this convention.

I shall do what I can for the honor that has come suddenly and unexpectedly upon me. Notwithstanding the fact that I have not met with our association for more than a year—a year in which I have borne sorrow, in the loss of my nephew—my foster son—closely associated with me in my business life for a number of years—and a year in which I have been bound to the editorial desk of the *Times-Journal*, a local paper, like a galley slave, with a pencil in my hand in place of an oar.

These strenuous things have taken all the time that old Father Time has allowed me, and all the effort of which I was capable.

The Pacific Coast Women's Press Association—the first strictly literary organization formed by the women of the Pacific coast, was founded in October, 1890, so we have long passed our majority and are 30 years of age. Our motto is "Superior to Adversity—Equal to Prosperity," and believe me, we are just that, every one of us. Our colors are gold and white, our emblem the State flower, the Golden Poppy.

We were the first woman's club

in California to send delegates East. We are affiliated with the "London Society of Woman Journalists," "The International League of Press Clubs," "The General Federation of Women's Clubs," and "The State Federation."

Many noble characters and gifted souls were among the founders of the association. Ina D. Coolbrith. Mrs. P. T. Dickinson, Nellie Blessing Eyster, our first president; Frances Fuller Victor, Mrs. Theodore T. Hittell, who was instrumental in organizing the Silk Culture Association, introducing silk culture into California; Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper, who won a national reputation in religious and educational work, and was the mother of the kindergartens of this coast; Miss Augusta Friedrich now Mrs. Borle; Mrs. W. K. Stringer; Emily Brown Powell, our second president; Alice Kingsbury Cooley, actress, author and the mother of twelve children; Laura Young Pinney; Emma Gregory, editor and author; Josephine Clifford McCracken; Mrs. Lemmon, wife of Prof. J. G. Lemmon; Mrs. Julia F. Churchill; Charlotte Perkins Stetson, who now has another name, but a difference in names will never rob her of her wonderful personality; Mary V. Tingley Lawrence, the "Riding-Hood of the "Sacramento Union"; Rose O'Halloran, the distinguished astronomer; and last, but not least, our inimitable Emmeline North-Whitcomb, who is with us today, for-

merly editor of The Searchlight and The Golden Arrow.

But we must give credit to Emilie Tracey Parkhurst, daughter of the late John Sweet, pioneer educator, as the original founder, in forethought and fact, of our Pacific Coast Women's Press Association. She brought the women journalists and writers of California together, and organized them into a working body.

A little later, in the fulfillment of woman's highest and holiest mission, she died; and went on to better things, where the pure in heart shall see God, passing the Torch of Life to the little daughter who survived her. Fragile, and with a mentality almost spiritual, she could not stay to see the later perfection of the work she loved and planned so well, but the "touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still" has influenced the many gifted and gracious women who have since presided over the destiny of our association.

We number more than 300 women, with nine life members, all of whom are presumed to do valuable work, with the pen, brush or pencil.

Any woman, a resident of the Pacific Coast, who is professionally or otherwise engaged in journalistic work, a composer of literature or music, or an illustrator for the public press, is eligible for membership.

We meet the second and fourth Mondays of each month, except June, July and August, at the Sequoia Club Building, 1725 Washington Street, San Francisco. At all of the meetings, programs of vital interest are presented. National celebrities in literature and music often appear.

At the meeting of April 12th. Congressman William Kent was scheduled to make a plea for the "Saving of the Redwoods," and on

next Monday week, April 26th, there will be an executive meeting, and a program at 2:30 p. m., under the direction of Mrs. N. Lawrence Nelson.

A new feature has been added to other things of interest during this season, in the reading and discussion of original manuscripts, our critic being Emma Maxwell Burke, a new and brilliant member, who has been formerly an editor of a popular Chicago magazine. This reading and criticism of original work is very helpful and educational as the criticism of a disinterested friend is often more valuable than the praises of an indifferent critic.

The Pacific Coast Women's Press Association occupies a unique and important place in the literary annals of our time, and is a force and an inspiration in the world of letters.

Madam President: It does not seem that I can close this report without a more intimate word to these dear women here. Last November, I announced at some length in the paper that I was then conducting, that in April a council of wonderful women would convene in Ukiah. And I wish to tell you how sincerely I feel that the statement has been fully justified.

This gathering of the representative women of the state is very significant—especially to me, for I have been a "trail breaker" for those who have come after, going upon the public platform and traveling over the length and breadth of Northern California when I was but fifteen years of age. And for a long time, I was the only woman speaker of the West.

When one has lived past the half century mark, hastening on, by the rapid methods of modern transportation, towards the three-quarter limit, they must know something.

Not because they are especially smart, but because they can't help it. I have seen the barriers of ignorance and prejudice swept away—I have witnessed the triumph of woman suffrage, which has given us nearly 10,000,000 women voters in these United States. And I tell you today that beautiful in person, gifted in intellect and independent in character, the woman of the future is coming to her own. You who are here today give proof of the triumph of her destiny. Many of you have fulfilled every task and duty of a woman's life, have presided with perfect efficiency, or are still presiding, over beautiful homes—the only real “comfort sta-

tions” between earth and heaven. Yet in such organizations as you represent, you are giving proof that there is no distinction between human beings, except merit, and intellect, and that these, in this age, are not restricted by sex or condition.

It was a wonderful day for Ukiah that brought you here, laden with the rich treasure of the thought and experience of your lives, of which you have given freely. Your stay here has been like a benediction, and so, in this life of brief greetings and farewells, I bid you God-speed on the highway of the progress of civilization.

I thank you.



Revelry of the Doomed

[The following poem, written by Capt. Dobney of the Royal Bengal Fusileers, appeared originally in the St. Helena "Magazine." It relates to the early service of English officers in India when the army was mowed down by pestilence.]

We meet 'neath the sounding rafter,
And the walls around us are bare,
As they shout to our peals of laughter

It seems that the dead are there.
But stand to your glasses, steady!
We drink to our comrades' eyes;
Quaff a cup to the dead already,
And hurrah! for the next that dies.

Not here are the goblets glowing.
Not here is the vintage sweet,
'Tis cold as our hearts are growing,
And dark as the doom we meet.
But stand to your glasses steady!
And soon shall our pulses rise;
A cup to the dead already!
Hurrah! for the next that dies.

Not a sigh for the lot that darkles,
Not a tear for the friends that sink,
We'll fall 'midst the wine-cup's sparkles,
As mute as the wine we drink.
So stand to your glasses steady!
'Tis this that the respite buys;
One cup to the dead already!
Hurrah! for the next that dies.

Time was when we frowned at others—
We thought we were wiser then;
Ha! ha! let them think of their mothers
Who hope to see them again!
No! stand to your glasses steady!

The thoughtless are here the wise;
A cup to the dead already!
Hurrah! for the next that dies.

There's many a hand that's shaking,
There's many a cheek that's sunk,
But soon, though our hearts are breaking,
They'll burn with the wine we've drunk.

So, stand to your glasses steady!
'Tis here the revival lies;
A cup to the dead already!
Hurrah! for the next that dies.

There's a mist on the glass congealing,
'Tis the hurricane's fiery breath,
And thus doth the warmth of feeling
Turn ice in the grasp of death.
Ho! stand to your glasses steady!
For a moment the vapor flies;
A cup to the dead already!
Hurrah! for the next that dies.

Who dreads to the dust returning?
Who shrinks from the sable shore?
Where the high and haughty yearning
Of the soul shall sting no more.
No! stand to your glasses, steady!
The world is a world of lies;
A cup to the dead already!
Hurrah! for the next that dies.

Cut off from the land that bore us,
Betrayed by the land we find,
Where the brightest have gone before us,
And the dullest remain behind.
Stand! stand to your glasses steady!
'Tis all we have left to prize;
A cup to the dead already!
And hurrah for the next that dies.

Chautauqua

Dedicated to Those Who Would Impose a License for Its Appearance

By Anna M. Reed

The Chautauqua is not a show, but a travelling university, bringing to our doors the highest message from the world of music and literature.. It would be as reasonable to impose upon the teachers in our public schools a license for performing their educational duties as to tax Chautauqua. We tax the people to pay our teachers—we should tax the people to pay the Chautauqua. The Chautauqua is not a display, it is an instruction. It brings to the aspiring boy or girl, man or woman, of ordinary or meager opportunities, a mental and moral stimulation, that has filled many a starving heart and mind.

It was instituted as an assembly, at Chautauqua, N. Y., in August, 1874. Founded by men of sterling worth and knowledge, its very beginning was a profound effort in the uplift of the world. It fills a unique place in the annals of learning. The plan originated with Lewis Miller of Akron, Ohio, and the Rev. John H. Vincent of New York—the Bishop Vincent who recently died. From the beginning the importance of re-creative exercise and lectures of a general character has been recognized. Its principle is based upon the theory

that change of occupation, not idleness, is true recreation.

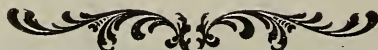
No one article could review the wonders of the work that it has done. Consult your encyclopaedias and other books of reference, that give it an honored place, and learn.

The fields from which it gathers its fruit of knowledge have greatly expanded. Its staff of instructors number nearly 300 men and women, prominent in all departments of educational life. Every year, at least one well known British scholar is induced to come across the Atlantic to lecture for the Chautauqua. Bearing the treasures of their years of learning and experience, such people come to our doors, laden with their priceless offerings.

None but the ignorant or depraved could begrudge to such people, the poor compensation of dollars and cents that is necessary to clothe and sustain them in the circle where they belong.

Once a great but unfortunate Irishman said: "None are so poor as those who know the price of everything—the value of nothing."

The Chautauqua will be in Ukiah June 1 to 7, 1920. Let us enjoy it and not count the cost.





OLD LETTERS

CALIFORNIA MIDWINTER INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION

San Francisco, Nov. 25, 1893.

Mrs. Anna Morrison Reed,
Laytonville, Calif.

Dear Madam:

I take pleasure in informing you that at a meeting of the Executive Committee of the California Midwinter International Exposition held on Nov. 17, 1893, you were selected and commissioned by said Board to lecture for, and work in the interest

of the State Mining Exhibit for the Midwinter Exposition.

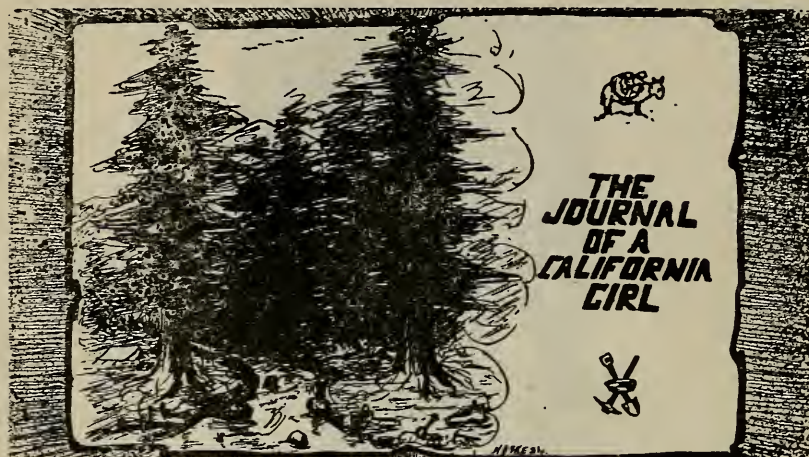
This complimentary appointment was made owing to your extraordinary energy and peculiar fitness for the duties of the position.

We bespeak for those with whom you will come in contact that they will find you a lady of refinement and culture and entirely reliable in every particular.

Yours very respectfully,

ALEXANDER BADLAM,

Executive Secretary.



(Continued From Last Issue.)

Monday, August 14.—I have ironed all day. Willie Vineyard came over for a while, and Sam Carnack also called.

Tuesday.—I am sick this morning, so Mother is packing for me.

Wednesday.—Came by stage today to Marysville. Amy is with me. Announced lecture in the District Court room for Monday next. Mr. Smith of The Marysville Standard called on me. Daly and Johnnie Sharp came up in the evening and Charlie Daugherty spent the evening with us.

Thursday.—Came to Knight's Landing today.

Friday. Lectured here to a good audience tonight. Collection \$8.75.

Saturday.—Spoke again. My collection was \$10.87.

Sunday.—Returned by train to Marysville. Mr. Metcalf was on board. I don't like him. Deceit speaks in his eyes and shows in his face. I don't like him, and never can, although he professes to greatly admire me.

This evening I was introduced to John Patton, a genuine honest Scotchman.

Monday, August 21.—Lectured in the District Court room to a fine audience. Wallace Atwell (Bill Dad, the scribe) introduced me. My collection was \$20.00.

Sunday, August 27.—Spent most of the day at Davisville. John Patton called and remained part of the afternoon. He is a fine, reliable and honest man. In him one might find the rest and confidence of true friendship. I find this in his companionship, and hope that it may never change or pass away.

Monday.—Lectured tonight at Dixon. Collection \$12.25.

(The Journal of the California Girl shows that she spoke on the 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th and 26th of August, with the following collections on each date: \$20.00, \$11.75, \$14.87, \$18.75, \$12.75. Only the dates are mentioned, the places being omitted.)

(Continued In Next Issue.)

EDITORIAL

By ANNA M. REED



“WHAT I have been, I am, in principle and character, and what I am, I hope to continue to be. Circumstances or opponents may triumph over my fortunes but they will not triumph over my temper or my self-respect.”—Daniel Webster.

OUR STRUGGLE FOR WOMAN SUFFRAGE

By Mrs. George Bass

When many hundreds of women journeyed to Chicago from all parts of the United States to celebrate the victory of suffrage after an unremitting battle of sixty years, they went knowing that the National American Woman Suffrage Association was to be merged into the National League of Women Voters. As women are usually strong partisans, membership in the League means merely a slight delay in alliances with Democrats or Republicans, and a brief review of the history is therefore timely.

Until section two of the Fourteenth Amendment was adopted the word “male” did not appear in the constitution, and the credit of thus limiting suffrage belongs to the Republican party. When the women urged inclusion in this amendment they were told: “Suffrage for black men will be all the strain that the Republican party can stand.” At that time the Fifteenth Amendment was pending the suffragists again made a strong appeal to the Republican party. As a result the second plank of the platform adopted by the convention held in 1868 declared that on this question state’s rights should prevail, except in the case of the colored men. Four years later great hopes were awakened by a plank declaring that the demands of women for equal rights should be treated with “respectful consideration.” After a Republican victory, the women who went to Washington with high hopes of speedy enfranchisement learned that there was apparently to be no time limit on the “respectful consideration.”

Centennial year came and the Republican party in its Cincinnati convention “recognized with approval the substantial advances” made toward the establishment of equal rights for women and repeated the opinion that “honest demands” should be treated with “respectful consideration.” The Susan B. Anthony Amendment, destined to focus the political hopes of women for more than forty years, was introduced in the Senate January 10, 1878. The committee to which it was referred reported on it adversely. In accordance with a resolution passed in 1879 by the National Suffrage Convention a committee of three women visited President Hayes

"to remind him of the existence of one-half of the American people, whom he has entirely overlooked and of whom it would be wise for him to make mention in his future messages," but he omitted reference to suffrage in any later message.

After twenty years of "respectful consideration" the Fifty-ninth Congress, both branches of which were Republican, beat the Federal Amendment by a vote of 34 to 16. But the world had been slowly moving. Although in 1896, when the women of Wyoming, Colorado and Idaho had been enfranchised, the Republican platform had a plank favoring the admission of women to "spheres of wider usefulness," the electoral votes of the three suffrage states were cast for the Democratic candidate for President.

For nearly ten years after that both branches of Congress were Republican and the suffrage amendment had scant attention. Most of the time it was apparently forgotten by the legislators. It was not until the Sixty-third Congress, 1913-1915, in which both branches were Democratic, that for the first time in history, on March 19, 1914, a favorable majority was given. Of the 69 votes cast in the Senate 35 were for the Amendment and 34 against. Nine senators were paired in favor, but the vote was far short of the necessary two-thirds.

In the Sixty-fourth Congress the amendment was introduced in the Senate December 6, and in the House December 7, 1915. No action was taken in the Senate, and in the House it was indefinitely postponed by the Judiciary Committee. In the Sixty-fifth Congress, after a personal appeal had been made by President Wilson, the House passed the resolution January 10, 1918. Between this date and September 30, when the President went to the Senate and made a strong appeal, the amendment from time to time caused intense interest and anxiety.

President Wilson staunchly and persistently advocated the amendment, working for it in every possible way. In 1915, when a women suffrage amendment was pending in New Jersey, he went home to vote for it, and after his nomination in the Democratic National Convention of 1916 he spoke at the National American Woman Suffrage Convention in Atlantic City. He is the only President of the United States who ever identified himself with the suffrage movement or in any way assisted it. With characteristic courage where a principle is involved, he gave himself unreservedly to this cause. To his administration will belong the honor of having enfranchised the women of the nation. While he is head of the Government, something more than 25,000,000 women will receive the vote.

THE COMFORT STATION

Between Time and Eternity there are many tarrying places, but there is only one Comfort Station—the home—filled with the kindly presence of a good woman, and the nurture of children.

There is no other standard for the best in life, and for earthly happiness, which at best may often be only content.

The modern "up-to-date" emancipated woman swaggering through the streets in breeches, will tell you this is "all rot." But the modern excuse for homes, where the family is "tin-canned" into dyspepsia, where children are unwelcome and regarded as incumbrances, where the hours are filled with pessimistic railings against the shortcomings of the Creator of Things, and all the conditions of life, is just what General Sherman called war.

In the real home the woman loves flowers, books, children and music.

In the other place she loves cocktails, cigarettes, cards, ragtime and their peculiar environments.

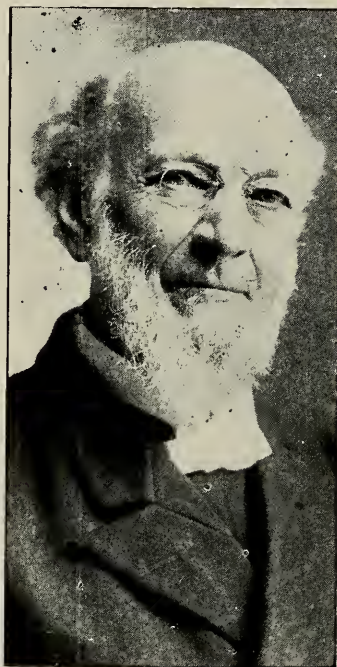
No matter what men are, no matter what they do—there is no excuse for women to lose the dignity of modesty, and fall below her high standard of clean, sweet living and good taste, to get even with them. Such men as contaminate the home, and the lives of good women, should be banished forever from the Comfort Stations of life—the real homes. And when women are truly loyal to each other this will be done.

At the present day, and in too many cases, money is the ruling power, over principles and men. And the weakness and sensual appetites of modern men is the route by which unprincipled "up-to-date" women reach their pockets.

This is not a religious sermon, or an essay on morality, but just a treatise on good taste and common sense.







THE FATHER OF CHAUTAUQUA

Bishop John H. Vincent, who
"demonstrated his understanding of America
and its people."

THE NORTHERN CROWN

"Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness"

VOL VII

UKIAH, CAL., JUNE, 1920

NO. 11

The Lansquenet Woman

An Incident of the Early Days

By Anna M. Reed

Eight miles north of the town of Oroville, in Butte County, there lies a section of California that was very rich in surface and quartz diggings during the early days. There in 1855 had gathered a cosmopolitan settlement of more than 1,500 people.

Along Dixon Ravine, in a mile's length, reaching to where the Ravine emptied into Oregon Gulch, there were five camps of men, all of different nations—Chinese, Russian, French, Greek and American.

These camps were made up of large companies, for the mines were fabulously rich, and the "pay dirt" on the surface, and the early settlers gathered like flies where gold was plentiful and easily obtained.

Each claim covered several hundred feet in the bed and on the sides of the ravine, equipped with a string of sluice boxes, ending in a sluice with a wide mouth, and fitted at the end with a perforated metal bottom, with an upward incline, and with riffles placed underneath, to catch the gold that had escaped the riffles in the other sluices. This sluice was called the "Long Tom." At this lower end of the string of sluice boxes, stood the tender, with sluice fork in hand, throwing out the rocks

and larger gravel onto the "tailing piles," which were a familiar feature of all early mining day landscapes. Dixon Ravine in this early setting, remains a vivid picture in the mind of the writer.

These men of many lands chatting gaily in their native tongues, the fresh odor of the clean, dissolving, auriferous earth and then the "clean-up" at sundown, the water turned out of the sluices, the riffles lifted, the black sand and gold scooped into the sheet iron pans, for the final wash, and the often received invitation to the writer, to "pick" the sluice boxes, where many colors, and small nuggets could be found in the seams of the boxes, and rougher surfaces of the lumber. Often the "clean-up" by picking the boxes would yield from three to five dollars in gold.

Besides these camps along the ravine, companies of miners and a few families were gathered in a community around the three quartz mines—The Buffalo, the Standard, and the Rider Claim, all in operation at this time, or living near the Hotel, saloon and store, the chief business places of Oregon City.

Wherever communities of miners were gathered in this early time,

gambling prevailed as the chief amusement, and entertainment. Card dealers were to be found, at least in every saloon, and "poker" was played everywhere.

But one feature of those early gambling days seems to have been overlooked by the writers on California's earlier history.

The "lansquenet woman" seems to have been forgotten. She appeared from one to three times, yearly, in the Northern California mining districts, during the early fifties.

Accompanied by father, husband, brother or lover, as the case might be she dealt the cards to the miners' undoing. Sometimes in the local saloon, sometimes at a booth erected for the purpose near the camps of mining men.

The one now especially in the mind of the writer, appeared in the summer of 1855, and dealt her game in a booth on Dixon Ravine. She, and her environment, and the facts related, made a vivid picture on the film of life, unwinding in the writer's memory.

She was slender and graceful, with black hair, dark eyes, and brilliant complexion, attired in the fashion of the day with full double skirt, wide sleeves, showing the sheer undersleeves beneath, dress cut V-shaped at the neck, with elaborate chemisette of lace. Her ornaments consisted of a locket and chain of exquisite workmanship, set with a single ruby. Heavy bracelets encircled her wrists, and her hands sparkled with the adornment of many rings.

Her companion was but little older than herself, attired in the sporting style of the time—high-topped boots with cord and tassel at the top, full skirted black coat, brilliantly flowered vest of black and scarlet velvet, broad brimmed hat, a scabbard and heavy pistol hung from the

belt under the skirt of his coat.

The overcoat of that day—the black, three-caped serape, with the right end of the skirt thrown over the left shoulder, would have finished his costume, had it been winter weather.

The writer was among a group of children playing near, and the whole scene presented a wonderful picture to childish, observing eyes, of which the principals in the setting were unaware, as children so young would not be thought old enough to comprehend the meaning of these peculiar surroundings.

The material of the woman's dress was white lawn, with tiny scarlet sprigs scattered closely over it. The figures being so vivid a red, on the white ground, made a lasting impression, never forgotten, and intensified by the last incident of the recollection.

A miner, having lost heavily at the game, began abusing the man with the dealer, swearing and ending his abusive attack with these un-forgotten words: "D——n you, you have baited your game with a pretty woman, but it is a thieving game, and I want my money back." The man with the dealer, replied in forceful language, striking at the miner with his open hand. The miner then made a movement to draw his weapon, but the other snatched his own pistol and shot quickly, the ball striking the miner high in the left shoulder or neck. He staggered and fell forward over the dealer's table, the blood staining the cards and the piles of coin and "dust" and trickling from the table on to the dress of the dealer, spread like a scarlet flower among the lesser sprigs, like a color scheme in the pattern of the gown. "O! Adrian, Adrian!" cried the woman and collapsed in a faint by the table. And

remembering this, the writer also remembers that it was a common thing in those days for a woman to faint at a sudden shock, but in this more modern time there are few fainting women.

The man hastily caught her up and strode away to their tent, the wounded man was removed by his companions, and the playing children hustled home.

In those days, if a man attempted to draw a weapon, it was equivalent to an attack, and if the other man got the first shot, he was entitled to it, and the act was justifiable. I

do not know, or remember the outcome of this first and only shooting to which I was a witness, and as there were no trials for such an offense in those days, there is probably no record of the tragic occurrence.

But the picture of the "Lansquenet Woman" and her ways, was indelibly left upon the memory of the writer. Her vocation has passed away, like other things of the early days, but she was a feature of her time—and of that adventurous, romantic period, was an unique and picturesque figure.



The Card Dealer

By DANTE GABRIELLE ROSETTI



COULD you not drink her gaze like wine?
 Yet though its splendor swoon
 Into the silence languidly,
 As a tune within a tune,
 Those eyes unravel the coiled night
 And know the stars at noon.

The gold that's heaped beside her hand,
 In truth, rich prize it were;
 And rich the dreams that wreath her brows.
 With magic stillness there;
 And he were rich who should unwind,
 That woven golden hair.

Around her, where she sits, the dance
 Now breathes its eager heat;
 And not more lightly or more true
 Fall there the dancers' feet
 Than fall her cards on the bright board—
 As 't were a heart that beat.

Her fingers let them lightly through,
 Smooth polished silent things;
 And each one as it falls reflects
 In swift, light-shadowings,
 Blood-red and purple, green and blue
 The great eyes of her rings:

Whom plays she with? with thee who lov'st
 Those gems upon her hand;
 With me, who search her secret brows;
 With all men, bless'd or bann'd.
 We play together, she and we,
 Within a vain strange land:

A land without any order—
 Day even as night (one saith)—
 Where who lieth down ariseth not
 Nor the sleeper awakeneth;
 A land of darkness as darkness itself
 And of the shadow of death.

What be her cards, you ask? Even these
 The HEART, that doth but crave
 More, having fed; the DIAMOND
 Skilled to make base seem brave;
 The CLUB, for smiting in the dark;
 The SPADE, to dig a grave.

And do you ask what game she plays?
With me 't is lost or won;
With thee, it is playing still; with him
It is not well begun;
But 't is a game she plays with all
Beneath the sway o' the sun.

Thou see'st the card that falls—she knows
The card that followeth:
Her game in thy tongue is called Life
As ebbs thy daily breath:
When she shall speak, thou 'lt learn her tongue
And know she calls it Death.



Chautauqua and Its Founder

From The Literary Digest

One of our "most distinctive national institutions" is the Chautauqua movement, whose founder, Bishop John H. Vincent, of the Methodist church, passed away on May 10. "Chautauqua" signifies beneficence; but it also signifies the butt of somewhat satirical observation. For example, "when we are told that a statesman in or out of a job, a returned traveler from foreign parts or a specialist in some branch of useful endeavor has betaken himself to the Chautauqua circuit, we know just the kind of activity that is implied," says the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. Bizarre as well as beneficent, as the current comments on the work of the founder now shows itself to impress some, the main assertion is that Bishop Vincent "demonstrated his understanding of America and its people." "It was his answer," says the Chicago Evening Post, "to that hunger in the hearts of multitudes of men and women who had been denied the privileges of college education for the broadening of horizons, a closer touch with the thought and culture of the world." The point is driven deeper:

"And whatever the supercilious may say of the Chautauqua, or however the movement itself may at times have strayed from its higher aims, beyond all cavil it has brought to millions of Americans in towns and rural communities a contact with the richer and finer things of the soul and spirit, an impulse to

wiser reading, an interest in topics of conversation above the level of neighborhood gossip. Bishop Vincent helped America. Uncounted homes have felt the influence of his life."

What a Chautauqua audience gets from its meetings, insists the New York Tribune, "is not to be judged by the practices or customs of a large city." If the point needs arguing:

"Let us agree that enjoyment, a direct tingle, is the prime requisite of true artistic appreciation, and that so far as learning goes one lecture hardly more than scratches the surface of any subject. What the blase city dweller fails to realize is that to the small-town citizen the average Chautauqua program is approached with all the artistic appetite of a famished epicurean. The halo of solemnity and piety which usually surrounds a Chautauqua gathering deceives the visitor. In reality here is an emotional welcome for beauty hard to equal in any metropolitan audience."

"As for solid fare for the mind, the Chautauqua lecture needs to be judged in relation to the aftermath, to the home reading, to magazines and newspapers and books, and to the incomparably valuable quiet and time for reflection. The superficiality of the Chautauqua picture is more than compensated for by the opportunity country life gives for after-probing and consideration."

"When every allowance is made for the absurdities of this university

in a tent that Bishop Vincent founded, its solid service to its members is unquestionable. The American will to culture, operating through a community gathering is a much jollier and wholesomer proceeding than the outsider can realize. The Chautauqua has for millions of people opened the door for at least a glimpse of beauty and wisdom. For which we can forgive Chautauqua much."

The founder, Dr. Vincent, is seen by the New York Evening Sun as "a kind of religious Roosevelt." The luminary which shines from the same office in the early morning goes more into detail on the origin and growth of the Bishop's work:

"A good example of a movement which ran ahead of the planner's original purpose was the one started by John H. Vincent, who died on Sunday. He and Lewis Miller, of Akron, Ohio, devised the Chautauqua Assembly as a means of using the summer vacations to develop Sunday schools, in which both had a deep interest. They hoped to substitute for the three-day annual conference a fortnight of lectures which should prepare Sunday school teachers for better work.

"From this limited project, Methodist in its inception, sprang the great non-sectarian Chautauqua movement. The culture of the middle '79's was ready to leave the haircloth chairs of the study in midsummer and betake itself to the open air. The original idea was not lost, for Chautauqua has been the Mecca of the Sunday school teacher for nearly half a century; but the founders of the institution discovered a wide-spread desire on the part of ambitious folks to sit at the feet of the learned among the groves beside the cool, deep lake and absorb information.

"Men and women came from many

parts, studied the method and spirit of the somewhat primitive village which Dr. Vincent and Mr. Miller had laid out, and went away either to come again or to wish for a Chautauqua of their own. When neither of these desires could be gratified the Chautauqua reading circles sprang up to spread erudition by mail. So quick was the response by the public that two years after the institute opened the course was lengthened to three weeks, and now it is two months. In four years secular subjects were added to the courses.

"Dr. Vincent was for nearly a quarter of a century the benevolent intellectual and ethical autocrat of a summer city that might have been a walled town of the Middle Ages so far as its separation from the ways of the outer world was concerned. Mr. Miller ran the business end of the institute and left Dr. Vincent free to direct the study and the play of the thousands who found Chautauqua a western New York combination of Paradise and Athens. We said that the movement ran ahead of the planner's purpose, but Chautauqua never ran away from the strong hand of Dr. Vincent. His impress was on every lecture program and every silence of the Sunday when no train entered, no steamer docked at this sedate little kingdom.

"There are more than three hundred Chautauquas now, and the summer school idea has spread and prospered, due greatly to the zeal of this minister editor and the layman Miller. These 'everyman's colleges' are scattered all over the country. They have been a boon to teachers conscious of their weakness in special branches, to young people who found it possible to combine tennis and mental exercise, and—

least important of all—to the statesman, wise or merely windy, who knew that they were sure of respectful hearing, with pay, in these shrines of Minerva.

"John H. Vincent made the name Chautauqua immortal and he made hundreds of thousands of men and women happy by showing them that education should not end with youth and that vacations need not imply vacuity of mind. No person who ever visited the mother of all the Chautauquas in the days of the Bishop's reign can ever forget the founder. He was a strong man, typical in mind and body of his creed, an impressive figure of a purposeful age."

A somewhat wider sweep is taken by the Brooklyn Eagle, showing the larger activities of Dr. Vincent:

"Ulysses S. Grant introduced Dr. Vincent to Abraham Lincoln, saying, 'He was my pastor when I lived in Galena. I do not think I ever missed one of his sermons.' Indeed, the friendship between the hero of Vicksburg and the Methodist Bishop was very close for many years. Dr. Vincent was no prouder of it than the General.

"Born in Alabama in 1832, brought to Pennsylvania by parents who

wanted to enjoy a different sort of social atmosphere, educated in the North, J. H. Vincent was ordained a minister in 1849, five years after the ordination of Dr. Ballard, of Ocean Grove fame. It was while a pastor in Chicago that Dr. Vincent established the Northwestern Sunday School Quarterly and later the Sunday School Teacher. He made three trips to Palestine to get his own idea how the atmosphere of the East could best be presented to children. In 1874 he founded the Chautauqua Assembly which bids fair to be his permanent memorial.

"Dr. Ballard, protagonist of Ocean Grove against the Prince of the Powers of the Air and all politicians, died last Thanksgiving day. He would have been one hundred years old if he had lived till Christmas. Dr. Buckley, who had done more than any one man in America to frame Methodist discipline and formulate Methodist theology, was only eighty-three when he passed away on February 8. Dr. Vincent was eighty-eight when the end came. All three preserved good general health and a wholesome sense of humor to the last. All were well-balanced men." (See frontispiece.)



To One Asleep

By GEORGE STERLING



LEARN you call above the grasses,
Where the lonely river passes
Gently, but she cannot hear—
Thrush of twilight, lark of
morning,

Quail of noon whose crystal warning
Tells of one who wanders near.

Ever out across the valley
Veering hawk or swallow sally,
And the snowy gull goes free.
Pine and poppy, sage and willow,
Silver foam and azure billow,
Wait us, but she cannot see.

Wind of autumn, hush of dreaming,
Star of evening westward gleaming,
Still you haunt me from the Past.
Voice of ocean, sadly calling,
Still you haunt the days befalling
And the days that could not last.



*Farewell Address of Principal I. H. Sefton
to His English Class, Ukiah, 1920*



THIS is the last session of the Eighth Grade English Class for next week will be filled with examinations, and I want to leave a few thoughts with you ---thoughts not so important as facts in English as they are as facts in life.

English is the most important subject for an American or an Englishman, for it is the avenue through which all learning must come to him. Few men would be so foolish as to cut off a hand to prepare for a trade, yet this is what you will do if you cease studying English now. You will always work with a handicap if you do not continue to cultivate a love for and an appreciation of the mother-tongue.

Important as English is, the making of friends is of more importance. You can never succeed by yourself. The way to have friends is to practice being a friend. To do this you must have the highest character. You must know how to forgive and forget, you must know how to help and be willing to help ---yes, not only willing but eager and alert. If you will practice this thing only; whenever you think of a friend, think, "How can I please that friend or help that friend?" If you will do this, you will need no other recipe for success. If you make your friends happy and successful they will make you happy and successful, but if you curse or injure your friends they will curse or injure you. So start in today practicing friendliness. It is the greatest game in life and is the most fun. It is made up of nods and smiles and little helps. No matter if they do not always bring a return---keep on and you will win. Learn to love honestly and in a big, broad way and do not be ashamed of it. The puppy-dog love of which you will think when I say this is not love at all. Jesus defined love in this sentence:

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

Laying down your life for your friends does not mean dying for them. It means living for them, working for their benefit, giving them a cheery word when they need it or even when they do not need it---just giving the best there is in you for the joy of giving. You will never lose by giving yourself in this way, for the result of this always is that you are given back much more than you can ever appreciate. This is another place in which a Bible precept applies, for the good book says, "Give and you shall receive."

The best text book of English there is is the Bible. Read it, think about it and make it your guide. Do not be ashamed of so doing. One of our boys left us this year. I refer to Harvey Laughlin. He gave always the best there was in him, was always cheerful, was a good fellow and a Christian gentleman. He did not belong to this class, but we all miss him.

I am going out of your life in a way, but I still want to be a friend to those worthy of friendship. I am glad to see you go on, yet this old selfish love which I bear toward you tries to cry out in loneliness. Do not think because I have been harsh at times that I did not care for you. You need restraint. I wish that you did not. I wish that every one of you had a self-starter in you, and that you could work without regulation, but until you are able to rule yourselves you must be checked. Sometimes this has been done in a harsh way, but I do not regret it. If you cannot forgive it, I do not want your friendship, although I shall continue to be a friend to you. A boy said, "A friend is a fellow, who knows all about you and still likes you." I am not going to say good-bye to you as friends, not as individuals, but as a class. The Eighth Grade English Class has ceased to exist. To this I bid good-bye. May God bless every member of it.



Ashes of Incense

By ANNA M. REED



THE curtains blowing in and out—
While Spring's mild wind,
Drifts the dead ashes all about,
Where leaves are cast,
Of dying roses, past their prime
Faded and fallen and supine
With the faint sweetness of their past.

Here I have burned the incense of the hours,
At eve and dawn—
While in Life's devious ways you've wandered on,
Making my very days a living prayer,
In the dear thought of what the past has been,
That soon or late, where rose and incense are,
A shrine for you; that you would enter in.

But time brings no return—
The shrine is like a tomb.
I am alone; ashes of incense drifting all about,
Where rose leaves dying by the winds are cast—
And curtains blowing softly in and out.





OLD LETTERS

HOTEL LAND
Sacramento

June 11, 1920.

My Dear Mrs. Reed:—

I have waited, before writing to thank you for your charming little book of verses, till I had had time to read and re-read them.

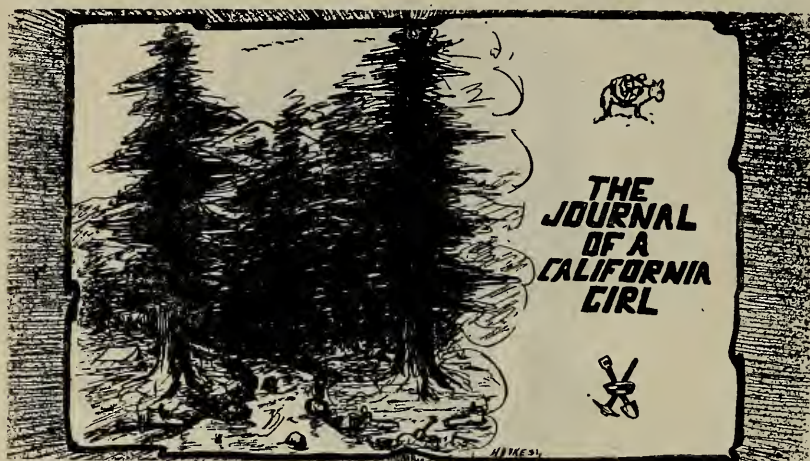
They certainly have been a great pleasure and an inspiration and I want to express my appreciation for your gift.

I sincerely wish that I might have had the pleasure of a personal meeting with you so we could have talked over the prospect of that coming age "when creeds no more perplex fanatic fools who live by rote and worship God by rules." How well put!

Perhaps sometime it may be my very happy fortune to enjoy such a meeting and until that time I remain,

Very cordially yours,

GEORGE D. ALDEN.



(Continued From Last Issue.)

Monday, August 28, 1871.—Lectured at Dixon this evening. Collection \$12.25.

Tuesday.—Lectured again at the same place. Collection \$15.00.

Wednesday, Aug. 30.—Spoke at Vacaville. Met many nice people and old friends, among them Jessie Cunningham, my school and desk-mate at Mrs. Perry's Seminary. Collection \$18.00.

Thursday.—Spoke again at Vacaville. Collection \$18.50.

Thursday.—Spoke again this evening. Collection \$14.25.

Friday.—Came from Vacaville to Vaca Station to hear C. B. Denio speak. Was so glad to see him; it recalled the time he introduced me so beautifully to an audience at Downieville. After the speaking I came back by train to Vacaville.

Saturday.—People at Vacaville have made it so pleasant for me and Amy, that I am still here, and will speak tonight. Hope to do well. The Saturday collection was \$16.00.

Monday, Sept. 4.—Came to Suisun today. Spoke in the evening to a

good house. Collection \$22.75.

Spoke on Tuesday evening at Suisun, collection \$16.75; and again on Friday, Sept. 8. Collection, \$12.75. After the lecture there was a dance, and Congressman John Cogan was my partner.

Monday, Sept. 11.—Came up from Suisun to Vallejo, flew around promiscuously and made my arrangements to speak. Am stopping at the Capital Hotel. Was pleasantly surprised to find that Eddie Haswell, the brother of Mrs. William H. Mills, is boarding here. He called on me this evening. I knew him at once and was rejoiced to see him.

Tuesday. Late this afternoon Eddie Haswell took Amy and I for a drive to the Sulphur Springs. Capt. Albert Wood called today, and also Mr. Loyall, the brother-in-law of Commodore Farragut. He has charge of the theatre and opera house here.

Wednesday.—Lectured tonight in Farragut Hall to a full house. Was introduced by Capt. Wood. My collection was \$34.50.

(Continued In Next Issue.)

EDITORIAL

By ANNA M. REED



“**W**HAT I have been, I am, in principle and character, and what I am, I hope to continue to be. Circumstances or opponents may triumph over my fortunes but they will not triumph over my temper or my self-respect.”—Daniel Webster.

THE HORROR AND SHAME OF WAR

Of all problems of humanity, the greatest is war—which is yet unsolved. By accepted tradition there was a rebel in heaven, and a traitor invaded the garden of Eden. So, in the promotion of permanent peace, man certainly has his hands full.

No less a person than Thomas Jefferson once said of war: “I recoil with horror at the ferociousness of man. Are there no means of coercing justice more gratifying to our nature, than a waste of the blood of thousands, and the labor of millions of our fellow creatures?”

Washington said: “My first wish is—to see the whole world in peace, and the inhabitants of it as one band of brothers, striving who should contribute most to the happiness of mankind.”

Madison told us that “War is inefficient toward redressing wrongs and multiplies instead of indemnifies losses.”

Benjamin Franklin is authority that “All wars are follies, very expensive and very mischievous ones. In my opinion there never was a good war or a bad peace. When will mankind be convinced and agree to settle their difficulties by arbitration?” He uttered these memorable words in 1783.

Napoleon at St. Helena, contemplating his past, and its unavailing bloodshed and sacrifice, said: “The more I study the world the more am I convinced of the inability of force to create anything durable.”

We personally believe that war is the result of the evil forces—pride, lust and greed. Figuratively, or otherwise, described as Lucifer in heaven, and the serpent in the garden, and notwithstanding the belief of certain optimistic individuals, evil has existed and does exist, or how will you account for conditions that place your once-while baby, clad in fine linen and silken raiment, held in the arms of love, cradled in comfort and dreaming sweet dreams, in the clean happy home of peace, when grown to manhood, clad in the rough trappings of war, housed in the mud and filth of an earthen trench infested with the vilest vermin, and animated by the vision of murder and rapine, and inspired by conflict and destruction?

Woman, and woman alone, in the years to be, at last will solve the

problem of war. The time will come when women will refuse to longer produce the sweet, tender flesh of babes to be later ground to pulp by the engines of war.

War has made of civilization and Christianity an irony and a farce. Men must improve on the application of the doctrines that they teach and preach, or woman, with her finer preceptions and sensibilities will rebel utterly against their absurd and barbarous inconsistency, and their cruel hypocrisy.

Woman is constructive. She has made the supreme sacrifice for love—man sacrifices all for power. An adjustment is necessary—it will come. President Wilson has the vision of that better day—he has tried to begin its realization through the League of Nations, and those who oppose him are either ignorant or bad.

Rabindranath Tagore, who won the Nobel Peace Prize in 1915, had the vision also, when he wrote: "Where the mind is without fear and the head is held high; where knowledge is free; where the world has not been broken up into fragments by narrow domestic walls; where words come out of the depth of truth; where tireless striving stretches its arm toward perfection; where the clear stream of reason has not lost its way into the dreary desert sand of dead habit; where the mind is led forward by Thee into ever-widening thought and action—into that heaven of peace and freedom, my Father, let my country awake."

A SIGNIFICANT GATHERING

The biennial convention of the General Federation of Women's Clubs opened in Des Moines, Iowa, June 15, continuing throughout the week. Mrs. Josiah Evans Cowles presided at this convention, attended by representatives from every state in the Union and representatives from South America, Europe and Canada.

Mrs. Cowles of California, president of the General Federation, with a membership enrollment of 2,000,000 women, opened the "Golden Prairie Biennial," as it was called.

Mrs. Gardner Cowles, chairman of the Biennial Board of Des Moines, directed the work preceding convention sessions. Mrs. Homer A. Miller of Des Moines was chairman of the Biennial Committee.

Mrs. Robert Burdette, Mrs. Anna Dennison, Mrs. Aaron Schloss, president of the California Federation and Mrs. George Whipple were among the prominent Californians who attended the convention.

We agree with Governor Edward I. Edwards, of New Jersey, when he says:

"No power exists which is paramount to the power of the people expressed at the polls. There alone is sovereignty. Every candidate for Congress, every State and Legislative official and the candidates for the Presidency itself will be called upon this coming November to declare their positions unmistakably on the sane and reasonable interpretation of the constitutional amendment in favor of the permissive use of light wines and beer, each State to determine its regulation under the liberal limitations of a general Federal Statute."

Governor Edwards belongs to that class, now too rapidly diminishing, who represent the sane principles of Americanism, as opposed to bigotry, intolerance and fanaticism.



Last issue

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CALIF.



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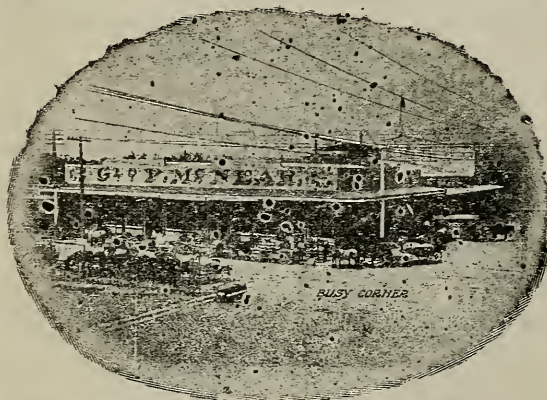
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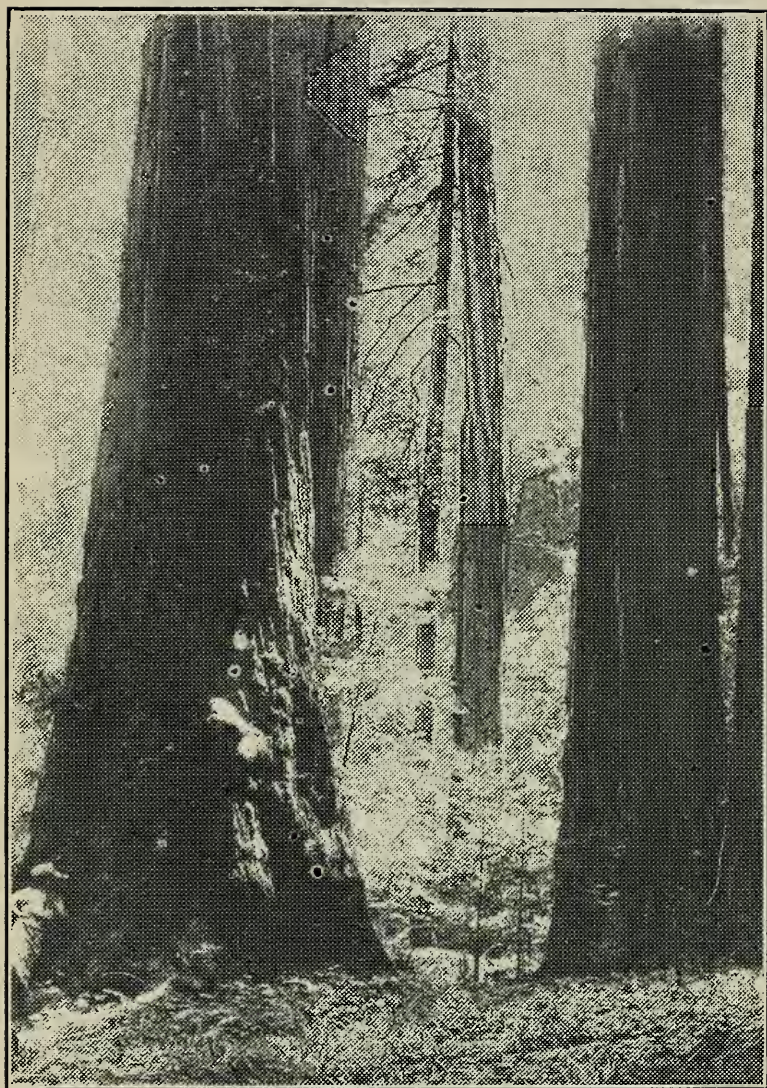
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—Courtesy Fort Bragg News.

THE NORTHERN CROWN

"Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness"

VOL. VII UKIAH, CAL., JULY and AUGUST, 1920 NO. 12 & 13

SAVE THE REDWOODS

The California Redwood presents one of the most striking examples of longevity. Dr. W. L. Jepson of the University of California, a Councilor of the Save the Redwoods League, made this statement in a recent address at the annual outdoor meeting of the Berkeley Rotary Club.

The League is now engaged in an energetic campaign to preserve for future generations representative groves of the magnificent Sequoia sempervirens found nowhere in the world except along the California coast. Support for this movement is being constantly received in the form of applications for membership. The annual fee has been fixed at \$2. R. G. Sproul of the University of California is Secretary-Treasurer of the League. His address is 430 University Library, Berkeley, Calif.

In his speech before the Rotary Club, Dr. Jepson in referring to the long life of the redwood tree, said:

"Most insects live only a few months. A mouse lives four or five years, a rabbit ten years, a horse 25 to 30 years—rarely longer. The owl and eel live to be sixty. A man

lives to be 70 to 100 years—seldom more. The giant tortoise attains an age of 200 to 300 years. The Redwood lives 500 to 1,300 years, and the Big Tree of the Sierras 1000 to 3150 years.

"In the northern land of California the Redwood has reached its greatest development. It has realized a complete dominance of the area which it occupies. No other living thing in California has such entire mastery of the soil as the Redwood in the areas of its best development in the great northern forest. And when scientists and sages of all the earth in after years journey to California to see this marvelous tree in the land where it has found its highest expression—shall we say that all those trees have been logged—but we have some dandy photographs to show them?

"That would be a shameful thing to happen. Yet all the forest will inevitably be logged and destroyed unless we act and act promptly to reserve a special area, to keep it in its primitive condition."



A DREAM

By W. E. R.

A dream of sunset skies and clouds of trailing splendor; of mountain tops suffused in rose-leaf radiance deepening slowly to amethyst, darkening into purple. Silence and peace over all.

Two on a hilltop, immersed in the evening hush, lulled and soothed by the enfolding silence, steeped in the tender beauty of the night. Two women, one tall and dark, with eyes of mystery; the other shorter, fairer, who leans lightly upon the shoulder of her friend, both conscious of the intimate touch and its communion of friendship, both feeling that it is good to be together in the place at that time, but neither speaking nor needing speech—as one in understanding. Their faces, like the rude beauties of nature, were burnt with sun, and browned by wind, and they had in their eyes that calm expression, the deep, unfathomable virtue of a life bounded by huge horizons, great seas, infinity of stars, the purple gloom of woods, the wonder of uplands, bitten to velvet by fat sheep.

To those two on the hilltop comes one with lagging step—a man heart-sick, weary of himself and all beside, depleted in mind and body. He was a picture in corduroy, hob-nailed boots and scent of stubble fields. Slowly he approaches the women, and with an appealing glance sinks beside them with a long-drawn sigh, resting his head against the knee of one, his fingers grasping the hand of the other.

A long way off the clang of cities

and the cry of underfed humanity and the heated shouts of men clamoring for gain sounded, but dimly. The strike of the church clock was louder; the chatter of the swallows was louder, the sound of mackerel playing in the sea was far more loud. And yet even from this leafy quiet place in the hills the cities claimed some victims, crying: "Our streets are paved with gold," to which the wisest answered: "Our fields are gold with buttercups," to which the feverish few replied, "We come to dig your gold," and dug their graves instead.

The light fades slowly from the "watching peaks." Night, the infinite mother, broods tenderly over the world, crooning the lullaby of the ages to her children. "Peace," she sings—there is peace upon the waters and over all the land. The nestling birds stir and twitter "Peace." The soft winds whisper "Peace"; the pine trees answer in antiphonal chorus, and the world's heart throbs slowly, calmly, restfully.

The man sleeps; the tired lines fading from his face, his whole attitude expressing repose and the regeneration of repose.

The women watch, smiling mother-wise above his sleep: the three, the equal sides of the perfect triangle of Life—Understanding, Love, Power—these three.

And the dream, though but a dream, shadows forth reality.

Finis.

Living

By EDGAR A. QUEST



HE miser thinks he's living when he's hoarding up his gold;
The soldier calls it living when he's doing something bold;
The sailor thinks it living to be tossed upon the sea,
And upon this very subject no two men of us agree.

But I hold to the opinion, as I walk my way along,
That living's made of laughter and good-fellowship and song.

I wouldn't call it living to be always seeking gold,
To bank all the present gladness for the days when I'll be old.
I wouldn't call it living to spend all my strength for fame,
And forego the many pleasures which today are mine to claim.
I wouldn't for the splendor of the world set out to roam,
And forsake my laughing children and the peace I know at home.

Oh, the thing that I call living isn't gold or fame at all—
It's fellowship and sunshine, and it's roses by the wall.
It's evenings glad with music and a hearth-fire that's ablaze,
And the joys which come to mortals in a thousand different ways.
It is laughter and contentment and the struggle for a goal;
It is everything that's needful in the shaping of a soul.



JUST LOOKING ON

By Maud Eldredge.

The afternoon was warm, the young man stopped a moment in the shade of the locust trees. A somewhat undersized young man of a general disjointed appearance that might have been decidedly benefited by a few "setting-up" exercises, or some energetic swatting at a baseball. But further observance of the youngster himself was diverted to his actions. He made as if to stroll causally along, then turned suddenly and "pussy-footed" across the grass to the house—visions of bomb cranks, prohibition officers, or what-not. I do a little "pussy-footing" on my own hook.

Shucks. Just a "sales" poster stuck in the crack of the steps. The loose-jointed young man had dissappeared.

In the evening I picked up the poster—"BEWARE."

I don't faint, or anything. For all its black capitals it didn't have a bit of an exclamation point. And whoever saw a real, convincing "Beware" without an exclamation point?

"Prove all things."

"Are the dead alive?"

"Where are they?"

"Subject at the tent tonight."

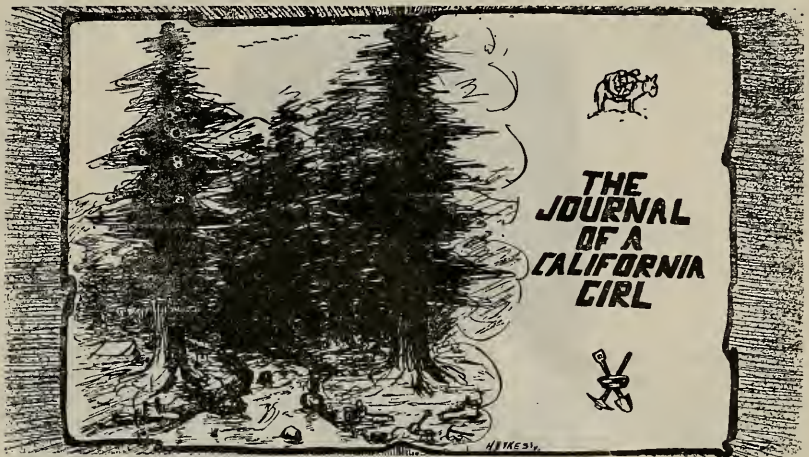
I didn't go, so I have no clear mental picture of the person who was to back that rather formable poster. Darkness shut softly in, out came the brilliant stars. Other worlds, other universes in the dim stretches of immensity. And sitting there I visioned the man who had taught even my short vision to see them so, and not as holes in a black curtain, as the kiddy said: "with the glory shining through. The wonderful white-haired master on his mountain-top, who, a quarter century ago, discarded the title of "Professor," declaring with the splendid courage of his convictions that he knew "nothing."

Nothing—yet with a brain to compute the courses of worlds through space. Nothing—yet before him an infinite panorama of life and immensity.

Nothing of the source of things; nothing of destiny—nothing but the undisputable, adequate IS.

A crumpled bit of paper lay on the curb, the breeze caught it again and blew it gently down the street.





(Continued From Last Issue.)

Thursday.—Spoke tonight to the largest audience ever assembled in Farragut Hall. Collection, \$32.75. It was proposed by leading citizens to give me a benefit on Saturday evening.

Saturday, Sept. 16.—My benefit tonight brought me \$42.75 over all expenses. The press of Vallejo has been very kind, here is the notice of my last lecture in this morning's paper:

"The lecture of Miss Morrison on last evening, was very largely attended. She appeared to give satisfaction for at frequent intervals she was interrupted by applause, and for some time would be unable to proceed.

"The lecture was tendered as a compliment to the young speaker and proved to be a very substantial one."

Sunday, September 17, 1871.—Ned Haswell took Amy and I for a buggy ride to Napa City am glad that I have met him once more, it brings back memories of my school days at

Sacramento, and my stay with the Haswell family there.

This has been a beautiful Sunday, and we all have enjoyed our trip, I will long remember the sunshine, the blue sky, the varied landscape, the white drifting clouds, all making a picture never to be forgotten.

Tuesday, September 19.—Came to Marysville today, my trunk did not arrive on my train, so I was put to much trouble and expense, telegraphing, etc., to ascertain its whereabouts and have passed a miserable afternoon. All my clothes and Amy's and my MS., are in the trunk, so I am greatly inconvenienced.

We go home tomorrow, my trip is over and the curtain has fallen on one of the important periods of my life.

I pray for patience to bear whatever is before me. Let it come—sorrow, joy, pain or pleasure. Only I hope to be able to meet any task that is before me—this is my constant prayer.

(Continued In Next Issue.)



OLD LETTERS

National City, Cal., April 14, 1892.
My Dear Mrs. Reed:—

Your letter of the 11th, has just reached me. I am glad to hear from you and hope our meeting on the Board, with identical interests will result in an acquaintance that will be of advantage to us both.

With regard to secretary for the Board I am committed to no one. Although I have received several applications for the position, all were strangers to me and I have chosen to wait until we meet before giving either one encouragement. Most of them are very highly endorsed.

The work preparatory to the World's Fair is almost appalling in its magnitude, and I hope to gain from yourself and others that healthful stimulus that will be a guide and help during the year of preparation.

I leave home Monday the 18th and shall remain in San Francisco as long as it seems necessary for the furtherance of the interests of our mission.

Ever very sincerely,

Flora M. Kimball,
Lady Manager Columbian Exposition.

EDITORIAL

By ANNA M. REED



“WHAT I have been, I am, in principle and character, and what I am, I hope to continue to be. Circumstances or opponents may triumph over my fortunes but they will not triumph over my temper or my self-respect.”—Daniel Webster.

Save the Forest Sanctuaries

Something is being done, more ought to be done, to save the forests. It is good to know that the friends of the trees have made loud protest against the wanton destruction of our woodlands and that of redwood in Santa Cruz and on Mt. Tamalpais are now sheltered by the law; the Mariposa Grove is protected by the State; the Tuolumne and Merced Sequoia groves, with the General Grant and the National Park, are all guarded by United States cavalry; and other groups are under the care of the Sierra Forest Reservation. But all of these reserves should be perhaps seven times larger. For fully one-half of the big trees are in the hands of speculators and lumber men. No place of leafy sanctuary is too beautiful or too remote for the dollar-hunter. From the sequestered shores of Tahoe even have been taken over one billion feet of lumber in the last twenty-five years.

The Calaveras Grove, the first one found, and the Stanislaus Grove are owned by a lumber company. The State should own and guard these and others, not only for their beauty (and beauty is as great a need as bread) but also for their use as water-savers. It is not generally known that the huge sponge of sequoia roots tends to absorb and retain the rains and dews, while the damp ground is sheltered from the sun and wind by the huge trunks and leafy boughs. So wherever there is a sequoia grove you will find springs of water. “But it is a mistake to suppose,” says Muir, “that the water is the cause of the grove’s being there: on the contrary, the grove is the cause of the water’s being there. Drain off the water and the trees will remain; but

cut off the trees and the streams will vanish."

Common sense (which is the highest reach of revelation) would dictate that governments should hold full sway over their great forests, and should always decide when and where they may be cleared and should also prescribe methods for thinning them out with the least injury to the young generation of trees. If the cruel waste of the forest cannot be stopped otherwise, we may easily turn to concrete for our buildings and to oil and coal for our fires.

The Forestry Service is of course doing a good work guarding against forest fires, in starting nurseries of trees to restock the forests for posterity, in fixing limits for the march of the devastating sheep, and in watching over the reckless and ruthless lumber men. Yet, with all this precaution, the timber men are still devastating the groves and forests in certain meridians. Take the testimony from the pen of Henry Siedel Canby, who has recently visited the south fork of King's River:

"I came by chance into the sequoia forest of Redwood canyon. The air was only dimly luminous beneath the vast red columns of the trees, but through the gloom I could see bright stars of sunset sky, and hurrying onward among the great trunks I came to a tiny meadow between their

knees, bright with grass and white violets. At the farther end two sequoias met in the sky to make an arch through which the eye ranged in purple sunset air to nameless peaks and snow-clad cliff's of the high Sierras.

"We need vast cliffs and dazzling peaks. We need such triumphs of Nature as this Redwood Canyon, which has been maturing for five centuries, and has reached its ripest beauty just as we are craving a stronger stimulus lest our sense of the wonder of the world be submerged in a puny knowledge of the cogs and cranks of the greater machine.

"Saw and axe have fallen upon the trees, the redwoods have crashed down, smashing the forest and themselves, the vast logs, hauled by a screeching donkey engine, have ripped and torn the undergrowth to ruin; the meadow is a desolate pile of bleaching, broken lumber; the stream has spread out in slimy mud; the canyon walls are scarred and channeled deserts; the flowers are dead, the birds gone. Where the arch looked outward over the deep King's Valley, the slovenly shacks of the lumber crew surround a pile of tin cans and dry-goods boxes. Redwood Canyon is an ugly scar on the face of the Sierras. A thousand years will not remake this little canyon."

—Edward Markham.

WHAT IS LIFE?

By A. S.

"Life is fire and thunder,"
Shouts the fighter; "life is wild;
I have ceased to pray and wonder
Like a stupid child."

"Life is dust and laughter,"
Sneers the cynic; "life grows cold;
There is nothing waiting after
When our hearts are old."

"Life is song and magic,"
Sighs the lover; "life has wings;
Love fills life with human, tragic,
Dear, brave, tender things."

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